

The Fatima Mansions

"Humiliate me"

Visit "[Humiliate me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(If ever you're going hungry, there's always the graveyard...)

Be nice or strangle me, I don't care
Good times are not what's lured me here

Bad clothes and sting-in-the-eye perfume
I try to stand and confess to I-don't-know-who
& the criminal insane
look so gentle when they're being entertained
Gunsmiths and prison warders
A gallery of brain disorders
Porn stars handcuffed to their fathers
Come on: humiliate me

"...and I'll come sex with you if you pay,"
I tell a stranger who silently turns away
I strip naked and I head for the open door
The man in the tux holds it open
He's seen it all, he's seen it all, he's seen it all before
Say, I am now dressed befitting my coming death
Come on, don't be so useless
Don't I stir any juices
as I dance the dance of the seven nooses?
Lovely! Humiliate me!

Some people dress for success
They press the flesh under savage duress
Me, I stay quiet 'til the time is right
Then stand clear if you don't want a terrible night
I'm not so much about stopping the rot
I just want to see the little guy on top--
I'll pay to see the little guy on top!
[...?]
[Look at me, look at me...?]

If you run your country like a private prison
Expect the world's derision
Why, they wouldn't baptize you with a snail's emission
so come on, humiliate me...

(Get a [rose?], you can [...?] if you want!)

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

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