

Wow, I Can Get Sexual Too

Say Anything

If I die and go to Hell real soon
It will appear to me as this room
And for eternity, I'd lay in bed
In my boxers, half stoned
With the pillow under my head

I'd be chatting on the interweb
Maggots pray upon the living dead
I had no interest in the things she said
On the phone every day, I'll permanently hit the hay

I called her on the phone and she touched herself
She touched herself, she touched herself
Called her on the phone and she touched herself
I laughed myself to sleep

At this rate, I'll be heading for electric chairs
I'm only human with my cross to bear
When she described her underwear
I forgot all the rules my rabbi taught me in the old schul

You're too young to be this empty girl
I'll prepare you for a sick, dark world
Know that you'll be my downfall
But I call and I call and I call

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Called her on the phone and she touched herself
I laughed myself to sleep

I don't know what I want
I don't know what I want
I don't know what I want
I don't know what I want

I don't know what I want
(Met you on the Internet)
I don't know what I want
(Met you on the Internet)

I don't know what I want
(Met you on the Internet)
I don't know what I want
(Met you on the Internet)

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