

Pansy Division, Pillow Talk

I want to steal your pillow
Want to hear your pillow talk
I wouldn't be so jealous
If i knew what was going on
No secrets, no games
That was the rule we made
In love for now
But it ain't no marriage vow
With others we could play
But together we would stay
Sounds like a recipe
So why you getting all sneaky on me?
Who was that surfer dude
I saw you with that afternoon?
Skin tight body suit
Like a ripe yummy fruit
Just friends? Maybe more?
I think i know the score
He's straight? No way!
Hangin' around the gay beach all day?!
I've seen that boy around
Bike messenger, works downtown
Helmet on, zoomin' by
Long and lean, he makes me sigh
His legs, what a pair
Why be selfish, why not share?
He's hot, it's true
Think what the three of us could do