

Prophet

Bernhoft

She feels me up then she kicks me down
Chews her gum while humming a song
Has me for dinner in her dressing gown
 Stark naked underneath I am
 Feebly struggling and played along
I should get out but her hips are strong
 I try to peek out of my blindfold
Cuffed, gagged and cheaply soldBut I know something that she'll pay to keep
A secret, we let ourselves back in the gameAnd so the dance goes on in a dirty style
 We can provide no rest for the weary eye
 It's far too late to apologize
 And if you care to dance, not a chance
 Stand in line
 Wait up for miss Swedish Pie
 Will I join her foul pigsty
 of broken men trying to prophesy
 her next move? While we can't move;
Stand in lineHow many men have you done this to?
 I suspect that we are quite a few
 Sweet-talk us and bump us around
Bury us under miles of moundBut I know something that you'll pay to keep
A secret, but I can't get any leverageAnd so the dance goes on in a dirty style
 We can provide no rest for the weary eye
 It's far too late to apologize
 And if you care to dance, not a chance
 Stand in line
 Wait up for miss Swedish Pie
 Will I join her foul pigsty
 of broken men trying to prophesy
 her next move? While we can't move;
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