

Put the straitjacket on my mannequin
Do violence to her violin
This is not a prison where I choose to listen
See what dances we remember

Only with the pagans' complicity
Shall we find God and eat and sleep
And fornicate to a brand new noise
I'm dying coupled with her

Soooo boring...
Tooooo catatonic...
Put the straitjacket on her, let me out
She's too afraid to speak to move to dance
My mannequin makes modern music(x3)

The suffocating stuffiness of my old dreams
That big Hebrew nose and big dyed blond weave
Robs my ability to tolerably breathe
Behind closed windows and doors

She's pitched her problem...
Square in the corner...
Put the straitjacket on her, let me out
She's too afraid to speak to move to dance
My mannequin makes modern music(x3)