

## **Fatima Mansions "Humiliate Me"**

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(If ever you're going hungry, there's always the graveyard...)

Be nice or strangle me, I don't care  
Good times are not what's lured me here  
Bad clothes and sting-in-the-eye perfume  
I try to stand and confess to I-don't-know-who  
& the criminal insane  
look so gentle when they're being entertained  
Gunsmiths and prison warders  
A gallery of brain disorders  
Porn stars handcuffed to their fathers  
Come on: humiliate me

"...and I'll come sex with you if you pay,"  
I tell a stranger who silently turns away  
I strip naked and I head for the open door  
The man in the tux holds it open  
He's seen it all, he's seen it all, he's seen it all before  
Say, I am now dressed befitting my coming death  
Come on, don't be so useless  
Don't I stir any juices  
as I dance the dance of the seven nooses?

Lovely! Humiliate me!

Some people dress for success  
They press the flesh under savage duress  
Me, I stay quiet 'til the time is right  
Then stand clear if you don't want a terrible night  
I'm not so much about stopping the rot  
I just want to see the little guy on top--  
I'll pay to see the little guy on top!  
[Gonna get on top me boy!]  
[Lovin' it lovin' it lovin' it lovin' it lovin' it lovin' it lovin' it  
aaaahhh!]

If you run your country like a private prison  
Expect the world's derision  
Why, they wouldn't baptize you with a snail's emission  
so come on, humiliate me...

(There are ropes in the closet if you want!)

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