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 you
r 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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