

It's the Same the Whole World Over (3)

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She was just a poor man's daughter,
Victim of the rich man's whim,
For he f***ed her and he left her,
With a sore and bleeding quim.

CHORUS:

It's the same the whole world over,
It's the poor that get the blame,
It's the rich that get the pleasure,
Ain't it all a bloody shame.

Oh, she went up to the city,
For to hide her bleeding shame,
But a Labour leader (the landlord up and) f***ed her,
Put her on the street again.

See him in the House of Commons,
Passing laws to combat crime,
While the victim of his evil,
Walks the streets at night in shame.

See him with his hounds and horses,
See him strutting at his club,
While the victim of his whoring,
Drinks her gin inside a pub.

See him riding in his carriage,
Past the gutter where she stands,
He has made a stylish marriage,
While she wrings her ringless hands.

See him at the fine theater,
In the front row with the best,
While the girl that he has ruined,
Entertains a sordid guest.

See her on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing snowballs at the moon,
She said, "sir, I've never had it,"
But she spoke too f***ing soon.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Picking blackheads from her crotch,
She said, "Sir, I've never had it,"
He said, "No, not f***ing much."

See her standing in Picadilly,
Offering her aching quim,
She is now completely ruined,
It was all because of him.

See him seated in his carriage.
Riding homeward from the hunt,
He got riches from his marriage,
She got sores upon her c***.

Standing on the bridge at midnight,
Throwing cunt-rags at the moon,
First a scream, a splash, Oh goodness!
Has she done a f***ing swoon?

When they dragged her from the river,
Water from her clothes they wrung,
And they thought that she had drowned,
Till her corpse got up and sung.....

Then there came a wealthy pimp,
Marriage was the tale he told,
She had no one else to take her,
So she sold her soul for gold.

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