Rats And Rats And Rats For Candy

The Blood Brothers

[Mr. Howell:] The dinner was fine, until she opened her mouth.
Oh, Candy!(Yeah!) Oh, Candy!(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!?)
Behind her teeth fifteen rats started screaming and sobbing
Candy Girl!(Yeah!) Candy Girl! (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!)We're kissing in the car
those rodent's smoked cigars
in her throat(Yeah!) blowing smoke.(Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!)
Look at me! (Yeah!) Oh, Candy Girl! (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!)[Candy:] "These rats are not living inside my hotel face.
They're just sick
and they need a bed lined with fine lace."[Mr. Howell:] "You know that pity's got an ugly price tag?"[Rats:]Our fur feels like it's on fire.
There's thorns growing on our bones.
Our hunger is X-Rated.
Oh, Mother, We love you so!Candy invites you upstairs into her apartment.
You say, "it's getting awfully late"
and then sucks on your ear.
Her clothes fall off, and she presses into you.
But those rats have rats have chewed a hole straight through.
Her navel (Yeah!) Her nipple! (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!)
[Mr. Howell:] Oh, Candy (Yeah!) I've got to go! (Yeah, Yeah, Yeah!)[Candy:] Oh, won't you stay the night with me?
Mr. Howell!These rats are not living inside my Hotel face.
They're just sick. And need a bed lined with fine lace.
[Mr Howell:] You know that pity's got an ugly price tag.
(Yeah? Yeah! Yeah? Yeah!)[Rats:] Our muscles have turned to cement.
We're coughing up needles and nails.
Our veins are flowing barbed wire.
Oh, mother, we are so frail!
But, wait!
We've got a trick for him.
We twist to tears.
To shit eaten grins.When you wake up in the morning, oh-oh.
You find yourself alone in Candy's bed.
And everything is gone:
paintings, jewels, songs.
Candy's blowing in the breeze;
those rats devoured her up in her sleep.
Her skin's tied to the bed post,
like a flag on a ship of ghosts.

You read the letter on the dresser, oh-oh.
The sick brown sun rubbing in your soul.[letter:] Oh, mother, you should have known.
You should have seen through our fake broken bones.
Our tears that we razor-sharpened
were calculated to rob you blind.[Mr. Howell:] Three weeks later from that day;
I saw those rats on a bicycle.
They crept by me, and started bawling.
Their eyes turned to icicles.
Crying; "We need a vacancy!
We need a vacancy!"

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