

# The Strangers, Baroque Bordello

See a picturesque decay there  
Something for all time to tell  
See the woman of your dreams there  
In a baroque bordello  
Swing doors and a blind venetian  
Keep her in a walnut shell  
Has to rub your eyes to bathe you  
In a baroque bordello  
All the words are written for you  
Finds your heaven, finds your hell  
Finds your love but keeps it hidden  
In a baroque bordello  
Seven days and seven nights spent  
Sleeping in her wishing well  
Climb her rope and find her trailer  
In a baroque bordello  
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