Eves Plum, Post Orgasmic Depression

I saw you at the party, I knew we 'oughta be
Well you were hungry for my box that made you pity me
I took you to my bedroom, I was hoping for a treat
Well now the party's over, I wish you'd hit the street
Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic Depression
Oh well you were such a god before you slip it in
And now my weight is The hate comes rolling in.
I'm staring at the cieling, Now who do I hate more?
You because you're an asshole? Or me 'cos I'm a whore?
Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic Depression
Well everytime I do this shit, It always ends the same
It starts out orthodontist, Ends up looking lame
I wish I could control it, I wish I could refrain Here he comes,
He's hard again
Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic Depression Uh huh uh huh
Tell me that I dont have better things To do with my time
Oh Well I dont really give a shit ... Post Orgasmic Depression uh huh, no, no, uh huh