

Alice DeeJay

"Bedpost"

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Tied my baby down to the bedpost.
She begs me to do it, I just can't tell her no.
Whipped my baby into a frenzy,
When she screams I know that she loves me.
She asks me to hit her,
She always punches back.
Can't tell real love from a venomous attack.
Tied my baby down to the bedpost.

Can't understand why my baby's so mean.
She's always making me ... do ... things.
Baby, baby, say that you love me.
(die pig - plug in the hoover)
I know that she means it when she's towering over me.
She doesn't stop even when I get sore.
My baby yells for more! more! more!
Can't understand why my baby's so mean.

When we dance I hold her real close,
I don't mind her stepping on my toes.
I love my baby and my baby loves the whip,
Three of us together in the iron-fisted grip (of love).
She might not be the marquis de sade,
But when she hits me I see god.
When we dance I hold her real close.
Tied my baby down to the bedpost.

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