

Venus In Furs

DeVotchKa

Shiny, shiny, shiny boots of leather
Shiny leather in the dark
Whiplash girlchild, you surely don't foresake him
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart

Downy sins of your streetlight fancies
You chase the costumes that she would wear
Ermine furs adorned imperiously
Severin, Severin awaits you there

I am tired, I am weary
I could sleep for a thousand years
A thousand dreams that could awake us
Different colors made from your tears

I kiss the boot of shiny, shiny leather
Shiny leather in the dark
Tongue of thongs, the belt that does await you
Strike, dear mistress, and cure his heart

Oh Severin, Severin, you speak so slightly
Severin, down on your bended knee
Taste the whip, in love not given lightly
Taste the whip, and plead for me

I am tired, I am weary
I could sleep for a thousand years
A thousand dreams that could awake us
Different colors made from your tears