

Cries From The Midnight Circus

The Pretty Things

In the concrete valleys the electric storm.
We members of the midnight circus,
Our bodies so brightly adorn
In your long sedans and your Oldsmobiles,
Through that slit in your face, you ask me,
How it feels.
Can you hear me, can you hear me,
I'm a-telling you again.
Daughters of Satan all stand in line,
With faces greased and a mouth full of shine.
With iron hand you bruise the flesh,
Then through a closing door you ask,
Pray why the distress.
Hear me, can you hear me, can you.
Midnight sailors can stay,
We won't send you away,
See me here on my knees.
You lie in the alley, with blood on your clothes.
As fingers round your throat they close.
Your cries of murder, splash on the walls
As you die, you think about the injustice of it all.
Can you hear me ...
Hear me ...
See Satan's daughters' red light,
They have such good appetites,
Another clown packs his drag ...