

# The Tiger Lillies, Roll Up

Tattooed we dance the tango, in a melancholy way,  
Bearded ladies, muscle men, freaks entering the affray.  
Crowds come in from the suburbs to observe the perverse,  
Jimmy the pick-pocket he's on the loose,  
Mind out and watch your purse.

Frankie the brain damaged boxer, he's only got left a year,  
The local bums take him for a round and for his blood they cheer.  
Prostitutes do good business, they'll gob you for a days rent,  
And if it's a boy that you're after, they're over behind the tent.

Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up  
Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up.

Pimps count their money, they think they've got a good job.  
It's better than being a gangster, it's better than being a slob.  
Pin-heads, Siamese twins, midgets  
They all shock the best they can.  
The gypsy fortune teller, she knows we're all damned.

Our life's a side-show attraction, we do our best to please,  
Our life is a side-show attraction, death, decay and disease,

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