

# Emilie Autumn, Miss Lucy Had Some Leeches

Miss Lucy had some leeches  
Her leeches liked to suck  
And when they drank up all her blood  
She didn't give a

Funny when the doctors  
Had locked her in her cell  
Miss Lucy screamed all night that they  
Should go to bloody

Hello to the surgeon  
With scalpel old and blunt  
He'll tie you to the table  
Then he'll mutilate your

Come it's nearly teatime  
The lunatics arrive  
The keepers bleed them all until  
There's no one left a

Lively little rodents  
Are eaten up by cats  
We're subject to experiments  
Like laboratory

Rats I've dropped a teacup  
How easily they break  
I'm on my hands and knees until  
I pay for my mis-

Take off all your clothing  
We've only just begun  
We have no anesthesia  
It's eighteen forty

One thing we should tell you  
Before you try again  
The tests are invented by  
A lot of filthy

Mentally hysteric  
She's failed the exam  
Don't bother telling Lucy for  
She doesn't give a

Damn that's nitrous oxide  
For when you can't escape  
They say the surgeons oft commit  
A murder or a

Razor-blades are rusty  
And not a lot of fun  
So when they try to amputate  
Your legs you'd better

Run and fetch the chemist  
A patient's feeling sad  
She's been in chains for ages  
And she isn't even

Madness is a nuisance  
And no one is immune  
Your sister, mum or daughter  
May become a raving

Lunatics are dangerous  
And doctors are obeyed  
They also go together just  
Like toast and marmalade

Ladies are like children  
With brains the size of squirrels  
Let's give a clitoridectomies  
To all the little

Girls are helpless treasures  
That daddies must protect  
So lie upon the table  
For the doctors to in-

Speculums are super  
And stirrups all the rage  
So spread a lady's legs and then put her  
Back in to her

Cage of naked crazies  
The surgeon's here to bleed  
The doctors are all learned men  
And some can even

Reading can be risky  
For women on the verge  
It only did us worlds of good  
To poison, leech and

Purging is a penance  
Phlebotomy's a chore  
No need to sterilize the tools  
We never did be-

Fore the night is over  
Before you go to bed  
They'll take a hammer and nail  
And jam it in your

Headstones in the courtyard  
And statues in the park  
Are not for the insane  
Just leave them rotting in the

D A R K  
dark  
dark  
dark  
dark  
dark