

## The Legendary Pink Dots

### "Madame Guillotine"

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She washed her hands 300 times  
But still they're dripping red.  
We caught her in the pauper's pit,  
She stole the prince's head...  
Cursing 'blasphemy'...  
O mercy me...  
He staggered like a chicken.

They lynched him;  
They left him flinching.  
Running scared...  
Took their seats...they kept on knitting.

God bless the noble savage  
As he swaggers  
As he sweats  
He's making bets on who is next-  
He don't care about the colour...

So many here to choose from...

(First they rounded up the reds  
But I'm not red so...

Then they rounded up the blacks  
But I'm not black so...

Then they rounded up the gypsies  
And the junkies and donkeys.

Now I'm scared to whistle 'swanee'  
'Cause they'll ask me for my spit...)

It's the garden that we walk in  
And it's dying...so we cut it down.  
We're drowning now.  
There's no way out.  
We all fall down.  
We all fall down  
We all fall down  
We all fall down

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All fall down...  
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