

Sons and Lovers

Hazel O'Connor

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Got to have to make you see
There's certain thing and needs to be
 I need a father must be wild
 Need you to take me like a child
 I want to be your wettest dream
 Tease your body 'till you scream
 Bite you lick you like ice-cream
Scare you dare you be obscene
I want to be an animal
 I want to be a lover
 I want to be a little girl
I want to be a mother
How about it brother
 Do you want a mother
Do you want a lover, a lover, a lover like me
To be your nurse all that and worse
 Then be your whore break down the door
 I'll be patient to the cause
 Fell the the pulse and then we'll pause
 And if you're sure I crave for more
 That's when you come I'll up and run
Femme Fatale, then animal, sister, lover, tomboy, brother
I want to be an animal
 I want to be a lover
 I want to be a little girl
I want to be a mother
Bounce me upon your knee
 Place your head below the bedclothes

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