

# Meat Closet

## Mechanical Cabaret

Her number's on the wall of a telephone box  
But a mistress in distress is something she's not  
You see, She can fake it - She can take the lot,  
And She can take you for every damn thing that you've got  
If you said that she was just a whore  
Well she'd bite your Dick off and throw it out the door  
When She's back to front and she's down on all fours,  
You'd never guess that She hated you, and that She was so fucking bored  
She lives on Pills, Cat food and Cigarette ash,  
She's got one eye on the time and one eye on your cash  
She knows just what She wants- and what She wants is what she gets  
Give it to her and She'll give it to you, but She'll have no regrets  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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