

# Shame

## The Hidden Cameras

Shame, shame, shame, shameLift my legs, lift my legs  
Lift my legs, lift my legs  
Lift my legs and drop the complaintsOf your life and your wife  
Of your life, of your wife  
Of your life, just drop the wifeAnd pick up men, pick up men  
Pick up men, pick up men  
Pick up men and invite them into your carOr into a bar, in a car  
In a bar, in a car  
It's all about the barsAnd you give me a new name  
It's all about the name  
Like Roger or Lincoln or Teddy  
How 'bout Elaine?I've got a woman's thighs  
And a woman's mind  
Woman's thighs, woman's mind  
Woman's thighs, neither are nice'Cause you like me to tie you to ice  
Woman's mindShame, shame, shame, shameMove your lips, move your hips  
Move your hips, move your lips  
Move your hips, it's the lonelinessThat's camera shy and tries to hide  
Crooked teeth, crooked feet  
Crooked teeth, how 'bout the cock?Move aside, bras and tights  
Put on lice, put on lice  
Put on lice, scurvy and licePolio, polio, polio, polio  
Polio, how 'bout AIDS?I cover your eyes, you fantasize  
I'm your wife, I'm your life  
I'm your wife, how 'bout a fight?'Cause you like me to tie you to ice  
The man's rightShame, shame, shame, shame'Cause you like me to tie you to ice, you to ice  
'Cause you like me to tie you to ice, you to ice  
'Cause you like me to tie you to ice, you to iceShame, shame, shame, shame

Songwriters

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