

# Sunset Rubdown, The Courtesan Has Sung

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Think of the scene where a washed-up actor wipes the makeup off his wife and says, Morticians m

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The stranger finds you in your home, says Brother, your work's got no soul. You say, Brother, bite y

The courtesan has sung, and Nadia says the crowd's too young, and Amber says she hates guitar.  
And when she showed him all her paintings he said, Let's do something racy.  
Took the bottle from his pocket, it was vodka, again.

The courtesan has sung, and Nadia says the crowd's too young, and Amber says she hates guitar.  
Five actors have arrived, they are good looking but they're hungry.  
They start cooking with the trash found on the safety of the stage.  
And you see the crowd is forming, but the winged things are swarming.  
Yelling, Stop this fucking poison, but the deaf, they hear no warnings.

Whoa oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Think of the scene where a washed-up actor wipes the makeup off his wife and says, Morticians m  
Oh, morticians must have took you for a whore.  
Oh, I'm sorry that they took you for a whore.  
And I am sorry if they took me for a whore.  
Oh, I am sorry if you took me for a whore.  
Oh, and are you sorry that you took me for a whore.  
Well, then I'm sorry that I took you for a mortician.