

Dubstar, Cathedral Park

I'd seen it all that afternoon
I'd seen it all, and your brother's too
You showed me round your mother's front room
And dropped your pants
Took off your shoes
You can't tell me now that you're laid
You can't sell me now that you're paid
You can't shelve me now that you're made
You can't tell me now that you're laid
You have a flair for taking off clothes
You left me there and nobody knows
how you came round four times that day
and had your way, walked away
You can't tell me now that you're laid
You can't sell me now that you're laid
You can't tell me now that you're laid
You can't sell me now that you're paid
You can't shelve me now that you're made
You can't tell me now that I'm laid