

Pretty Things

"Cries from The Midnight Circus"

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In the concrete valleys the electric storm
We members of the midnight circus
Our bodies so brightly adorn

In your long sedans and your Oldsmobile
Through that slit in your face
You ask me how it feels, lonely daddy

Can you hear me, can you hear me?
I'm a-tellin' you again

Daughters of Satan all stand in line
With faces greased
And a mouth full of shine

With iron hands you bruise the flesh
Then through a closing door you ask
Pray why the distress, the lonely

Hear me
Can you hear me, can you?

Midnight sailors can stay
We won't send you away
See me here on my knees

You lie in the alley
With blood on your clothes
As fingers round
Your throat they close

Your cries of murder
Splash on the walls
And as you die
You think about the injustice of it all

Can you hear me, can you hear me?
I'm a-tellin' you again

Hear me
Can you hear me, can you?

See Satan's daughters' red lights
They have such good appetites
Another clown packs his drag

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