

Stakka Bo, Great Blondino

In a bed with a cast and a Calvados,
I don't really need nobody but myself cus
I don't love anybody but myself, thus (is this a way of defining "monophagus"?)
I can't ever confide, please open up wide
give me extra special pleasure with love on the side.
I didn't give you anything and that's what you got.
I wish I was different but I'm sure that I'm not.
(I don't need nobody but myself cus
I don't love anybody but myself, thus)
For I'm the Great Blondino
We were the vacancy crusaders with our combat kits
of a toothbrush and hearts mashed in tiny bits.
Trying to regain what we never had,
smiling about the good things amidst the bad.
So we save ourselves with Bombay Sapphire unsafe sex,
twenty-four hours selfdestructive wrecks.
Sober thoughts dawn again, all the way sub rosa.
Starting up again when it's already over,
but I'm the Great Blondino, not looking for a Queeno.
I'm sad I gave you nothing and that's what you got.
I wish I was different but I'm sure that I'm not.
In a bed with a cast and a Calvados
in a perpetual feverish crave of your lust
kitchenfloor bruising, freaky sofa cruising
and the early birdy balcony Campari Orangejuicing.
I guess one could say you got me mesmerized,
but what has become one should be dechotomized.
I'm sad I gave you nothing and that's what you got.
I wish I was different but I'm sure that I'm not.