

Venus In Furs, The "Tumbling Down"

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Gee, but it's hard when one lowers one's guard to the
vultures
But, me, I regard it a torturous hardship that smoulders
Like a peppermint eaten away,
Will I fight, will I swagger or sway?
Hee hee, m'lady, she cries like a baby, scold us,
See her tumbling down, see her tumbling down.

Hail to the monkey, we're having a funky reunion
Wasted and sunk he can only have sunday communion
He's got nicotine stains in his eyes.
He's got nothing to protect but his pride.
All smothered in kiss or be drowned in blissful
confusion.
See her tumbling down, see her tumbling down,
See her tumbling down, tumbling down.

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