

# Orgasm Addict

## Buzzcocks

Well, you tried it just for once found it all right for kicks  
But now you found out that it's a habit that sticks  
And you're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict Sneaking in the back door with dirty magazines  
Now your mother wants to know 'bout all those stains on your jeans  
And you're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh  
Uh, uh, uh You get in a heat, you get in a sulk  
But you still keep a-beating your meat to pulp  
And you're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict You're a kid Casanova, you're no Joseph  
It's a labor of love fucking yourself to death  
Orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict Uh huh, uh  
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh You're makin' out with school kids  
Winos and heads of state  
You even made it with the lady  
Who puts the little plastic bobbins on the Christmas cakes Butchers' assistants and bellhops  
You've had them all here and there  
Children of God and their joy strings  
International women with no body hair Ooh, so whether you're asking in an alley and your voice ain't steady  
Your sex mechanic's rough, you're more than ready  
You're an orgasm addict, you're an orgasm addict Johnny want fuckie always and all ways  
He's got the energy, he will remain  
He's an orgasm addict, he's an orgasm addict He's always at it  
He's always at it  
And he's an orgasm addict  
He's an orgasm addict

Songwriters

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