

The ugly tattooed swingers euphemise and call their mucky hobby "trysts," but if I saw another man touch you, I'd break his fucking wrists. Monogamy's not natural, we can't survive, that's what he'll say. He loves to swap, he's open-minded, just don't dare suggest he's gay. And maybe we're just lucky, maybe our connection is unique. And if that's really just what normal people do, aren't you proud to be a freak? The so-called Dr. Gray's a billionaire because he's got the sexes sussed. We're a different race, we can't communicate and mind-games are a must. But if you need a man, just buy the book and follow all "The Rules," there's no-one quicker to splash out than vulnerable and desperate, lonely fools. Do you know enough to circle me a "yes"? In just three minutes, can I suitably impress? Why don't we ignore the whistle? Just a look, a smile, a kiss'll tell you all you really need to know. And maybe we're just different. Maybe we're nature's surprise. So put down the book, log off and keep your wallet closed and just look me in the eyes.