Plastis Wafers

Of Montreal

Lover face, I'll view you as the revolver
Introduced in my play, act one
Lover face, wanna make you ejaculate
Until it's no longer funI confess to really being quite charmed
By your feminine effects
You're the only one with whom
I would role play Oedipus RexI want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know what it's like to be inside you
I want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know how it feelsI want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know what it's like to be inside you
I want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know how it feelsWanna give you that ooh la, ooh la la
Wanna give you that ooh la, ooh la laLover face, how your ass is pumping
Sweet licentious song
Lover face, you're a scandal
Your body is so wrong, wrongBless my lips with your Sunlandic kisses
Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me
While our hands explore each other's human vessels
Oh you know, like four excited spidersI want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know what it's like to be inside you
I want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know how it feelsI want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know what it's like to be inside you
I want you to be my pleasure puss
I wanna know how it feelsWanna give you that ooh la, ooh la la
Wanna give you that ooh la, ooh la laYou gave me such a rush
Make my whole body blush
I don't care if they say you're just my crutch
I know you're not, you're the only good thing I've got
Everything's so much more complicated over the phoneYou are such a star, oh, you know you are
I just once looked through today
Had the mind to call your name, internally
Through my seventh sense that's hallucinating
Anyway we're artifacts of demigodly zero logic denizensI just came in your arms tonight
You and I are friends, not some polemic
To be puzzled over, listened
They set my wings so randomly
When you're dead, I'll search for you like Orpheus

I'll find you some wayYou are such a star, oh, you know you are
I'll tell you one thing I know
You want my kisses in your narcissistic collapse
'Cause it's so painful when they amputate the taygogSee all the prison corpses lined up along beach
They're ringing the bells of the church
To drive everybody insane
As the patina lives the tawdy mountain
Stallion on its water on the shoreI can't get off of these moving lights off the face
No, I can't get all those little moving lights off the face
So I went out to the country, sat down on some strawBut I'm not putting out for God tonight
I'm not putting out, for God would kill my legs shut
It's a mistake lighting little white candles
To make Him love you
Oh, He's cold by any city's standardsThey want to turn you down, dismissed
How 'bout if all you children and Tayshuns
No, ha, stopYou know the nightmares
They don't forget about you, they don't
Goddamn, the concierge general reincarnation
I think I can do it by myself
Just trying to get healthy

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