

Miss Lucy Had Some Leeches (Live Recording)

Emilie Autumn

Miss Lucy had some leeches
Her leeches liked to suck
And when they drank up all her blood
She didn't give a
Funny when the doctors
Had locked her in her cell
Miss Lucy screamed all night that they
Should go to bloody
Hello to the surgeon
With scalpel old and blunt
He'll tie you to the table
Then he'll mutilate your
Come it's nearly teatime
The lunatics arrive
The keepers bleed them all until
There's no one left a
Lively little rodents
Are eaten up by cats
We're subject to experiments
Like laboratory
Rats I've dropped a teacup
How easily they break
I'm on my hands and knees until
I pay for my mis-
Take off all your clothing
We've only just begun
We have no anesthesia
It's eighteen forty
One thing we should tell you
Before you try again
The tests are all invented by
A lot of filthy
Mentally hysteric
She's failed the exam
Don't bother telling Lucy for
She doesn't give a
Damn that nitrous oxide
For when you can't escape
They say the surgeons oft commit

A murder or a
Razor blades are rusty
And not a lot of fun
So when they try to amputate
Your legs you'd better
Run and fetch the chemist
A patient's feeling sad
She's been in chains for ages
And she isn't even
Madness is a nuisance
And no one is immune
Your sister, mum or daughter
May become a raving
Lunatics are dangerous
And doctors are obeyed
They also go together just
Like toast and marmalade
Ladies are like children
With brains the size of squirrels
Let's give a clitoridectomies
To all the little
Girls are helpless treasures
That daddies must protect
So lie upon the table
For the doctors to in-
Speculums are super
And stirrups all the rage
So spread a lady's legs and put her back into her
Cage of naked crazies
The surgeon's here to bleed
The doctors are all learned men
And some can even
Reading can be risky
For women on the verge
It only did us worlds of good
To poison, leech and
Purging is a penance
Phlebotomys a chore
No need to sterilize the tools
We never did be-
Fore the night is over
Before you go to bed
They'll take a hammer and a nail
And jam it in your
Headstones in the courtyard

And statues in the park
Are not for the insane
Just leave them rotting in the

D-A-R-K

Dark

Dark

Dark

Dark

Dark

Songwriters

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