

Au Pairs, Dear John

Dear John, cherchez la femme?
Dear John, round the bend?
Dear John, still looking for me?
Dear John, still like what you see?

Dear John, find a sex-machine
It will help with your fantasy
But there is only room for one
And here she comes, here she comes

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The car, is it kingfisher blue?
The house, do I welcome you?
Do I recline like the seats in your head?
Sex-tech objects locked in your head?
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This is a letter
To make you feel better
This is a letter
To make you feel better
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This is a letter
To make you feel better

Dear John, I'm waiting for you
In the restaurant, I've ordered for two
It's spread upon and around the tables
Ex-bed, horny fables

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It will help with your fantasy
But there'e only room for one
And here she comes, here she comes