

THE MASOCHISM TANGO

words and music by Tom Lehrer

I ache for the touch of your lips dear,
But much more for the touch of your
whips, dear,
You can raise welts
Like nobody else
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

Let our love be a flame, not an ember,
Say it's me that you want to dismember
Blacken my eye
Set fire to my tie
As we dance to the Masochism Tango

At your command,
Before you here I stand,
My heart is in my hand..... (*eechh!*)
It's here that I must be.
My heart entreats,
Just hear those savage beats,
And go put on your cleats,
And come and trample me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany.
That's why I'm in such exquisite "ogany".
My soul is on fire,
I's aflame with desire,
Which is why I perspire when we tango.

You caught my nose
In your left castanet, love,
I can feel the pain yet, love,
Everytime I hear drums.
And I envy the rose
That you held in your teeth, love,
With the thorns underneath, love,
Sticking into your gums. (*)

Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.
The last time I needed 20 stitches
To sew up the gash
You made with your lash,
As we danced to the Masochism Tango.

Bash in my brain,
And make me scream with pain,
Then kick me once again,
And say we'll never part.
I know too well,
I'm underneath your spell
So darling if you smell
Something burning, it's my heart.
....(*hic!*)...*excuse me...*

Take your cigarette from its holder,
And burn your initials in my shoulder.
Fracture my spine
And swear that you're mine,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango

(*) *Alternate version of these eight lines, as used in Tomfoolery:*

You caught my nose
In your left castanet, love,
I can never forget, love,
How this passion was born.
How I envied the rose
That your teeth used to
clench, love,
When I tried something
French, love,
All I got was a thorn.