Secret Lives Of The Freemasons "If It Weren't For Pickpockets, I'd Have No Sexlife At All"

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The sound of sex pours out of our mouths onto the bar Can I take you home, can I eat you up, can I spit you out? Well we are young and dumb and full of love at least for tonight You can wash yourself try to bathe it off but you're still a whore Mom and dad would be so proud of what you have become Do you kiss them both with that filthy mouth under bloodshot eyes? So I think it is time for you to sit back and just, Just take a break from what you've become I hate this so much I hate the bar fly by my side Go find your hook up The one that will take you away from From us, from here, from my circle of friends No hope, just fear It must be something to see you the morning after That you sold yourself, that you lived it up, that you lived it up And I sit back and wonder what it must be like

To self yourself so short, so short

I hate this so much I hate the bar fly by my side Go find your hook up The one that will take you away from From us, from here, from my circle of friends No hope, just fear Why don't you, why don't you, why don't you, why don't you Take a break, just take it from here I know, I know, I know Just take a break, just take it from this

Why don't you, why don't you, why don't you, why don't you

Take a break, just take it from here I know, I know Take a break

Safe your sex for someone else Your sex is so filthy Your sex is so filthy Your sex, your sex goes oh...

Your breath is poison on my neck death on two legs you're death on two legs [x3] you're death on two legs (her sex is) [x4] (her sex is) you're death on two legs [x3] (her sex is) you're death on two

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