

I know that everything in America  
Must end with a kiss  
But all of your addictions  
Won't make me a prince

Guys gotta see it  
Girls just love to hear  
Then lend me your ear  
She needed classical music  
Or she couldn't make love at all  
And I was up there frequently  
And bringin' down the walls

Drop dead bombshell  
Clean-cut classy gal  
She was a good pal  
And if you turned up the volume  
You could hear the demons call  
"Fuck me like Chopin  
Or don't fuck me at all

Tell me what you want  
And I'll take the scenic route  
Tell me what you want  
With Your Filthy Little Mouth  
How bout a little Henry Miller  
With your Huckleberry Finn  
Assume the position, honey  
Let's begin

You can do your penance  
Right along with that special sin  
And it's gotta be good  
If we both want it so bad  
Make you wanna sell your soul  
Or maybe you already have  
Call me sweet lordy, high-master Jesus  
Tell me that you want it  
Right where you're breathin'  
Just let go