

Dancing Naked Ladies

The Jesus Lizard

You said you feel like you're on drugs
That you've been sweeping under rugs
You told me that you were dizzy
You told me that you were ill

You'd better sleep it off
It's because you're sick
And there are
No dancing
No naked
No ladies
No

Lying soaking on sick sheets
Every hour up another degree
Misery lies there close to you
Misery fucks you in the ass over and over

You'd better sleep it off
It's because you're sick

To the undertaker
Meet your maker
Anyway, anyway, anyway
With that rash you're dotted and glossy

You'd better sleep it off
It's because you're sick