

## **Dø, The**

### **"Stay"**

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He was a bore, a true chore and I still wonder why I  
ever wanted  
to see him more  
I know it's useless to complain all these years after,  
well...  
Thanks for asking now I'm fine  
I should have muffled my obsession but I was all too  
pure,  
And so blindly sure that he'd always have the satisfying  
hug I needed

Stay just a little bit more  
Don't let my heart turn sore x2

He was kind, polite and divine in public, tender as a  
sleepy child,  
But when we got slightly more intimate, it wasn't that  
bright  
Yes he was kind, polite, sound and sublime, in theory,  
But in practice believe me, there was a nasty fire  
burning  
Oh

Stay just a little bit more  
Don't let my heart turn sore x2

And when my curves came into play,  
Oh what a hopeless tumbling down  
When his desire was stuck in plaster  
I was young but I believed in no tales!

So in the dessert of the bed I looked hard for an oasis  
But all I could find was a dead camel in pieces,  
So I got so scared I tried to lure him back to bed,  
Whispered "stay just a little bit more"  
But now I'm grateful to the camel,  
Cos all the lazy boy could do was RUN, then I knew for  
sure  
That he would never be the satisfying shag I needed,  
no no no no.

Stay just a little bit more

Stay just a little bit more  
Don't let my heart turn sore x2

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