

## The Dismemberment Plan

### "Girl O Clock"

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I don't have s-s-s-s-s-sex  
by the end of the week,  
I'm g-g-g-going to die  
If I don't feel a p-p-p-p-pair  
of s-s-s-soft l-l-l-l-lips on my own,  
oh, I'm going to hang my head and cry.  
If I don't feel w-w-w-warm breathe  
on the n-n-n-nape of my n-n-n-n-neck  
or feel a nice post-coital sigh  
C'mon baby, you can tell the cops why!  
(variations of oh oh no no no several times)  
And ya don't know th-th-th-the  
ice ice cold vice that grips my head  
And ya don't know th-th-th-the burning,  
the burning I feel when I try to get out of bed  
And ya don't know how these urges,  
all these urges, can be so very very misread  
C'mon baby, was it something I said?  
(variations of oh oh no no no several times)  
When the sun, the stars up in the sky,  
you know it's girl o'clock  
I don't know, but I've been told it's so,  
you know it's good as gold,  
you know it's tick tock ya don't stop.  
If I don't have a n-n-n-n-nervous  
b-b-b-breakdown by the end of the week  
I'm going to be very, very surprised

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