

Sons And Lovers

Hazel O'Connor

Got to have to make you see
There's certain thing and needs to be
I need a father must be wild
Need you to take me like a child
I want to be your wettest dream
Tease your body 'till you scream
Bite you lick you like ice-cream
Scare you dare you be obscene

I want to be an animal
I want to be a lover
I want to be a little girl
I want to be a mother

How about it brother
Do you want a mother
Do you want a lover, a lover, a lover like me

To be your nurse all that and worse
Then be your whore break down the door
I'll be patient to the cause
Fell the the pulse and then we'll pause
And if you're sure I crave for more
That's when you come I'll up and run
Femme Fatale, then animal, sister, lover, tomboy, brother

I want to be an animal
I want to be a lover
I want to be a little girl
I want to be a mother

Bounce me upon your knee
Place your head below the bedclothes