Surfers Butthole, Who Was In My Room Last Nig

All night long my body burned, the sheets were wet and cold The lights were on, my eyes were gone, and any second lose control The pounding in my window or just the pounding in my head I wonder who was in my room last night Who the hell was in my bed? There must have been a body there I swear I smelled some flesh It took a little time but I figured they were mine There were fingers going down my chest My mouth went through the ceiling and my body fell to the floor I couldn't find a key cause there was nothing I could see And so I ran through the door The cops, the priest, the crisis line, and no one really had a clue No one to tell us who was touchin' me Or exactly what I could do My throat was dry my hopes were high But nothing really ever got said But who was in my room last night? Who the hell was in my bed?