

## She Sits Down on Me

Harry Nilsson

Now listen to my story, boys, I need your sympathy  
The tattooed lady in the circus fell in love with me  
And to prove her love was sweet as sugar canda-di  
She had my picture tattooed on her body.

She has the landing of the pilgrims on her shoulder  
And on her back she has the sunset of the west  
And right beside her dimpled knees  
She has two great big apple trees  
And the pyramids look lovely on her chest.

When she decided that she'd like to add my picture  
She simply couldn't find a vacant spot, you see  
So she tattooed my poor face  
In a most peculiar place  
And now whenever she sits down, she sits on me.

She has a small gardenia tattooed on her elbow  
And on her hips she has the lovely Queen of May  
And right beneath her shapely spine  
If you saw that pal of mine  
You would see the famous road to Mandalay.

She has a rusty hinge that's tattooed on her knee cap  
It looks so real it squeaks each time she bends her knee  
But she filled me with disgrace  
When she tattooed my poor face  
And now whenever she sits down, she sits on me.

Now do you wonder why I'm looking sad and worried  
And do you wonder why I am feeling mighty low  
I'd like to take a chance  
And kick her right square in the pants  
But if I do, I'll only kick myself, I know.

The only time that anyone can see my picture  
Is when that tattooed lady takes her bath, oh gee  
I get black and blue, of course  
Every time she rides a horse  
'Cause now whenever she sits down, she sits on me.