

Humiliate Me

The Fatima Mansions

(If ever you're going hungry, there's always the graveyard...)
Be nice or strangle me, I don't care
Good times are not what's lured me here
Bad clothes and sting-in-the-eye perfume
I try to stand and confess to I-don't-know-who
& the criminal insane
Look so gentle when they're being entertained
Gunsmiths and prison warders
A gallery of brain disorders
Porn stars handcuffed to their fathers
Come on: humiliate me
"...and I'll come sex with you if you pay,"
I tell a stranger who silently turns away
I strip naked and I head for the open door
The man in the tux holds it open
He's seen it all, he's seen it all, he's seen it all before
Say, I am now dressed befitting my coming death
Come on, don't be so useless
Don't I stir any juices
As I dance the dance of the seven nooses?
Lovely! Humiliate me!
Some people dress for success
They press the flesh under savage duress
Me, I stay quiet 'til the time is right
Then stand clear if you don't want a terrible night
I'm not so much about stopping the rot
I just want to see the little guy on top--
I'll pay to see the little guy on top!
[...?]
[Look at me, look at me...?]
If you run your country like a private prison
Expect the world's derision
Why, they wouldn't baptize you with a snail's emission
So come on, humiliate me...
(Get a [rose?], you can [...?] if you want!)