

Image

Theatre of Tragedy

You act a pansy, pushover
Do live your fancy, go lower
Who is that, something says your name
You seem chancy, moreover
The call is mine

I'm gonna get you up
I'm gonna get on top
The call is mine

On the skew, you're dancing all over
You are the anti-fashion statement
In a blue suit, orange pullover
You look like my old dog Rover

I'm gonna get you up
I'm gonna get on top
The call is mine