

The White Knuckle Express

The Fatima Mansions

This truck stop: rancid gravy
A man with no hands waving
and the dog 'round my leg bumps and grinds
It rains for miles out there
on mud and tar and still air
and the fungus-lined gap between stinking towns

Pork-Eyes got him a brand new hand
He's gonna grasp you
He won't ask you
and he'll tell you it's all your fault

[CHORUS:]

The cup runneth over, your jaws to bless
on the white-knuckle express

She is [grace?] naked, I cannot see her face
She slides across me
I am wearing a collar and a tie

We're tuneful, cute and giving
See, that's how we make our living
In a hall full of corpses, we'd smile and bounce on
Some say it's aimless bullshit
but they come from big houses and budgets
and, although I don't look it, I'm getting really fucking old

Pork-Eyes, in the presence of a sweet young girl:
He's gonna spill you, it better thrill you,
or he'll tear this place apart
Pork-Eyes! We're going up! Feet-first, feet-first!
and the legend on that girl's thigh reads