

You Need Satan More Than He Needs You

Future of the Left

God damn it's gonna rain
I only brought my socks
The night might hide my shame
But she won't dry my bones

The spell that brought me here
Dissipated when the weather turned
Yeah sure, Satan rules but
that doesn't mean I can't be practical.

What kind of orgy leaves a sense of deeper love?
What kind of orgy leaves a sense of deeper love?
You need Satan more than he needs you
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God damn it, what's the time?
The babysitter needs a lift by nine
What's with that fucking kid?
Now who will wax my crucifix?

My girlfriend brought me here
I gotta get her on the telephone
Clean up, fetch the goat
Every summer he can travel in the boot

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It doesn't look like a man
It doesn't talk like a man
But does it fuck like a man?
Does it, does it fuck like a man?

It doesn't smell like a man
It doesn't taste like a man
But does it fuck like a man?
Does it, does it fuck like a man?

It doesn't smell like a man
It doesn't taste like a man
But does it fuck like a man?
But does it fuck like a man?

It doesn't smell like a man
It doesn't taste like a man
But does it fuck like a man?
But does it fuck like a man?