

Poxy Lips

The Mekons

Far down the river
Out in the darkness
Something's out there
Soft red heart

Chorus:

Aye aye, my merry lads
It's a lively tale, this to tell
give it a taste, it's worth bottling
We'll do some dancing here!

Black spot, white wigs
Sophistication
Lace cuffs, thick fingers
Test the fine steel

Chorus

Gently the blade slides
Thru sweet white flesh
The warm blood falls
Fills the glass up

Chorus

Tracks in history
Like piss in the snow
Poxy lips foul breath
Just get up and go!

Diseases epidemical in this country
Are tyrannical oppression
and the want of necessities of life
No. A Merry life and a short one
shall be my motto. Woooo!