

# Sex on fire

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Lay where you're laying, don't make a sound  
I know they're watching, they're watching  
All the commotion, the kiddie like play  
Has people talking, talking You, your sex is on fire The dark of the alley, the breaking of day  
The head while I'm driving, I'm driving  
Soft lips are open, knuckles are pale  
Feels like you're dying, you're dying You, your sex is on fire  
Consumed with the words to transpire Hot as a fever, rattling bones  
I could just taste it, taste it  
If it's not forever, if it's just tonight  
Oh, it's still the greatest, the greatest, the greatest You, your sex is on fire  
And you, your sex is on fire  
Consumed with what's to transpire And you, your sex is on fire.  
Consumed with what's to transpire

Lyrics provided by

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