

She Sits Down on Me

Harry Nilsson

Now listen to my story, boys, I need your sympathy
The tattooed lady in the circus fell in love with me
And to prove her love was sweet as sugar canda-di
She had my picture tattooed on her body.

She has the landing of the pilgrims on her shoulder
And on her back she has the sunset of the west
And right beside her dimpled knees
She has two great big apple trees
And the pyramids look lovely on her chest.

When she decided that she'd like to add my picture
She simply couldn't find a vacant spot, you see
So she tattooed my poor face
In a most peculiar place
And now whenever she sits down, she sits on me.

She has a small gardenia tattooed on her elbow
And on her hips she has the lovely Queen of May
And right beneath her shapely spine
If you saw that pal of mine
You would see the famous road to Mandalay.

She has a rusty hinge that's tattooed on her knee cap
It looks so real it squeaks each time she bends her knee
But she filled me with disgrace
When she tattooed my poor face
And now whenever she sits down, she sits on me.

Now do you wonder why I'm looking sad and worried
And do you wonder why I am feeling mighty low
I'd like to take a chance
And kick her right square in the pants
But if I do, I'll only kick myself, I know.

The only time that anyone can see my picture
Is when that tattooed lady takes her bath, oh gee
I get black and blue, of course
Every time she rides a horse
'Cause now whenever she sits down, she sits on me.