

Amanda Palmer "Mary's Surgeon"

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Mary's surgeon
Called me urgent
Get down to ward
And take...my god!
Who would date me in the dark
And for this labor
I was savoured
Tender and braindead
It went to my head

And we kept our lives
If your mouth keeps going where your mind won't go
You don't want to choke so chew it slowly
Nibble the edges on the kitchen floor
If it suits your taste, taste some more
If you're worried that it's bitter like a Barbie doll
Hold your nose and swallow it all
If you're worried that it's all gonna go to your hips
Roll it round your rosy lips
If you're worried that it's all gonna go to your thighs
Close your eyes for a big surprise....
And Mary's Surgeon
Called me certain
Brand new flavour
I can savour
Such pity for the part

Mary's running away where we can't find her
Far away from smells that would remind her
Her hometown has burned down

But you will look
Staring at your face reflected in the fetid water
What shadows will it cast today
Familiar smells of fresh decay
You wish that you could flush yourself away

Complicitly leave your mark

And Mary's surgeon
Called me urging
Lord God, save us

It's contagious
It's contagious
It's contagious

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