

Sex

Paula Cole

Come down here and lie with me,
Tonight the soil is wet and ready,
I watched the way you danced tonight,
And I'm picturing you as I touch my inside.
Full pink lips and fingertips,
I'm drinking you in little sips,
God I love you, God I love you,
I'm going to do some things I never dared to do.

I'm going to whisper in your ear,
Tell you little things,
Nasty, trashy, dirty love letters,
More creative than the magazines,
I'll breathe until you come,
Kiss you 'til you're done,
Three thousand miles away,
In another state,
Talking on the telephone.

My sugar's down deep in South America,
Singing in Brazil,
Where the women shake their nature,
Greased up with fuck-me-pumps and a postage stamp thong.
Better go back to your room,
And call me on the telephone,
Get on my roller coaster ride,
My tilt-a-whirl,
My tunnel of love will make your heart unfurl.

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Tell you little things,
Nasty, trashy, dirty love letters,
More creative than the magazines,
I'll breathe until you come,
Kiss you 'til you're done,
Three thousand miles away,
In another state,
Talking on the telephone.

Now that you're gone and I'm on the road,
Now that you're gone, I'll love you from afar.
Now that you're gone and I'm on the road,
Now that you're gone, I'll love you from afar.

Get back down upon your knees.
Rip, unzip, undo me, please.
My legs are oiled up, Mamita's down.
I've got my brand new four-inch high heels on.

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Tell you little things,
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