

The Fatima Mansions

"The holy mugger"

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Here he comes, in the dead of the month
His hair falling out, his shoulders hunched
Secure with his Third World expectation
[...] open sewers of degradation

I hate his guts though we we have not spoken
[...] feeling? You must be joking!
The Lamborghini cleaner scowls
Everybody hates the holy mugger
Yeah, the holy mugger

I have to send this blacklist out
and watch these rakes crawl past my house
The silence here has driven me mad
Jihad, jihad, what the fuck was that?
The holy mugger
The holy mugger
The holy mugger

In a week, he's dead, nobody talks
but they never do--it was his own fault
His body's in the gutter, just the way he fell
We glower at the sight and ignore the smell
and it's closing time at the Shiatsu Brothel
and the rail track breaths a rickety rattle
The burglars drive their hearses home
The kids stay in and learn to speak in code

Who dunnit? I don't know. I don't know!

Here he comes, he never died
He calls the street [...]
and a whitewashed cap on a swimming peak
Find his fortunes on his feet
[...?]
I am now a [...?]
I'll accept that this is normal
[...?] it must be formal
The holy mugger
The holy mugger
The holy mugger

The libertine Nazi from hell!

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