

Roll Up

The Tiger Lillies

Tattooed we dance the tango, in a melancholy way,
Bearded ladies, muscle men, freaks entering the affray.
Crowds come in from the suburbs to observe the
perverse,
Jimmy the pick-pocket he's on the loose,
Mind out and watch your purse.

Frankie the brain damaged boxer, he's only got left a
year,
The local bums take him for a round and for his blood
they cheer.
Prostitutes do good business, they'll gob you for a
days rent,
And if it's a boy that you're after, they're over
behind the tent.

Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up, Roll Up
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Pimps count their money, they think they've got a good
job.
It's better than being a gangster, it's better than
being a slob.
Pin-heads, Siamese twins, midgets
They all shock the best they can.
The gypsy fortune teller, she knows we're all damned.

Our life's a side-show attraction, we do our best to
please,
Our life is a side-show attraction, death, decay and
disease,

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