

# The Function of the Orgasm

## White Town

It's half past eight  
And I'm waiting in a beautiful place  
Anticipating everything we'll do  
And all we'll say, "Till your father sees you again" Now I don't know just what you're doing  
Is it me or him that you're screwing?  
But I don't care and you don't care  
When you're here Now the storm is here, I see you running  
Your face full of tears so red and burning  
And I can't work out how you spend  
Another day with him Just say the word, you know I'll do it  
I'm waiting for you just let me do it  
And we can run to another place  
Less full of fear

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