

Martina Sorbara

"Better Man"

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He said 'take off your clothes for me
I've got a dirty fantasy
Your body's generosity
Could really be of use to me'
Naturally I said, 'certainly'

He said 'I've got some time
If you don't mind
To close your eyes
And be robbed blind
I'm in a bind, you'd be so kind'
His words were sweet and silver-lined
I said 'fine,' well how can I decline

And he's told me I'm efficient
Conveniently complacent
He told me that I got the job done
He said I best do all that I can
To make him a better man
And make him a better man
When he's gone
Better when he's gone

I don't know what he takes me for
But he's had me
And he'll take me more
He says that's what sweet fleash is for
Oh what's left
But this apple core

And he's told me I'm efficient
Conveniently complacent
He told me that I got the job done
He said I best do all that I can
To make him a better man
And make him a better man
When he's gone
Better when he's gone
Music and lyrics by martina sorbara
Martina sorbara - vocals/acoustic guitar
Adam hay - drums
Murray foster - bass

Justin abedin - electric guitar
Gary breit - keyboards

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