

## David Wilcox "Sex and Music"

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There's no sense in talking about music, no  
Talking of sex can be done  
I mean, the abstraction of music's confusing, that's all  
The directness of sex is more fun

And the road that will lead you to both of them  
Is known for the races and wrecks  
But there's less of a mystery in music  
If we just get some directions from sex

Sacred ground  
The big machine is moving  
Sacred ground  
We're standing in the way

Sacred ground  
They want to pave it over  
Sacred ground  
Make it all the same

Well, at first you say you'll just do it for love  
But then you do it with friends, right  
As soon as you do it for money  
Right there's where the innocence ends

How will you navigate between better and worse  
With just these numbers of people to count?  
The pop charts are just cutting notches  
For the number of units you mount

When spirit gets lost in accounting  
The counting takes its toll  
You find yourself craving more numbers  
It's the sex-drug of rock and roll

And it leads you to strange addictions  
Like image, marketing spin  
Just trying to get them to like you, that's what you think  
How could that be such a sin?

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Make it all the same

Well, what do you want them to like you for? See  
That's the question to ask, that's the question  
Would it help you if everyone knew your face  
If that face were only a mask?

And why do you want them to like you?  
What change are you trying to bring?  
Or do you lust after just their attention  
Do you want them to come when you sing?

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Make it all the same

What you tryin' to do?  
What you tryin' to do? Capture their beauty  
So that you could feel loved for an hour?  
Is it the power of being attractive, no

It is just the attraction of power?  
See, sex and music are much the same  
We feel with hearts and skin  
And what you are going to get out of them both  
Is just what you put in

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Sacred ground

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