

Where's My Sex?

Weezer

Mom made my sex
She knitted it with her hands
Sex-making is
A family tradition
Going back to the caveman days
They were walking around in a haze
Until they figured it out
And they said
"Gosh dang, this is great!"
But now I'm like a prehistoric screwball
Walking 'round with no sex at all, I said

Where's my sex?
I thought it was here
Under the bench
But it isn't there
I've got no idea where it disappeared to
I'm running late, I can't be late
I can't go out without my sex
It's cold outside if my toes get wet
And people will think that I'm an alien
Just cruising in to make a friend

Meg likes to hide it
She says that it gives her a kick
It may be under the rug
Or stuck in a shoe closet
Or tumbling round in the washing machine
She's always trying to get me clean
She adds detergent and Bounce to eliminate static cling
It's gonna be another hour or more
Till I am ready to walk out the door, I said

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People can you hear me talking
I know you all are happy, rawking
Could you lend me a dime... pretty please?
Brother, sister got time? I got no--
Sex on my feet
Sex in my drawer
Sex in my shoes
Or sex on the floor, I said

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