

## 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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