Carcass

Siouxsie and the Banshees

Someone's in cold storage
Seeking Heinz main-courses
Craving for a raw love
He'll hide you from the cleaver
He'll hang with you forever
Longing for a fresh meatBy hook or by crook
You'll be first in his book
For an impaled affair
By hook or by crook
You'll be last in his book
Of flesh oh so rareBe a carcass... be a dead pork
Be limblessly in love
Be a carcass...be a dead pork
Be limblessly in loveSomeone's left in cold storage
Thawed in Heinz main-courses
Carving for a new tin
He got you with the cleaver
He hung you up forever
Anticipating new skinOut of the frying pan
And into the fire
58th variety
Out of the frying pan
And into the fire
Mother had her son for teaBe a carcass...be a dead pork
Be limblessly in love
Be a carcass...be a dead pork
Be limblessly in loveIn love with your stumps
In love with the bleeding
In love with the pain
That you once felt
As you become a carcass
You become a carcass
Carcass

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