

Mourning Widows

"Sex In A Jar"

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Seems like the moon is full
And yet its only noon
A sweet familiar taste
Consumes me back to you
Back to you
I'm being taunted
Constantly tested
Skin and flesh are power invested
(It's all about sex)
Prehistoric intellectuals
(It's all about sex)
Cover up and hide the animal
Loss of control and I feel it
Starting to sweat, I will I won't
Every inch of my skin giving orders
Attack, I will, I will
I want my sex in a jar
I'll take it wherever I go
I want my sex in a jar
I need it wherever I go
God has created man
Beyond her wildest dreams
A bad machine will not admit
That he's a bad machine
A life's obsession in evil attire
I oughta touch you and burn in the fire
(It's all about sex)
Prehistoric Intellectuals
(It's all about sex)
Covered and hide the animal
Everybody got the animal
Everybody got the animal
I want it, I need it
Saturday night is everyday
All day, All day

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