

# The Ballad Of Sexual Dependency

Marianne Faithfull

Now there's a man  
The living tool of Satan  
He charges forth  
While others are debating

Conniving, cocky knave  
With all the trimmings  
I know one thing  
Will trim him own, women

In women he meets  
Deep authority  
In them he feels  
His old dependency

He snigger's at the Good Book mocks the priss and prim  
Does anything for pay if it will pay  
And since he knows what ladies do to him  
He thrusts them well out of his way

All through the day he swears  
He's self denying, then dusk descends  
And once again he's lying

They're all the same  
In meeting love's confusion  
Poor noble souls  
Get blotted in illusion

The one who swore  
He could escape the clinches  
Who is it that  
Entangles him, wenches

It fain resists  
Their lush authority  
Before him stands  
His old dependency

He harked the ten commandments  
Trod the tried and true  
Would godly be and golden rule obey  
For lunch ate frugally, a grape a two  
Survived on one pure thought a day

He screamed, "I've mastered it without half trying"  
Appears the moon and once again he's lying  
Idiots, all of them