

## Poxy Lips

The Mekons

Far down the river  
Out in the darkness  
Something's out there  
Soft red heart

Chorus:

Aye aye, my merry lads  
It's a lively tale, this to tell  
give it a taste, it's worth bottling  
We'll do some dancing here!

Black spot, white wigs  
Sophistication  
Lace cuffs, thick fingers  
Test the fine steel

Chorus

Gently the blade slides  
Thru sweet white flesh  
The warm blood falls  
Fills the glass up

Chorus

Tracks in history  
Like piss in the snow  
Poxy lips foul breath  
Just get up and go!

Diseases epidemical in this country  
Are tyrannical oppression  
and the want of necessities of life  
No. A Merry life and a short one  
shall be my motto. Woooo!