

Go Home Bible Mike

The Fatima Mansions

Welcome to Apeville! Now you're a citizen, too
Meet Mrs. Doreen Pompidou / She'd like to do the shimmy on top
of you
The wall is coming down / The one which holds the house up
A brass band playing in a dumptruck is visible through clouds o
f brickdust
as people dressed as cows form an orderly queue
for a drug that makes you dead for a second or two
I raise myself from my punchbowl, drowning:
"The Yakuza are singing--it can't be true!"
"Go home, Bible Mike!" / "Go home, Bible Mike!"
"Go home, Bible Mike!" / "Go home, Bible Mike!"
Her hand squeezes mine and I shudder
She says, "That was one shock, now here comes another
You really don't remember, do you?" / I said, "Why? Am I suppo
sed to?
Me, the slut of dishevelled women / whom fun has made sad and c
areless?"
and she's knocked me onto the greasy floor
and a eunuch is barring the only door
Pilar, in her room above the farmacia,
smiles as she pictures your little thing
Imagine her surprise when she looks through the window
and sees you riddled with bullets while the cops all sing
"Go home, Bible Mike! / Go home, Bible Mike!"
You preach without a right / Go home, Bible Mike!"
You don't make me laugh, you don't make me horny,
so what the hell are we doing here?
Gasping all night in this Nazi city
You bit it, I'm bleeding, we're sliding in my blood
Humping in my blood / Market my blood! / Market my blood!
You got a tourist mind
Deaf, dumb and blind to all the pain you bring
This is more than just sin
"Am I really such a nightmare? If I had a home I'd go there."
Anytime you look / This court says, "Take a hike"
The slate will not be wiped / Just go home, Bible Mike
Go home, Bible Mike....