

Don't Dream It, Be It

Richard O'Brien

Whatever happened to Fay Wray?
That delicate satin draped frame
As it clung to her thigh, how I started to cry
Cause I wanted to be dressed just the same...

Give yourself over to absolute pleasure
Swim the warm waters of sins of the flesh
Erotic nightmares beyond any measure
And sensual daydreams to treasure forever
Can't you just see it?

Don't dream it - be it.

Ach! We've got to get out of this trap
Before this decadence saps our will
I've got to be strong and try to hang on
Or my mind may well snap
Und my life will be lived for the thrills...

It's beyond me, help me Mommy

God bless Lily St. Cyr...