

Secret Lives Of The Freemasons

"If It Weren't For Pickpockets, I'd Have No Sexlife"

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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, 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
you're death on two legs (her sex is)
(her sex is) you're death on two legs
(her sex is) you're death on two

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