

Toten Hosen, Die "Sexual"

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So there you are and here am I,
a crowded room your eyes meet mine.
You are alone, I take my chance,
some music plays, we begin to dance.

Don't wanna lie to you, don't wanna die for you,
sometimes it's cruel to be kind.
No true romance here and no wedding bells, dear,
that's not what I have in mind.

Sexual, it's only sexual!
It's nothing else at all,
just animal pleasure.

No talk of love, no tears, goodbye.
I've had enough, so please don't try.
This pain inside won't go away
until I learn how to love again.

No hearts and flowers, no talking for hours,
I just want you here for tonight.
No Mills and Boone and no romantic tunes,
it's so easy so why don't you try?

Sexual, it's only sexual!
It's nothing personal,
just animal pleasure.

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