Bata Motel

Crass

I've got 54321
I've got a red pair of high-heels on
Tumble me over, it doesn't take much
Tumble me over, tumble me, push
In my red high-heels I've no control
The rituals of repression are so old
You can do what you like, there'll be no reprisal
I'm yours, yes I'm yours, it's my means of survival
I've got 54321
Come on my love, I know you're strong
Push me hard, make me stagger
The pain in my back just doesn't matter
You force-hold me above the ground
I can't get away, my feet are bound
So I'm bound to say
That I'm bound to stay
Well today I look so good
Just like I know I should
My breasts to tempt inside my bra
My face is painted like a movie star
I've studied my flaws in your reflection
And put them to rights with savage correction
I've turned my statuesque perfection
And shone it over in your direction
So come on darling, make me yours
Trip me over, show me the floor
Tease me, tease me, make me stay
In my red high-heels I can't get away
I'm trussed and bound like an oven ready bird
But I bleed without dying and I won't say a word
Slice my flesh and I'll ride the scar
Put me into gear like your lady car
Drive me fast and crash me crazy
I'll rise from the wreckage as fresh as a daisy
These wounds leave furrows as they heal
I've travelled them, they're red and real
I know them well, they're part of me
My birth, my sex, my history
They grew with me, my closest friend

My pain's my own, my pain's my end
Clip my wings so you know where I am
I can't get lost while you're my man
Tame me so I know your call
I've stabbed my heels so I am tall
I've bound my twisted falling fall
Beautiful mute against the wall
Beautifully mutilated as I fall
Use me, don't lose me
I've got 54321
I've got a red pair of high-heels on
Strap my ankles, break my heels
Make me kneel, make me feel
Turn, turn, turn, like a clockwork doll
Put in your key and give me a whirl
Tease me, tease me, the reason to play
In my red high-heels I can't get away
I'll be your bonsai, your beautiful bonsai
Your black-eyed bonsai, erotically rotting
Will my tiny feet fit your desire?
Warped and tied I walk on fire
Burn me out, twist my wrists
I promise not to shout, beat me with your fists
Squeeze me, squeeze me, make me feel
In my red high-heels I'm an easy kill
Tease me, Tease me, make me see
You're the only one, I need to be me
Thankyou, will you take me?
Thankyou, will you make me?
Thankyou, will you break me?
Use me, don't lose me
Taste me, don't waste me
Use, lose, taste, waste.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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