

# Dance of the Seven Veils

[Liz Phair](#)

Johnny, my love, get out of the business  
It makes me wanna rough you up so badly  
Makes me wanna roll you up in plastic  
Toss you up and pump you full of lead Johnny, my love, get out of the business  
The odds are getting fatter by the minute  
That I have got a bright and shiny platter  
And I am gonna get your heavy head I only ask because I'm a real cunt in spring  
You can rent me by the hour  
I know all about the ugly pilgrim thing  
Entertainers bring May flowers So Johnny, my love, we got us a witness  
Now all we gotta do is get a preacher  
He can probably skip the until death part  
'Cause Johnny, my love, you're already dead I only ask because I'm a real cunt in spring  
You can rent me by the hour  
I know all about the ugly pilgrim thing  
Entertainers bring May flowers  
May flowers, May flowers to you

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