

Bleeding Lady

The Tiger Lillies

You're bleeding through
your head and hands,
your pale white skin means it's a plan
To work the freakshow
booths amongst the damned
Bleeding lady of the freakshow,
they gasp at how your blood does flow
The end is soon your deathly pallor shows
You're crying blood your tear-stained face,
they stare at you, you're left no grace
No dignity, respect to save face
A living corpse in the booth sits,
you even shut up drunken gits
The blood from you does drip
A haemophiliac each night,
a freakshow star, give them a fright
You're called the vampire of the night
You sit inside your crimson cloak,
inside your heart, your heart is broke
The tears of utter anguish choke
By a plastic candlestick
they marvel how you look so sick
You'd like a dagger in their backs to stick
One day soon it will all cease,
your illness it will increase
Then your suffering it will cease