

Legenda

"Madame Guillotine"

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She washed her hands 300 times but still they're
dripping red.
We caught her in the pauper's pit, she stole the prince's
head, still
Cursing 'blasphemy'. O mercy me...
He staggered like a chicken. They lynched him; they
left him flinching
Then took theirs [sic] seats and kept on knitting.
God bless the noble savage as he swaggers, as he
sweats. He's making
Bets on who is next- he doesn't care about the colour...
(First they rounded up the reds but I'm not red so...
Then they rounded
Up the blacks but I'm not blacks so...
Then they rounded up the gypsies and the junkies and
donkeys. Now I'm
Scared to whistle 'swanee' cos they'll ask me for my
spit...)
This is the garden that we walk in and it's dying. So we
cut it down.
We're drowning now.
There's no way out.
We all fall down.

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