

The Fatima Mansions

"The white knuckle express"

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This truck stop: rancid gravy
A man with no hands waving
and the dog 'round my leg bumps and grinds
It rains for miles out there

on mud and tar and still air
and the fungus-lined gap between stinking towns

Pork-Eyes got him a brand new hand
He's gonna grasp you
He won't ask you
and he'll tell you it's all your fault

CHORUS:

The cup runneth over, your jaws to bless
on the white-knuckle express

She is [grace?] naked, I cannot see her face
She slides across me
I am wearing a collar and a tie

We're tuneful, cute and giving
See, that's how we make our living
In a hall full of corpses, we'd smile and bounce on
Some say it's aimless bullshit
but they come from big houses and budgets
and, although I don't look it, I'm getting really fucking
old

Pork-Eyes, in the presence of a sweet young girl:
He's gonna spill you, it better thrill you,
or he'll tear this place apart
Pork-Eyes! We're going up! Feet-first, feet-first!
and the legend on that girl's thigh reads "Love = Hurt
= Hate"--CHORUS

Pork-Eyes, he will stroke your long hair tenderly in all
the waterfront bars
where the wine and hollow talk-of-men will muffle
things that really, really are
and you'll go back to your room with him on your

healthy sandalled feet
to come out minutes later, bleeding, torn above, torn
underneath...

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