

Whitlams, The

"No Aphrodisiac"

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A letter to you on a cassette
'Cause we don't write anymore
Gotta make it up quickly
There's people asleep on the second floor
There's no aphrodisiac like loneliness
Truth beauty and a picture of you

You'll be walking your dog in a few hours
I'll be asleep in my brother's house
You're a thousand miles away
With food between your teeth
Come up for summer I've got a place near the beach
There's room for your dog

There's no aphrodisiac like loneliness
Truth beauty and a picture of you

There's no aphrodisiac like loneliness
Youth truth beauty fame boredom and a bottle of pills

There's no aphrodisiac like loneliness
You shouldn't leave me alone

There's no aphrodisiac like loneliness
Bare feet like a tom-boy and a crooked smile

Truth youth beauty fame boredom red hair no hair
innocence
Saturday and a picture of you
A letter to you on a cassette
You shouldn't leave me alone

Forty shaved sexy wants to do it all day
With a gun-totin' trigger-happy tranny named Kinky
RenÃ©e
Tired teacher twenty-eight seeks regular meetings for
masculine muscular nappy-clad brutal breeding
While his wife rough-wrestles with a puppy all aquiver
On a wine-soaked strobe-lit Asiatic hall of mirrors and a
dash of loneliness
There's no aphrodisiac quite like it

Truth youth beauty fame boredom red hair no hair
innocence impunity and a picture of you
I got a video set-up me, love you short time, she pay
me suck his finger with some fine wine

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