

## Image

## Theatre of Tragedy

You act a pansy, pushover  
Do live your fancy, go lower  
Who is that, something says your name  
You seem chancy, moreover  
The call is mine

I'm gonna get you up  
I'm gonna get on top  
The call is mine

On the skew, you're dancing all over  
You are the anti-fashion statement  
In a blue suit, orange pullover  
You look like my old dog Rover

I'm gonna get you up  
I'm gonna get on top  
The call is mine