

Gadjits, Somebody's Wife

He's a gentle lover, blinded by you to all others.
I hear he's so productive with his life.
Tried so hard to please him off the bat
and broke your knees.
But tell me, is he really your type?

He will never be satisfied unless you're kneeling.
Froth at the mouth calling his name in spite the loss of feeling.

I'm staring at your tits I feel so bad it's come to this.
Save the day indulgence.
You think you must be his but I respected those tits
and he's buying you enlargements.

The special cliques untwisting so who's up for reminiscing?
Can we share with them the stories from whence?
I was playing a phono record. I was a picture-postcard
but have you been as happy since?