

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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