

# 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