

Arterix "Electric"

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She throws electric, a sex tip
But not for the faint hearted.
A nice catch, a death trap and she hasn't even started,
On the boys of this evening, burn the night it's young,
A fresh breath, with new flesh, another for the tongue.

Some call it...
(Time well spent)
On what others call lonely, and the forgotten scent,
In the alley tries to throw me,
I say my place, or yours,
In a distracting manner,
Yet there's little she can say,
She's already half way there.

Her mates a boxer, he clocks onto,
Every sudden trick you pull.
Left and to write down every word that you mumble,
Falling as she wants to help, end the night it's done,
A breath test, with good sex, another for the book.

Some call it...
(Time well spent)
On what others call lonely, and the forgotten scent,
In the alley tries to throw me,
I say my place, or yours,
In a distracting manner,
Yet there's little she can say,
She's already half way there.

They call it time well served, and the lonely ones are
laughing.
They call it time well served, and the lonely ones are
laughing.
They call it time well served, and the lonely ones are
laughing.
They call it time well served, and the lonely ones are
laughing.

Some call it...
(Time well spent)
On what others call lonely, and the forgotten scent,

In the alley tries to throw me,
I say my place, or yours,
In a distracting manner,
Yet there's little she can say,
She's already half way there.
(Some call it time well spent)
On what others call lonely, and the forgotten scent,
In the alley tries to throw me,
I say my place, or yours,
In a distracting manner,
Yet there's little she can do,
She's already done it.
She's already done it
She's already done it!
(Slag)

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