

Club Mekon

The Mekons

when i was just seventeen sex no longer held a mystery
i saw it as a commodity, to be bought and sold like rock n' roll...
day by day i plunged deeper into a world of cheap sensation,
this held a great attraction for me and i dreamt of my own club
and when i danced and saw you dance i saw a gambling room in the back
with prostitutes skilled in the art of tango, lies, and exploitation
my club is open to all the brightest lights you ever saw
the darkest corners for having fun happy faces no questions asked
late one night the club was heaving, i saw a vampyre move across the floor
old and white with a silver cane lusting for youth through the mirror
and when i danced and saw you dance i saw a world where the dead are worshipped
this world belongs to them now they can keep it,
i live alone and i walk the dark edge of the shoplights shadow,
in each display a private hell, name your price you're up for sale.