

## **Eves Plum**

### **"Post Orgasmic Depression"**

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I saw you at the party, I knew we 'oughta be  
Well you were hungry for my box that made you pity  
me

I took you to my bedroom, I was hoping for a treat  
Well now the party's over, I wish you'd hit the street  
Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic  
Depression

Oh well you were such a god before you slip it in  
And now my weight is\_\_\_ The hate comes rolling in.  
I'm staring at the cieling, Now who do I hate more?  
You because you're an asshole? Or me 'cos I'm a  
whore?

Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic  
Depression

Well everytime I do this shit, It always ends the same  
It starts out orthodontist, Ends up looking lame  
I wish I could control it, I wish I could refrain Here he  
comes,

He's hard again

Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic  
Depression Uh huh uh huh

Tell me that I dont have better things To do with my  
time

Oh Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic  
Depression uh huh, no, no, uh huh

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