

Time, I Suppose, For Sex

(Richard Lamplough)

*You bet, but not quite yet,
I've had a tune in my head since the moment we met.
Oh yeah the bedroom's through there,
But listen right now I kinda don't much care.
You'll quite like me, I'm quiet as a mouse,
But with speakers bigger than Bill Gates' house.
I have taste, a fat bass, and hooky little riffs all over the place.*

*First rule at Red Fox School,
Get a kick drum part that kicks like a mule.
The boy does, the boy dotes,
On little sharp chords with a lot of black notes.
I'll keep it short, and keep schtum,
Mmm mmm mmm mm mm mmm.
Damn right, my mouth's shut tight,
We won't need words if the music's alright and,*

*Who knows how a song grows?
But I've found the place where the chorus goes.
Who knows how a song grows?
Listen up babe: when you're hot, you're hot, you're hot!
Who knows how a song grows?
I can't get enough when the good stuff flows
But at the end of this and with a couple of those,
There'll be time, I suppose... for sex.*

*Next bits, engineer quits,
The tune's a bit crooked but the beat still fits.
Not sure, should it change more?
Nah, I'll spend my money on a one-groove whore.
Fulfilled, I let the song build,
Curiosity grows 'til the cat gets killed.
Poor hun, it's not much fun,
But she's got nine lives so she won't miss one.
I'm in love, I'm in luck,
Stick around here, make me all unstuck.
I'm quite shy, a quite "should",
My guitar's quite cheap but it sounds quite good.*

*It's been so long but I keep holding on.
Keep holding on, keep holding on, keep holding on...
Let it go now!*