

## 10 Minutes Till The Savages Come

The Manhattan Transfer

Spiked heels and porkpie hat  
Have you on the mend in no time flat  
A shimmy and a shake, a pitter and pat  
Hey there sugar, take a look at that

Don't you despair 'cause your fantasy life is nowhere  
Under my care you'll be back in the pink  
Drunk without a drink

Tunnel down in soft silk and satin  
Loosen up and roll to the rumble of the drum  
Make believe it's midnight in Manhattan  
10 minutes till the savages come

Come here and don't look back  
Meet me at the end of the cul-de-sac  
Come on, stand up at attention and I'll do the same  
Hey there tiger, now don't you be ashamed

Life has a way of destroying our sense of child's play  
But under my wing you'll be back in the pink  
Drunk without a drink

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Sigmund Freud himself  
Wouldn't have needed to worry if his hands were tied by me  
There's no neurosis that this doctor can't diagnose  
I'll find the monster and deliver a lethal dose

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