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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