

# 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

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

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)

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

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