Who Was in My Room Last Night

Butthole Surfers

All night long my body burned, the sheets were wet and cold
The lights were on, my eyes were gone, and any second lose control
The pounding in my window or just the pounding in my head
I wonder who was in my room last night.

Who the hell was in my bed?

There must have been a body there

I swear I smelled some flesh

It took a little time but I figured they were mine

There were fingers going down my chest

My mouth went through the ceiling and my body fell to the floor
I couldn't find a key cause there was nothing I could see

And so I ran through the door

The cops, the priest, the crisis line, and no one really had a clue No one to tell us who was touchin' me

Or exactly what I could do

My throat was dry my hopes were high

But nothing really ever got said

But who was in my room last night?

Who the hell was in my bed?

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