

Protector, Quasimodo

Finally it's over, a hard week of work
He's coming home, the telephone rings
It's his best friend, it's time for a party
So let's move and have some fun
What an orgy, music is good
Alcohol is fleeding, half-dead neighbours
Chaos - sex
Booze - women
But all this girls are killing hisprick
Blonde, brown, red: "We don't want your dick!"
Slowly his body is starting to change
A hump on his back, his face is deformed
Panic on the party, he's chasing the girls
Years of abstinence...
Too much for a man!
He's howling out: "All I want is sex!"
All he wants is pussy, is that to much?
Running aimless through the streets
Up the steeple crying loud:
"No cunt - no tits
No screw - no love!"
No girls want him, is this life?
Breakneck leap, flying free!