

Of Montreal, Plastis Wafer

Lover face, I'll do you as the
Revolver introduced in my play, act one
Lover face, want to make you ejaculate
'til it's no longer fun

I confess to really being quite charmed
By your feminine effects
You're the only one
With whom I would role play Oedipus Rex

I want you to be my pleasure puss
I want to know what it's like to be inside you
I want you to be my pleasure puss
I want to know how it feels
(x2)
Want to give you that ou la ou la la
Want to give you that ou la ou la la

Lover face, how your ass is pumping
Sweet licentious songs. lover face
You're a scandal, your body is so wrong, wrong

Bless my lips with your Sunlandic kisses.
(Kiss me)
While our hands explore each other's human vessels
Whoa, you know, like four excited spiders

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I want to know what it's like to be inside you
I want you to be my pleasure puss
I want to know how it feels
(x2)
Want to give you that ou la ou la la
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You gave me such a rush
Make my whole body blush
I don't care if they say you're just my crutch
I know you're not
You're the only good thing I've got

Everything's so much more complicated
Over the phone

You are such a fucking star, oh, you know you are
I just once looked through today
Had the mind to call your name, internally
Through my seventh sense that's hallucinating
Anyway we're artifacts of demigodly zero logic denizens

I just came in your arms tonight.
You and I are friends, not some polemic
To be puzzled over, listen
They set my wings so randomly
When you're dead I'll search for you like Orpheus
I'll find you, some way

You are such a fucking star, oh, you know you are
I'll tell you one thing
I know you want my kisses in your narcissistic collapse
Because it's so painful when they amputate the taygog

See all the prison corpses lined up along beach
They're ringing the bells of the church to drive everybody insane

As the patina lives the tawdy mountain stallion on its water on the shore

I can't get off of these moving lights off her face
No, I can't get all those little moving lights off her face
So I went out to the country, sat down on some straw

But I'm not putting out for God tonight
I'm not putting out for God would kill my legs shut, shut
It's a mistake lighting little white candles to make him love you
Oh, he's cold by any city's standards

They want to turn you down
It's messed
How 'bout if all you children and Tayshuns
No
Ha
Stop

You know the nightmares, they don't forget about you (they don't)
Goddamn concierge
General
Reincarnation
I think I can do it myself
Just trying to get healthy