

# 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 meat  
By 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 rare  
Be a carcass... be a dead pork  
Be limblessly in love  
Be a carcass...be a dead pork  
Be limblessly in love  
Someone'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 skin  
Out of the frying pan  
And into the fire  
58th variety  
Out of the frying pan  
And into the fire  
Mother had her son for tea  
Be a carcass...be a dead pork  
Be limblessly in love  
Be a carcass...be a dead pork  
Be limblessly in love  
In 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

Songwriters

BAILEY, BALLION, FENTON, MORRIS  
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