

Beck, Sexx Laws

Can't you hear those cavalry drums
Hijacking your equilibrium
Midnight hags in the mausoleum
Where the pixilated doctors moan
Carnivores in the Cowloon night
Breathing freon by the candlelight
Coquettes bitch slap you so polite
Till you thank them
For the tea and sympathy
I want to defy
The logic of all sex laws
Let the handcuffs slip off your wrists
I'll let you be my chaperone
At the halfway home
I'm a full-grown man
But I'm not afraid to cry
Neptune's lips taste like fermented wine
Perfumed blokes on the Ginza line
Running buck wild like a concubine
Who's mother never held her hand
Brief encounters in Mercedes Benz
Wearing hepatitis contact lens
Bed and breakfast getaway weekends
With Sports Illustrated moms
I want to defy
The logic of all sex laws
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I'm a full-grown man
But I'm not afraid to cry