

Hip Tragically

"Twist My Arm"

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Thar she blows, Jaques Cousteau

Hear here sing so sweet and low

Lull me overboard, out-cold

Gathered in and swallowed whole

Do I want to? With all that charm?

Do I want to? Twist my arm.

You just hit me where I live

I guess it looked quite primitive

What was that supposed to prove?

Throw the call or he'll throw you

Sucked in by the victim world

Thirsty as a cultured pearl

Culled and wooed, bitten, chewed

It won't hurt if you don't move

Do I want to? With all that charm?

Do I want you? Twist my arm.

Musical chairs, double dares, memorized stairs,

Shootin off flares, springtime hares and broken-down
mares

Coward phones, big soup stones, prideless loans,

Grill sick crows, motel groans and big fat Jones

Martyrs don't do much for me

Though I enjoy them vicariously

After you. No! After me.

No, I insist! Please, after me.

Do I want to? With all that charm?

Do I want you? Twist my arm

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