

# Two Heads

## The Senti-Mentals

You want two heads on your body  
And you've got two mirrors in your hand  
Priests are made of brick with gold crosses on a stick  
And your nose is too small for this land  
Inside your head is your town  
Inside your room, your jail  
Inside your mouth, the elephant's trunk and booze  
The only key to your bail  
Want two heads on your body  
And you've got two mirrors in your hand  
Two heads can be put together  
And you can fill both your feet with sand  
No one will know you've gutted your mind  
But what will you do with your bloody hands?  
Your lions are fighting with chairs  
Your arms are incredibly fat  
Your women are tired of dying alive  
If you've had any women at that  
Wearing your comb like an ax in your head  
Listening for signs of life  
Children are sucking on stone and lead  
And chasing their hoops with a knife  
New breasts and jewels for the girl  
Keep them polished and shining  
Put a lock on her belly at night, sweet life  
For no child of mine  
Want two heads on your body  
And you've got two mirrors in your hand

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