

LIZ PHAIR, Dance Of The Seven Veils

Johnny, my love, get out of the business
It makes me wanna rough you up so badly
Makes me wanna roll you up in plastic
Toss you up and pump you full of lead
Johnny, my love, get out of the business
The odds are getting fatter by the minute
That I have got a bright and shiny platter
And I am gonna get your heavy head
I only ask because I'm a real cunt in spring
You can rent me by the hour
I know all about the ugly pilgrim thing
Entertainers bring May flowers
So Johnny, my love, we got us a witness
Now all we gotta do is get a preacher
He can probably skip the "until death" part
'Cause Johnny, my love, you're already dead
I only ask because I'm a real cunt in spring
You can rent me by the hour
I know all about the ugly pilgrim thing
Entertainers bring May flowers
May flowers
May flowers
To you