

Sparks, More Than A Sex Machine

I earned my reputation
Then, when it was expected
Now, there's a new equation
Who wouldn't feel dejected
But I'm much more than this

More than a sex machine
I really do exist
More than a sex machine

Well, happy happy birthday
You'll get what you had wished for
Art, talk and contemplation
Someone who is an eyesore

But I'm much more than this
More than a sex machine
I really do exist
More than a sex machine
More than a sex machine
More than a sex machine

Oh, what a time
That's what you said
You never asked
Are you well-read
You never sought a sensitive side
All that you said was, "ride, baby, ride."

But I'm much more than this
More than a sex machine
I really do exist
More than a sex machine
I may not be poetic

Still phony rhymes with phony
I may be too athletic
Too healthy and too tony

But I'm much more than this
More than a sex machine
I really do exist
More than a sex machine

How should I look
What should I say
How should I move
What sense is conveyed

I'm much more than this
More than a sex machine
I really do exist
More than a sex machine