

# I Remember Sex

## Loudon Wainwright III

I remember sex. That thing we used to do  
Where you'd lay down and usually I'd lie on top of you  
Sometimes you'd lie on top of me. We tried that out a bit  
But it didn't work as well, I guess something just didn't fit  
I remember sex. We had it at night  
A few times in the morning and then after we would fight  
And on special occasions when we'd had too much to drink  
Once in a Morris Minor (?), a convertible, I think  
I remember sex. It was such a big deal  
That we worried where it would come from much more than our next meal  
And we were always hungry, often we overate  
It was up and down and back and forth and hurry up and wait  
I remember sex. And when we went to bed  
Sometimes we didn't sleep at all - we just had sex instead  
And having it was heavenly, not getting it - pure hell  
And it was either great or bad, few did it merely well  
I remember sex. And how it made us feel  
Completely realistic yet totally surreal  
A thing that we all thought about and all that we thought of  
That distant crazy cousin to the scary thing called love  
I remember sex. I started on my own  
When you and I stopped having it, I tried it on the phone  
But that was so expensive and sex is just a crutch  
And since I kicked the habit I don't think about it much... but...  
I remember sex. Something that we did  
And we always used to worry we'd end up with a kid  
Then we'd have to get rid of it or else we'd have to wed  
These days sex can kill ya, kids, so stay awake in bed

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