

The Faint, Worked Up So Sexual

I see you work at night and are you sexually amused?
What's it like to have a room of guys encircling you?
How she moves, how she walks
They all patiently await
While the heat from in their pockets
Could burn marks into their legs
Without your needs and your support
She'd have a job the same as ours
Nothing daring
Would she miss a job that's sexual?

In every city there are dozens
Of these clubs where men can go
Some people need a little challenge
To their fantasies at home
There's a little tiny number on a fold of matches
The ink drips from a little dancer's pen
Everybody wants that fold of matches
To re-inflate their confidence
Hey, it is a job, it pays a lot
Is it dis-servicing someone?
And is it good to get these men worked up so sexual?

Older dancers gag at what new talent seems to mean
Smaller tits and younger limbs can cause a fit of rivalry
But it is a job, it pays a lot
Is it dis-servicing someone?
And is it good to get these men worked up so sexual?