

You Won't Get Me Home

The Fatima Mansions

Her uncle won't support her now
He loves his masons more
With their boy scout songs of jahbulon
As they flocked to gore some whores

She says, "you won't get me home
You won't get me home
Everything i own is gone."

They built a wall around the town to keep her plague within
Until all of the unclean had died atoning for their sins

You won't get me home
You won't get me home
Leave my mouth alone
You're old -- you're old!

You won't get me home
To jump my tired bones
Now leave my mouth alone and go!
Go! go!

The prince of Caledonia, he drives a diesel van
Yeah, he peddles skag in Hamilton
He's the reality man, reality man

You're not your own executioner, no
You're not your own executioner, no
You're not your own executioner, even though they tell you,
They tell you, they tell you, they tell you so!