

Moulin Rouge **"Diamond Dogs"**

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As they pulled you out
Of the oxygen tent
You asked for the latest party
With your silicon hump
And your ten inch stump
Dressed like a priest you was,
Todd Browning's freak he was
Crawling down the alley on
Your hands and your knees,
I'm sure you're not protected
For it's plain to see
Diamond Dogs are poachers
And they hide behind trees
Hunt you to the ground they will,
Mannequins with kill appeal
Will they come?
I keep a friend serene
Will they come?
Oh, baby, come unto me
Will they come?
Well, she's come, been, and gone
Come out of the garden, baby
You'll catch your death in the fog
Young girls, they call them
The Diamond Dogs

In the year of the scavenger
Season of the bitch
Sashay on the board-walk
Scurry to the ditch
Just another future song
Lonely little kitsch
There's gonna be sorrow
Try and wake up for tomorrow
The Halloween Jack
Is a real cool cat,
And he lives on top
Of Manhattan Chase
The elevators broke
So he slides down a rope
Onto the street below
Oh Tarzie, go man, go

Will they come?
I keep a friend serene
Will they come?
Oh, baby, come unto me
Will they come?
Well, she's come, been, and gone
Come out of the garden, baby
You'll catch a death in the fog
Young girls, they call them
The Diamond Dogs
Young girls, they call them
The Diamond Dogs
Who-who-who
Who-who-who
Who-who-who
Who-who-who will fuck you now?

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