

John Nathaniel

"Tribute To The Obscene"

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The lust inside her eyes I see as the fire seems to rise
The mutual need we seem to share is the only thing
we've got
Right underneath the sheets she's my devil, she's my
queen
Let's make a mess, this is the test when you're
standing on the wall

Chorus

Oh

This is the place we've got it going on
It gets so loud just like a thunder
you're like a masochist but only worse
now on your knees

the chemistry that makes us one is just getting too
damn good
She says she's late but I don't mind, I've got my lips on
her ear
As we're laying on the floor, the phone starts to ring
she picks it up, tries not to moan, she's got her boss on
the line

This is the place we've got it going on
It gets so loud just like a thunder
you're like a masochist but only worse
now on your knees

You're unbelievable that's what I needed to say
You're unpredictable, that's why we're on the ground

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