

# Marianne Faithfull, The Ballad Of Sexual Depend

Now there's a man, the living tool of satan  
He charges forth while others are debating  
Conniving, cocky knave with all the trimmings  
I know one thing will trim him down? women.  
In women he meets deep authority,  
In them he feels his old dependency.

He sniggers at the good book, mocks the priss and prim,  
Does anything for pay if it will pay  
And since he knows what ladies do to him  
He thrusts them well out of his way.  
All through the day he swears  
He's self denying, then dusk descends  
And once again he's lying.

They're all the same in meeting love's confusion

Poor noble souls get blotted in illusion  
The one who swore he could escape the clinches  
Who is it that entangles him, wenches  
It fain resists their lush authority  
Before him stands his old dependency.

He harked the ten commandments  
Trod the tried and true, would godly be and golden rule obey.  
For lunch ate frugally, a grape a two,  
Survived on one pure thought a day.  
He screamed, "I've mastered it without half trying"  
Appears the moon and once again he's lying.  
Idiots? all of them.