You Won't Get Me Home

The Fatima Mansions

Her uncle won't support her now He loves his masons more With their boy scout songs of jahbulon As they flocked to gore some whores

She says, "you won't get me home You won't get me home Everything i own is gone."

They built a wall around the town to keep her plague within Until all of the unclean had died atoning for their sins

You won't get me home You won't get me home Leave my mouth alone You're old -- you're old!

You won't get me home To jump my tired bones Now leave my mouth alone and go! Go! go!

The prince of Caledonia, he drives a diesel van Yeah, he peddles skag in Hamilton He's the reality man, reality man

You're not your own executioner, no You're not your own executioner, no You're not your own executioner, even though they tell you, They tell you, they tell you, they tell you so!