

It's Only Sex

Car Seat Headrest

The other night I cried while thinking of having sex with you
Not out of desire or shame but some subconscious impulse to feel pain
I wiped my tears on my face and neck and the backs of my ears
And said "now it's sweat. Now it's sweat. It's sweat now"

Just to see you
It's such a treasure
But when I feel you
My flesh yields no pleasure

And honey I'm cultured
I'm very sex positive
So what is this feeling
It ain't so positive

I can't tell you if I like it I like it
What happens if I don't like it? I like you
I can't tell you if I like it I like it
What happens if I don't like it? It's only

Ok, so I've been reading all the sex blogs, and they all talk about how ok it is to be gay and straight and bisexual and asexual and have sex however you like. But I don't care about hundreds of hypothetical people and their hypothetical sex deals, I care about me, and my sex deal! What about my problems?

Baby my body
Constantly betrays me
I try to betray it
I only hurt myself

It didn't just singe the hair, it made it straight

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What happens if I don't like it? I like it
I can't tell you if I like it I like it
What happens if I don't like it? It's only

It's only sex
It's only
It's only sex
Come on, sexual desire, speak!

I want to hold you tight
I want to feel your love physically
I want to sleep with you
But only in the literal sense

I can't tell you if I like it I like it
What happens if I don't like it? I like you
I can't tell you if I like it I like it
What happens if I don't like it? It's only sex!