

Freaks (1997-05-08 Melbourne)

Live

If the mother goes to sleep with you
Will you run and tell Geraldo
If the mother bears your children without tears
Without the usual costs of labor
If the mother goes to bed with you
Will you run and tell the neighbors
Will you hide behind that get up that you wear
Or will take the first ear that comes into contact with you blade
Like peter did on the hill
Will you call her a freak?
Will you call them freaks?
If the mother goes to bed with you
Will you run and tell the papers
How she picked you from a line up in downtown Philadelphia
With a cigarette hangin' out of your mouth and Henry Miller in your
Back pocket
You little fucker
If the mother goes to bed with you
In the bowels of the cathedral
Will you render her asunder with what she really needs
Or will you crash that beautiful silence with some talk about
Finding yourself in your mother's arms
Will you call her a freak
Will you call them freaks
Or will you call the gods
Will you call them freaks
You know your sperm is weak
You never looked, so high
To ever find her, so low
You did not have to go, that far
To show her that you were holy
Now you know they're gonna come for you
And drag your silly name into the mud
If the mother bears your children without tears
And the usual cost of labor

Songwriters

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