

Dismemberment Plan **"Girl O'Clock"**

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If I don't have s-s-s-s-s-sex by the end of the week,
I'm g-g-g-going to die
If I don't feel a p-p-p-p-pair of s-s-s-soft l-l-l-l-lips on my
own, oh, I'm going to hang my head and cry.
If I don't feel w-w-w-warm breathe on the n-n-n-nape of
my n-n-n-n-neck or feel a nice post-coital sigh
C'mon baby, you can tell the cops why?
(Various oh oh's and yea yea's)
And ya don't know th-th-th-the ice ice cold vice that
grips my head
And ya don't know th-th-th-the burning, the burning I
feel when I try to get out of bed
And ya don't know how these urges, all these urges,
can be so very very misread
C'mon baby, was it something I said?
(Various oh oh's and yea yea's)

When the sun, the stars up in the sky, you know it's girl
o'clock
I don't know, but I've been told it's so, you know it's
good as gold, you know it's tick tock ya don't stop.
If I don't have a n-n-n-n-nervous b-b-b-breakdown by
the end of the week
I'm going to be very, very surprised

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