

# Bordello

## The Church

Mmmmm...

Good evening

Well this house looks like a bordello  
And your mind it looks like a garage  
And your garter looks like nothing  
And you blew it, blew it large, yeah

Don't give me no trouble  
Don't give me no strife  
I'm tired of these shadows keep following me  
All my \_kin' life

And your mind looks like a bordello  
And your treehouse looks like a suite  
I'm looking up to the silver stars  
And I'm looking down at your feet

Don't tell me no lies, baby  
I know just where you've been  
Walking around St. Petersburg singing a hymn  
Walking around St. Petersburg singing a hymn, like this

Please God help me out of this mess  
Please God help me out of this mess  
Fifteen long days and I need to confess

Mind looks like a bordello  
This bordello looks like a shop  
I'm skipping all over the silver streets  
And when I run I stop  
Do you hear me now?  
Ahh, yeah

One for the crooked grocer  
Two for his stupid wife  
Three for the dark that bit me  
Five, yeah

Ah, don't give me no trouble  
Don't give me no lip  
I'm gonna get a replacement  
Because I'm so hip

Now listen...  
Your mind looks like a bordello  
Mmmmm, yeah  
Now you remember that time  
We were walking down Cleveland Street, yeah  
Huh!  
Mmmmm, I saw the way you're looking at the men passing by  
'Cause your mind is a bordello, baby  
And I'm a nasty fellow, baby  
And I was all turning yellow, baby  
I said 'Hello baby!'

Ahh, don't give me no trouble

Please don't give me no lip  
I know you've got a martini  
I just want a little sip

Before I jump off of this ship [?]  
Your mind looks like a bordello  
Your head looks like a tree  
I look like you, baby  
But you don't look like me, no, no, no, no, no, no, no

Ahh, sweet angel  
Can't you numb anymore  
Home time, hey hey  
I'm sliding under your door  
With the midnight ghosts  
With my claws of steel....