## Labrat "Don't Go Home With Your Hard-On"

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I was born in a beauty salon
My father was a dresser of hair
My mother was a girl you could call on
When you called she was always there

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on
It will only drive you insane
You can't shake it (or break it) with your Motown
You can't melt it down in the rain

You can't melt it down in the rain You can't melt it down in the rain You can't melt it down in the rain

I've looked behind all of the faces That smile you down to you knees And the lips that say, Come on, taste us And when you try to they make you say Please

When you try to they make you say Please When you try to they make you say Please When you try to they make you say Please When you try to they make you say Please

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on...

Here come's your bride with her veil on Approach her, you wretch, if you dare

Approach her, you ape with your tail on Once you have her she'll always be there

Once you have her she'll always be there Once you have her she'll always be there Once you have her she'll always be there Once you have her she'll always be there Ah but don't go home with your hard-on...

So I work in that same beauty salon I'm chained to the old masquerade The lipstick, the shadow, the silicone I follow my father's trade

I follow my father's trade Yes I follow my father's trade Yes I follow my father's trade Yes I follow my father's trade

Ah but don't go home with your hard-on It will only drive you insane You can't shake it (or break it) with your Motown You can't melt it down in the rain You can't melt it down in the rain

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