

Crass, Bata Motel

(Little girls, of about six or seven, were asked what do they like to do. And then sometime later the

I've got 54321,
I've got a red pair of high-heels on,
Tumble me over, it doesn't take much,
Tumble me over, tumble me, push.
In my red high-heels I've no control,
The rituals of repression are so old,
You can do what you like, there'll be no reprisal,
I'm yours, yes I'm yours, it's my means of survival.

I've got 54321,
Come on my love, I know you're strong,
Push me hard, make me stagger,
The pain in my back just doesn't matter.
You force-hold me above the ground,
I can't get away, my feet are bound,
So I'm bound to say,
That I'm bound to stay.

Well today I look so good,
Just like I know I should,
My breasts to tempt inside my bra,
My face is painted like a movie star,
I've studied my flaws in your reflection
And put them to rights with savage correction,
I've turned my statuesque perfection
And shone it over in your direction.
So come on darling, make me yours,
Trip me over, show me the floor,
Tease me, tease me, make me stay,
In my red high-heels I can't get away.
I'm trussed and bound like an oven ready bird
But I bleed without dying and won't say a word.
Slice my flesh and I'll ride the scar,
Put me into gear like your lady car,
Drive me fast and crash me crazy,
I'll rise from the wreckage as fresh as a daisy.
These wouuds leave furrows as they heal,
I've travelled them, they're red and real,
I know them well, they're part of me,
My birth, my sex, my history,
They grew with me, my closest friend,
My pain's my own, my pain's my end.
Clip my wings so you know where I am.
I can't get lost while you're my man.
Tame me so I know your call,
I've stabbed my heels so I am tall,
I've bound my twisted falling fall,
Beautiful mute against the wall,
Beautifully mutilated as I fall.
Use me don't lose me.

I've got 54321,
I've got a red pair of high-heels on.
Strap my ankles, break my heels,
Make me kneel, make me feel.
Turn, turn, turn, like a clockwork doll,
Put in your key and give me a whirl.
Tease me, tease me, the reason to play,
In my red high-heels I can't get away.
I'll be your bonsai, your beautiful bonsai,
Your black-eye bonsai, erotically rotting.
Will my tiny feet fit your desire?

Warped and tied I walk on fire.
Burn me out, twist my wrists,
I promise not to shout, beat me with your fists.
Squeeze me, squeeze me, make me feel,
In my red high-heels I'm an easy kill.
Tease me, tease me, make me see,
You're the only one, I need to be me.
Thankyou, will you take me?
Thankyou, will you make me?
Thankyou, will you break me?
Use me don't lose me,
Taste me, don't waste me.
Use, lose, taste, waste.