

White Town, The Function Of The Orgasm

It's half past eight, and I'm waiting
In a beautiful place
Anticipating everything we'll do
And all we'll say
Till your Father sees you again

Now I don't know just what you're doing
Is it me or him
That you're screwing?
But I don't care and you don't care
When
You're
Here

Now the storm is here
I see you running
Your face full of tears
So red and burning
And I can't work out
How you spend
Another day with him

Just say the word
You know I'll do it
I'm waiting for you
Just let me do it
And we can run away to another place
Less
Full
Of fear