

Carter The Unstoppable Sex Machine, The Taking

It's like Saint Valentine's Day
At the sugar candy store
Where the barman lays
On the bloodstained floor
With all the wines
and the cocktails
He won't be serving anymore
To the swingers
And the roustabouts
And the carnivore queen
Who's looking for the 3 scrooges
Who are nowhere to be seen
And life's just a bowl of cherries
For the fruit machine

The taking of Peckham
1..2..3..1..2..3

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest
They robbed him blind,
then dumb
And then deaf
And they left him there bleeding
On the pavement to die
And he went to that
Great high-rise block in the sky
And the hands that do the dishes
Feel as soft as your face
Then they rob you of your pension
And they ransack your place
Still, you u try to forgive
Like the Babby Jesus did
Though it's so hard to be a saint
In the flats where you live
And you'll live there forever
And the day that you die
when you'll go to that
Big high-rise block in the sky
And you'll meet the Babby Jesus
So you'll know you're in Heaven
And you'll get back the years
That yo gave
In the taking of Peckham
