

James Wendy

"Fill In The Blanks"

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You might think you want to hold me
You might like to think that you'd like to scold me
Even believe that you could control me
Fill in the blanks

You fantasize you'd like to get me alone
Do you imagine that you could own me?
Well that's a weakness that I've outgrown
Fill in the blanks
Fill in the blanks
You silly little man
Fill in the blanks
Get down and kneel
Turn on your heel
'Cos my ideal is more genteel

And I won't be told be new recruits
Not to drop my "aitches"
Or to show my roots
'Cos you're not fit to lick
my lovely little leather boots
What's the matter are you queer?
Or isn't that what you wanted to hear?

On your imitation leather sofa
In your knocked-off suit
And your penny loafers
And a foreign film that you had such hopes for
Fill in the blanks
Adjani, Dalle and Fanny Ardant
He says "All those French birds give me a hard-on"
Suffer me as I beg to differ while you beg their pardon

...Fill in the blanks
You silly little man
Fill in the blanks
Get down and kneel
Turn on your heel
'Cos my ideal is more genteel
Fill him in now!

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