

David Alan Coe

"Masturbation Blues"

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She's alone in the corner, with her panties to her knees,
lookin in the mirror,
she gives her tits a squeeze. Slides her finger thru the
wetness, rubbing
gently on her clit. Breathing heavy with each stroke
now. She's not worried
bout me watchin, its too late now to refuse, nightly
fever you can't shake
down, masturbation blues.

He picks up the dirty picture, with his dick hard in his
hand, with a stroke
you see him moving, with the music of the band,
against the wall you see him
jerking, as the cum spills on the floor, as he swells in
the mirror, he won't
do this anymore, he's not worried bout me watchin, it's
too late now to refute,
nightly fever you can't refuse, masturbation blues.

(Every line is sang twice)

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