

## **Fatima Mansions**

# **"The White Knuckle Express"**

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This truck stop: rancid gravy  
A man with no hands waving  
and the dog 'round my leg bumps and grinds  
It rains for miles out there  
on mud and tar and still air  
and the fungus-lined gap between stinking towns

Pork-Eyes got him a brand new hand  
He's gonna grasp you  
He won't ask you  
and he'll tell you it's all your fault

CHORUS:

The cup runneth over, your jaws to bless  
on the white-knuckle express

She is [grace?] naked, I cannot see her face  
She slides across me  
I am wearing a collar and a tie

We're tuneful, cute and giving  
See, that's how we make our living

In a hall full of corpses, we'd smile and bounce on  
Some say it's aimless bullshit  
but they come from big houses and budgets  
and, although I don't look it, I'm getting really fucking  
old

Pork-Eyes, in the presence of a sweet young girl:  
He's gonna spill you, it better thrill you,  
or he'll tear this place apart  
Pork-Eyes! We're going up! Feet-first, feet-first!  
and the legend on that girl's thigh reads "Love = Hurt  
= Hate"--CHORUS

Pork-Eyes, he will stroke your long hair tenderly in all  
the waterfront bars  
where the wine and hollow talk-of-men will muffle  
things that really, really are  
and you'll go back to your room with him on your  
healthy sandalled feet

to come out minutes later, bleeding, torn above, torn underneath...

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