

Local Porn Star, Ode To A Whore

You tempt me with your clothes, you tempt me with your looks,
I've read about your kind, in my Penthouse Letters books.
You wear your tight clothes and you show off your tits.
You try to steal my glances with a lick of your lips.
With your cut off jeans, that are half way up your ass,
I get a wink of your eye, every single time I pass.
I always see you flirting, with every guy you see,
I'm ugly as fuck and you even flirt with me.

I don't want your temptation anymore (Ode To A Whore).

You're always after me, I'm your new mission.
If you think you can win, you better keep wishing.
I'm not to be won, I'm not your new prize.
Why would I be with you, who's been with all the guys?
How could I think of you, why would I care?
Your legs aren't on the ground, cuz they're always in the air.
Like the earth around the sun, you're always going 'round,
Your head not in the clouds, cuz it's always going down.