

Fatima Mansions

"Mr. Baby"

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See the priest in gleaming nappies
Gurgling and burping child at play
Signing warrants, blessing firing squads
are the pleasures of this baby's day

In a street where broken buildings fall
on burning people ten feet tall
on stockinged knees, not all, not all
Just those who fight in bonfire light
In spite of all the crowds who call
Their hero, a goldfish jockey
Their hero remains Mr. Baby

Mr. Baby spills it by the ton
He wraps his mouth around his gun
He says, "Scared? You're not the only one."

Did they raise their fists to greet you all
when they saw the colour of your skin?
Did they laugh and say "go home"
when you told them of the trouble you were in?
You know they did

(God is an arms dealer.)

Your complaint is my mandate
and your shoulders are my ladder (straight)
What they cannot defuse they must excuse
and what they must allow they soon will bow to
and they will kneel
They will kneel to Mr. Baby
Oh, you really slay me
Mr. Baby in the burning bushfire
Basement by the crater brook
Reads from his ancient hate-book

Your own, your own Mr. Baby
Baby, baby, baby, don't treat me mean now
Don't bang your head...

