My Sex

Ultravox

My sex
Waits for me
Like a mongrel waits
Downwind on a tight rope leashMy sex
Is a fragile acrobat
Sometimes I'm a Novocaine shot
Sometimes I'm an automatMy sex
Is often solo
Sometimes it short circuits then
Sometimes it's a golden glowMy sex
Is invested in
Suburban photographs
Skyscraper shadows on a car crash overpassMy sex
Is savage, tender
It wears no future faces
Owns just random genderMy sex
Has a wanting wardrobe
I still explore
Of all the bodies I knew and those I want to knowMy sex
Is a spark of electro flesh
Leased from the tick of time
And geared for synchromeshMy sex
Is an image lost in faded films
A neon outline
On a high-rise overspillMy sex
My sex
My sex
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