

My Sex

Pulp

My sex leaves nothing to the imagination
My sex is shady recreation
My sex is out of its mind
One of a kind and ill-defined

My sex is neither here nor there
Is neither him nor her
It's an out of body experience
My sex don't make no sense

My sex leaves much to be desired
Spoken of in whispers behind closed doors
My sex is an urban myth
A lovers' tiff
Or a lover stiff

I haven't got an agenda
I haven't even got a gender
My sex is hard to explain
You can't melt it down in the rain
You can't melt it down in the rain

It's mine, all mine
Hand-reared, one of a kind
You show me yours and I'll show you mine
But hurry 'cause my sex is running out of time
My loss is your gain
Keep your hands to yourself 'cause it's hard to explain
And in answer to your question
My sex is open to suggestions
My sex is not forever
It's two silences
Two silences stitched together

Love is invisible to the naked eye
When it's raised in the dark of two people's minds
Something you don't find every day
Something that's been hidden away
Teeny tiny, too much too late
Nowhere to put it, it's too oddly shaped

This love is too much to take in
It's two lives in a spin
What a strange love it's been

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Oh, oh, oh, I'm trying to work myself up

I'm trying to work myself out
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
Beyond a shadow of a doubt
Beyond a shadow of a doubt

Oh yeah