

Fat Bottomed Whore (Parody of *Fat Bottomed Girls* by Queen)

Chorus:

Ohhhhh, will God destroy the whore tonight?
Ohhhhh, when will we see that fiery sight?
Ohhhhh, she is a widow, not a queen.
Fat bottomed whore will, by our mighty Lord, go down.

Verses:

See, she sits on many waters.
But her fanny's even broader.
She also sits on seven mountains and the beast.
She is drunk with fornication,
With the kings of every nation.
On the martyrs' and the saints' blood she does feast.

(Chorus)

She's the mother of the harlots.
She's arrayed in gold and scarlet.
She begets abominations of the earth.
All the merchants have grown richer,
While she filled her golden pitcher.
No more music; no more candles; no more mirth.

(Chorus)

She is fallen; she is fallen.
"Come out of her" He is callin'.
She has lived with all the kings deliciously.
Now they watch her smoke ascending.
Double sorrow, never ending.
Like a millstone she is cast down in the sea.