

Blues For Ceaucescu

The Fatima Mansions

Well, hello.

You can no longer depend on the land in which you were born.

You can no longer depend on any land in which you choose to place yourself.

You can no longer depend on the bed in which you lie by night,

Or the room in which you sit by day.

You can no longer depend on the pillow on which you lay your head.

You can no longer depend on the existence of [silence] in your mind when you close your eyes.

Go to England, baby-raper, false economist.

Call yourself King Charles III.

Nobody will notice.

Nobody will be alarmed.

There is no constitution.

Go. Goodbye. Goodbye.

He's shining brightly, he can't be a man

He is the genius of the Carpathians

He's running checks on his mother's womb

He's gonna be reborn real soon

CHORUS:

Ciao, Ceaucescu! Ciao, Ceaucescu! Ciao, Ceaucescu!

Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye!

Well, golly gee, oh my gosh, I never

Regina, Regina rubs her thighs together

She made three wishes and they all came true

The middle one ended in a "W"

The first one began with a kiss kiss kiss

The last one ended in a pulverized fist

(And don't forget, I need sleep. I don't get no sleep.)

Meanwhile in London, things stay the same

The untenable must be maintained

Who's that knocking down my back door?

It's the same bald-headed, bug-eyed male whore--CHORUS

In the dingy Irish orphan's home

Dickie Mountbatten licks the alchemist's bone

It's done in strict official secrecy

God, I love living in a democracy!

I really do! I do! I really do!

I looooooooooove you! I loooooooooovvvvvvve you!

He's shining brightly, he can't be a man

He is the genius of the Carpathians

He's running checks on his mother's womb

Hey, look out below, he's gonna drop in again soon!--CHORUS

Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye! Goodbye!

Give thanks!!