

Worked Up So Sexual

The Faint

I see you work at night
And are you sexually amused?
What's it like to have a room
Of guys encircling you? How she moves and how she walks
They all patiently await
While the heat from in their pockets
Could burn marks into their legs Without your needs and your support
She'd have a job the same as ours
Nothing daring, would she miss
A job that's sex, that's sexual? In every city there are dozens
Of these clubs where men can go
Some people need a little challenge
To their fantasies at home There's a little tiny number on a fold of matches
The ink drips from a little dancer's pen
Everybody wants that fold of matches
To reinflate their confidence Hey, it is a job, it pays a lot
Is it disservicing someone?
And is it good to get these men
Worked up so sex, so sexual? Older dancers gag at what
New talent seems to mean
Smaller tits and younger limbs
Can cause a fit of rivalry But it is a job, it pays a lot
Is it disservicing someone?
And is it good to get these men
Worked up so sexual?

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