

## **The Hidden Cameras "Shame"**

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Shame, shame, shame, shame

Lift my legs, lift my legs  
Lift my legs, lift my legs  
Lift my legs and drop the complaints

Of your life and your wife  
Of your life, of your wife  
Of your life, just drop the wife

And pick up men, pick up men  
Pick up men, pick up men  
Pick up men and invite them into your car

Or into a bar, in a car  
In a bar, in a car  
It's all about the bars

And you give me a new name  
It's all about the name  
Like Roger or Lincoln or Teddy  
How 'bout Elaine?

I've got a woman's thighs  
And a woman's mind  
Woman's thighs, woman's mind  
Woman's thighs, neither are nice

'Cause you like me to tie you to ice  
Woman's mind

Shame, shame, shame, shame  
Move your lips, move your hips  
Move your hips, move your lips  
Move your hips, it's the loneliness

That's camera shy and tries to hide  
Crooked teeth, crooked feet  
Crooked teeth, how 'bout the cock?

Move aside, bras and tights  
Put on lice, put on lice

Put on lice, scurvy and lice

Polio, polio, polio, polio  
Polio, how 'bout AIDS?

I cover your eyes, you fantasize  
I'm your wife, I'm your life  
I'm your wife, how 'bout a fight?

'Cause you like me to tie you to ice  
The man's right

Shame, shame, shame, shame

'Cause you like me to tie you to ice, you to ice  
'Cause you like me to tie you to ice, you to ice  
'Cause you like me to tie you to ice, you to ice

Shame, shame, shame, shame

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