

Sex On Fire

Olle Hedberg

Lay where you're laying, don't make a sound
I know they're watching, they're watching
All the commotion, the kiddie like play

Has people talking, talking You, your sex is on fire
The dark of the alley, the breaking of day
The head while I'm driving, I'm driving

Soft lips are open, knuckles are pale
Feels like you're dying, you're dying You, your sex is on fire
Consumed with the words to transpire
Hot as a fever, rattling bones
I could just taste it, taste it

If it's not forever, if it's just tonight
Oh, it's still the greatest, the greatest, the greatest You, your sex is on fire
And you, your sex is on fire
Consumed with what's to transpire
And you, your sex is on fire
Consumed with what's to transpire

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