

Murderers, The Hope of Women

Momus

With this knife I cut the cake
Who will be my bride today
Sweet Fanny Adams
Watch her climb the step ladder
A present from her stepfather
Sweet Fanny Adams
See her reaching out and stripping down the muslin drapes
A cover for her nakedness, a veil for her face
With curtains for your wedding dress
You must take your place amongst
The Proper Little Madams
And now because I love you
I must take my place too
Amongst the murderers, the hope of women
Death in every new beginning
I must take this woman for my sentence of life
And she must take my knife I will buy a ring of gold
And you will practise birth control
Sweet Fanny Adams
Like a puppet on a string
Of oestrogen and progesterone
Sweet Fanny Adams
This is where your misery starts
This is where your mystery stops
We'll rent a television
To replace Pandora's Box
And I will wear a business face
And you will learn your proper place
From those Proper Little Madams
And in my world of cut and thrust
I will learn that my place, my place must ...
Be with the murderers, the hope of women
Death in every new beginning
I must take this woman for my sentence of life
And she must take my knife In my pipe and slippers
Do I look like Jack The Ripper?
Sweet Fanny Adams
But I poisoned you with every kiss
Smothered you with domestic bliss

Sweet Fanny Adams
Underneath the sun from the sun lamp that we bought
Your face is paler than the pale face of a corpse
And from the seventh floor of our bungalow
You flung yourself down to where they stood below
Those Proper Little Madams
But in white hair, wrinkles and false teeth
I escaped detection by the police One of the murderers, the hope of women
Death in every new beginning
I must take this woman for my sentence of life
And she must take my knife
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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