

The Ballad Of Sexual Dependency

Marianne Faithfull

Now there's a man
The living tool of Satan
He charges forth
While others are debating

Conniving, cocky knave
With all the trimmings
I know one thing
Will trim him own, women

In women he meets
Deep authority
In them he feels
His old dependency

He snigger's at the Good Book mocks the priss and prim
Does anything for pay if it will pay
And since he knows what ladies do to him
He thrusts them well out of his way

All through the day he swears
He's self denying, then dusk descends
And once again he's lying

They're all the same
In meeting love's confusion
Poor noble souls
Get blotted in illusion

The one who swore
He could escape the clinches
Who is it that
Entangles him, wenches

It fain resists
Their lush authority
Before him stands
His old dependency

He harked the ten commandments
Trod the tried and true
Would godly be and golden rule obey
For lunch ate frugally, a grape a two
Survived on one pure thought a day

He screamed, "I've mastered it without half trying"
Appears the moon and once again he's lying
Idiots, all of them