

# Worked Up So Sexual

## The Faint

I see you work at night  
And are you sexually amused?  
What's it like to have a room  
Of guys encircling you? How she moves and how she walks  
They all patiently await  
While the heat from in their pockets  
Could burn marks into their legs Without your needs and your support  
She'd have a job the same as ours  
Nothing daring, would she miss  
A job that's sex, that's sexual? In every city there are dozens  
Of these clubs where men can go  
Some people need a little challenge  
To their fantasies at home There's a little tiny number on a fold of matches  
The ink drips from a little dancer's pen  
Everybody wants that fold of matches  
To reinflate their confidence Hey, it is a job, it pays a lot  
Is it disservicing someone?  
And is it good to get these men  
Worked up so sex, so sexual? Older dancers gag at what  
New talent seems to mean  
Smaller tits and younger limbs  
Can cause a fit of rivalry But it is a job, it pays a lot  
Is it disservicing someone?  
And is it good to get these men  
Worked up so sexual?

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