

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine

"The Taking Of Peckham 123"

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It's like Saint Valentine's Day

At the sugar candy store

Where the barman lays

On the bloodstained floor

With all the wines

and the cocktails

He won't be serving anymore

To the swingers

And the roustabouts

And the carnivore queen

Who's looking for the 3 scrooges

Who are nowhere to be seen

And life's just a bowl of cherries

For the fruit machine

The taking of Peckham

1..2..3..1..2..3

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest

They robbed him blind,

then dumb

And then deaf

And they left him there bleeding

On the pavement to die
And he went to that
Great high-rise block in the sky
And the hands that do the dishes
Feel as soft as your face
Then they rob you of your pension
And they ransack your place
Still, you u try to forgive
Like the Babby Jesus did
Though it's so hard to be a saint
In the flats where you live
And you'll live there forever
And the day that you die
when you'll go to that
Big high-rise block in the sky
And you'll meet the Babby Jesus
So you'll know you're in Heaven
And you'll get back the years
That yo gave
In the taking of Peckham

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