

Knife & Fork

Stan Ridgway

I'm comin' back home to you
Stuck to you like crazy glue
Don't want to go on living without
Something left to shout about
We'll play the game of love and fate
I'll be the knife and fork, and you be the plate...

Now welcome baby to my pad of delights
Have a drink... do you like my tights?
This switch here'll make the lights go down low
And this one here makes all the bubbles go
The water's warm, yes, a sunken tub
Tonight you'll be joinin' my exclusive club
Here now do you want to see somethin' fine?
Straight from Singapore... cost me five and nine
It's a picture of a man and an Egyptian queen
Kept in the family, if you know what I mean

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Now I know you'll say my approach is direct
But don't throw out this mail before you check
We go together like fish and fin
Aphrodite and Zeus, water and Gunga Din
We'll perform here on this sacrificial slab
For your sweet, sweet love, I'll even go back to rehab

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For you I'll even grow a pencil thin moustache
You can put me in chains... I'll wear that wolf mask
And you can starve me in your basement for a couple of weeks
Just please let me squeeze one of your rosy cheeks
I want to float with you on a cumulus cloud
I want to take you far away from this maddening crowd
You can scratch up my back with your long fingernails
We'll drink some weird wine and eat psychedelic snails