

Fugs

"Slum Goddess"

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Sherry ran away, come to live in the slums
Her parents hired detectives, they were posing as
bums
Taking acid in a crash pad again
Slum Goddess from the lower East Side
Slum Goddess won't you please be my bride
She organized a commune on Avenue A
She swears the revolution's just a pamphlet away
One Big Union with peacock feather dues
Dope sex revolution pretty paisley hues
Slum Goddess from the lower East Side
Slum Goddess won't you please be my bride
It was the summer of love, 1967
She said, come lie with me and we'll check into heaven
There were 16 mattresses, a candle-wax floor
And posters from the love-in on her day-glow door

All the poets want to be with her, Sherry
Dionysus wants to dance with her, Sherry
All the pacifists want to love her, Sherry
Ooo Sherry Sherry Sherry
Ooo Sherry Sherry Sherry
Slum Goddess from the lower East Side
Slum Goddess won't you please be my bride
She walks through the park, all the hippie hearts melt
Her skirt's not much wider than a farrison belt
She says history's no mystery
Blast the past
It's the hour of power for Blake's sunflower
Slum Goddess from the lower East Side
Slum Goddess won't you please be my bride
Slum Goddess from the lower East Side
I'm going to make her my bride

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