

Maid for Pleasure

The Damned

High heels and a pretty bow,
get the job done nightly.
The apron hides a tortured soul,
and she cleans the place up nicely.
Tonight it's a ironing board and
boots to shine up brightly.
Hard work and she pays the price
to a mistress, and quite likely
And she cleans,
and she scrubs,
and it never does seem to be enough.
Watch her on her knees,
I beg you please, please. please ,please
Maid for pleasure
Made for discipline.
Maid for pleasure,
She don't want to see him anymore
She don't want to be him anymore
Hard pressed with a list of chores,
can't go any faster.
Slack off and she'll soon be sore,
so says her lady-master.
High-flyer in a different world,
but here she's known as Martha.
Cross-dresser in a uniform,
and happy ever after.
And she cleans,
and she scrubs,
and it never does seem to be enough.
Watch her on her knees,
I beg you please, please. please ,please
Maid for pleasure
Made for discipline.
Maid for pleasure,
She don't want to see him anymore
She don't want to be him anymore
--break--
And she cleans,
and she scrubs,
and it never does seem to be enough.
Watch her on her knees,
I beg you please, please. please ,please
Maid for pleasure
Made for discipline.
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