

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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