

Lady Godiva's Operation

The Fatima Mansions

(Lyrics / Music--Lou Reed) Published by MGM Music

([???)

("Get your fingers in.")

Lady Godiva, dressed so demurely

Pats the head of another curly-haired boy

A spurting pink toy

Sick with silence, she weeps sincerely

Saying words that have all so clearly been said ("You will do--")

So long ago ("--what I tell you.")

[...]

Here today now and dipped in the water

Making love to every poor daughter's son

Isn't it fun?

"Doctor is coming," the nurse thinks SWEETLY

Turning on the machines that NEATLY PUMPS AIR

("Make the incision at the base of the skull.")

The body lies bare

("I want you to think of me as someone you can come to with your problems.")

Shaved and hairless, what once was SCREAMING

Now lies silent and almost sleeping

The brain must have got away

Strapped securely to the white table

Beneath the gauze the body will wither and writhe

Underneath the white light

Doctor arrives with knife and baggage

Sees the growth as just so much cabbage ("Take the bone saw--")

That must now be cut away ("--and cut around the perimeter.")

Now comes the moment of great, great decision

Doctor is making the first incision

One goes here and one goes there

"Ether tubes are leaking", says someone who's sloppy

Patient, it seems, is not so well sleeping

The screams echo up the hall

Don't panic, someone give him pentathol instantly

Doctor removes the blade cagily so from the brain

By my count of ten--the head won't move

("And there you have it, ladies and gentlemen--the human brain.")

Haaaaa!! Here we go, everybody!!

All you fucking bastards!! Yeah!! Haha!!

Oh, oh, Lady Godiva

My queen of the killing floor

Oh, oh, Lady Godiva

[...?] in a butcher store

La la la la la...

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