

## The Fatima Mansions

### "Mr. baby"

Visit "[Mr. baby](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

See the priest in gleaming nappies  
Gurgling and burping child at play  
Signing warrants, blessing firing squads  
are the pleasures of this baby's day

In a street where broken buildings fall  
on burning people ten feet tall  
on stockinged knees, not all, not all  
Just those who fight in bonfire light  
In spite of all the crowds who call  
Their hero, a goldfish jockey  
Their hero remains Mr. Baby

Mr. Baby spills it by the ton  
He wraps his mouth around his gun  
He says, "Scared? You're not the only one."

Did they raise their fists to greet you all  
when they saw the colour of your skin?  
Did they laugh and say "go home"  
when you told them of the trouble you were in?  
You know they did  
(God is an arms dealer.)

Your complaint is my mandate  
and your shoulders are my ladder (straight)  
What they cannot defuse they must excuse  
and what they must allow they soon will bow to  
and they will kneel  
They will kneel to Mr. Baby  
Oh, you really slay me  
Mr. Baby in the burning bushfire  
Basement by the crater brook  
Reads from his ancient hate-book

Your own, your own Mr. Baby  
Baby, baby, baby, don't treat me mean now  
Don't bang your head...

