

Song Against Sex

Neutral Milk Hotel

And the first one tore a picture
of a dead and hanging man
who was kissing foreign fishes
that flew right out from his hands
and when I put my arms around him
felt the blushing blood run through my cheeks
and an eeriness surrounded
when his tongue began to speak
and he said, "oh, boy, you are so pretty
enough to wrap tight in rice-paper string"
and when I finally kissed him
the whole world began to ring
lost like a bell that's tipping over
with two cracks along both sides
and I knew the world was over
so I took a look outside
and watched the fires that were reaching
up to the weather vanes and the tops of trees
and the waiting scene and the Sunday dream
they're all waiting here for me
Deli markets with their flower stands
their pretty girls and their burning men
hanging out on the hooks
next to window displays
and I took out my tongue
twice removed from my face
across a bridge and across the mountains
threw a nickel in the fountain
to save my soul from all these troubled times
and all the drugs that I don't have the guts to take
to soothe my mind so I'm always sober
always aching, always heading towards
mass suicide, occult figurines
and wasted gas-station attendants
attending to their jobs
and a nice drive in the country
finds a nice cliff to drop off
oh, when this life just gets so grating
all the grittiness of life
but don't take those pills your boyfriend gave you you're too wonderful to die
And the last one tore a picture
from the pornographic page

and all the pleasure points attacking
all the looks of love were staged
and it's a lie that you've been given
that just hurts you every day
so why should I lie here naked
when it's just too far away
from anything we could call loving
any love worth living for
so I'll sleep out in the gutter
you can sleep here on the floor
and when I wake up in the morning
I won't forget to lock the door
'cos with a match that's mean and some gasoline
you won't see me anymore.

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>