

The Fatima Mansions

"Go Home Bible Mike"

Visit "[Go Home Bible Mike](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

("One was taking the gate down today and one reads the Bible.")

Welcome to Apeville! Now you're a citizen, too
Meet Mrs. Doreen Pompidou
She'd like to do the shimmy on top of you

The wall is coming down
The one which holds the house up
A brass band playing in a dumptruck
is visible through clouds of brickdust
as people dressed as cows form an orderly queue
for a drug that makes you dead for a second or two
I raise myself from my punchbowl, drowning:
"The Yakuza are singing--it can't be true!"

Go home, Bible Mike!

Her hand squeezes mine and I shudder
She says, "That was one shock, now here comes
another
You really don't remember, do you?"
I said, "Why? Am I supposed to?
Me, the slut of dishevelled women
whom fun has made sad and careless?"
and she's knocked me onto the greasy floor
and a eunuch is barring the only door
Pilar, in her room above the farmacia,
smiles as she pictures your little thing
Imagine her surprise when she looks through the
window
and sees you riddled with bullets while the cops all
sing,

"Go home, Bible Mike!
Go home, Bible Mike!
You preach without a right
Go home, Bible Mike!"

You don't make me laugh, you don't make me horny,
so what the hell are we doing here?

Gasping all night in this Nazi city
You bit it, I'm bleeding, we're sliding in my blood
Fucking with my blood
Market my blood! Market my blood!

You got a tourist mind
Deaf, numb and blind to all the pain you bring
This is more than just sin
"Am I really such a nightmare? If I had a home I'd go
there."

Anytime you like
This court says, "Take a hike"
The slate will not be wiped
Just go home, Bible Mike
Go home, Bible Mike....

Visit [The Fatima Mansions](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.