

Tumbling Down

The Venus in Furs

Gee, but it's hard
When one lowers one's guard to the vultures
Now, me I regard it
A torturous hardship that smolders
Like a peppermint eaten away
Will I fight? Will I swagger, or sway?
Tee hee, milady
She cries like a baby
Scold us
See her tumbling down
Heil to the monkey
We're having a funky reunion
Wasted and sunk
He can only have Sunday communion
He's got nicotine stains in his eyes
He's got nothing to protect but his pride
Oh smothered a kiss
Or be drowned in blissful confusion
See her tumbling down

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