

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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