

Anti-Flag, Orgasm Addict

well you tried it just for once found it all right for kicks.
but now you found out that it's a habit that sticks.
and you're an orgasm addict.
you're an orgasm addict.

sneaking in the back door with dirty magazines.
now your mother wants to know what all those stains on your jeans.
and you're an orgasm addict.
you're an orgasm addict.

uh huh, uh huh, uhhhhh, uhhhhh [x3]

you get in a heat, you get in a sulk.
but you still keep a beating your meat to pulp.
and you're an orgasm addict.
you're an orgasm addict.

you're a kid cassanova.
you're a no-josep it's a labour of love fucking yourself to death.
orgasm addict.
you're an orgasm addict.

uh huh, uhhhhh [x10]

you're makin' out with school kids, winos and heads of state.
you even made it with the lady, who puts the little plastic bobins on the christmas cakes.
butchers' assistants and bellhops, you've had them all here and there.
children of god and their joy-strings, international women with no body hair.

oooh, so where they're askin' in an alley and your voice ain't steady.
if your sex mechanic's rough you're more than ready.
you're an orgasm addict.
you're an orgasm addict.

johnny want fuckie always and all ways.
he's got the energy, he will remain.
he's an orgasm addict.
he's an orgasm addict.

he's always at it.
he's always at it.
and he's an orgasm addict.
he's an orgasm addict.