

## **Martha Wainwright**

### **"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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