The Fatima Mansions "Shiny happy people"

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(music / lyrics--berry/buck/mills/stipe; new lyrics--coughlan) published by warner chappell music

("ha ha ha, that's disgusting!") Here we fuckin' go!

Bring out your dead, bring out your dead
We're gonna make 'em dance, give us cold cold head
Fill' em full of whisky, it'll bring 'em back to life
Just as well, i like 'em nice and tight
Streetlights flashing like the greatest little disco
[whimbo, belch-o, slam-o, fist-o]
[grant raid] is coming your way

Meet me in the crowd, i'll be yelling out loud
With a dick in every yard, this'll [pummel them around]
With a 6-6-6 and a do-what-thou-wilt
Though no body fluids are gonna be spilt
You look like the type who likes to suck a big pipe
Tonight could be your night if you play your cards right

Shiny happy people holding hands Yes, that is correct, that's what we are seeing Shiny happy people holding hands ("go fuck yourself!")

Mummy, when you shoot up, dear, Do not spew up, dear, in baby's face here Give him a few beers to dry his wee tears And if his dad hears, he'll fuck you both, dear

Zeebrugge, '87, mass murder
Campaign contribution that goes no further
Innocent people lost their lives
For the killer's profit and another five
Give a government by well-spanked dumb closet
queens ("masturbate, masturbate.") making it a crime
to be gay

Shiny happy people holding hands Shiny happy people holding hands ("go fuck yourself!")

Fuck your nuclear family
Fuck your passion for advertising
Fuck your show business
Most of all, fuck your show business

Shiny happy people holding hands Shiny happy people holding hands I must be blind, i can't see them! Shiny happy people holding hands Shiny happy people holding hands ("masturbate, masturbate")

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