

# The Do, Stay (Just A Little Bit More)

He was a bore, a true chore and I still wonder why I ever wanted to see him more  
I know it is useless to complain all these years after, well...

Thanks for asking now I'm fine

I should have muffled my obsession but I was all too pure

And so blindly sure that he'd always have the satisfying hug I needed

Stay just a little bit more

Don't let my heart turn sore

He was kind, polite and divine in public, tender as a sleepy child

But when we got slightly more intimate it wasn't that bright

Yes he was kind, polite, sound and sublime, in theory

But in practice believe me, there was a nasty fire burning

Stay just a little bit more

Don't let my heart turn sore

And when my curves came into play

Oh what a hopeless tumbling down

When his desire was stuck in plaster

I was young but I believed in no tales!

Sit in the desert of the bed I looked hard for an oasis

But all I could find was a dead camel in pieces

And I got so scared I tried to lure him back to bed

Whispered "stay just a little bit more"

But now I'm grateful to the camel

Because all the lazy boy could do was RUN, then I knew for sure

That he would never be the satisfying shag I needed, no no no