

Martha Reeves & The Vandellas**"The Sex Song"**

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I don't even know your name
Much less or shame (?)
You've been comin' round my door
Comin' round my door

But you don't need to know much
To want to feel the touch
Of another human being
Comin' round your door
Comin' round your door

Oh & maybe someday
I'd like to have a baby
Then you would have to
Come inside my door
Oh that's a metaphor

Cause it's all we really need sometimes
Love is tiresome at night
To fornicate is much more safe
It leaves you stoned, deaf, dumb, blind
Always a little more high

Come inside my door
That's a metaphor for life
Oh for life

Come inside my door
That's a metaphor for tonight
Oh for tonight

Last night I let you in
That's okay, we'll cool
But it's funny how the difference
Rules the earth
Rules the earth

Oh that goes around & round
That's a lot
Only time we ever stop
Is for that quick moment to refuel the (??)

The cumshot
Oh the cumshot

Come inside my door
That's a metaphor for life
Oh for life

Come inside my door
That's my medicine for tonight
Oh for tonight

I don't even know your name

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