

King Missile "Let's Have Sex"

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I will slur
And heel
And hem
And haw
I will eat a monkey paw

When you call me up and command me
To come over to your house
For sex and tea biscuits
I shall clandestinely drop my cumberbund
Down the dumbwaiter chute

Lutes will serenade us like liquid lemonade
You will glisten like newborn snow
And I will listen
Like a clairvoyant nipple clamp

It will be sex like nobody has ever had it before
In the history of postmodern lovemaking
It will be sex, even if it isn't
It will be sex, even if only in theory
Even if it's only pantomime
Even if it's just a memory
Or a dream
Or a symphonic approximation

After a summer of autonomous sodomy
And National Geographic specials
About the pretty animals
That use other animals as food by eating them
On television

But we shouldn't even watch television
We should just have sex
Epoch making
Earth shaking
Teeth chattering
Dish clattering
Fish frying
Eye popping
Never stopping
Bunny hopping

Toe tapping
Joseph Papping sex

Shakespeare in the park kinda sex
D train ride to Coney Island vacation kinda sex
Clandestine in the airplane lavatory kind of sex
Olympic marathon sex

All the different ways that we feel like having sex
We should
Until we grow old and bored and disillusioned
Then let us rekindle our feelings
Forget our despair and our celibate nonsense
And do it like bunnyrats till the cows come home to
roost

So call me sometime
And let's have sex

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