

## **Fatima Mansions "The Holy Mugger"**

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Here he comes, in the dead of the month  
His hair falling out, his shoulders hunched  
Secure with his Third World expectation  
[...] open sewers of degradation  
I hate his guts though we we have not spoken  
[...] feeling? You must be joking!  
The Lamborghini cleaner scowls  
Everybody hates the holy mugger  
Yeah, the holy mugger

I have to send this blacklist out  
and watch these rakes crawl past my house  
The silence here has driven me mad  
Jihad, jihad, what the fuck was that?  
The holy mugger  
The holy mugger  
The holy mugger

In a week, he's dead, nobody talks  
but they never do--it was his own fault  
His body's in the gutter, just the way he fell  
We glower at the sight and ignore the smell  
and it's closing time at the Shiatsu Brothel  
and the rail track breaths a rickety rattle

The burglars drive their hearses home  
The kids stay in and learn to speak in code

Who dunnit? I don't know. I don't know!

Here he comes, he never died  
He calls the street [...]  
and a whitewashed cap on a swimming peak  
Find his fortunes on his feet  
[...?]  
I am now a [...?]  
I'll accept that this is normal  
[...?] it must be formal  
The holy mugger  
The holy mugger  
The holy mugger  
The libertine Nazi from hell!

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