Judy Garland, Joan Crawford

Junkies down in Brooklyn are going crazy,
They're laughing just like hungry dogs in the street,
Policemen are hiding behind the skirts of little girls,
Their eyes have turned the color of frozen meat.
No, no no no, no no no no no no no no,
Joan Crawford has risen from the grave.
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Catholic schoolgirls have thrown away their mascara,
They chain themselves to the axles of big Mack trucks,
The sky is filled with hurt and shivering angels,
The fat lady lives! Children, start your trucks!
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