

Girl O' Clock

The Dismemberment Plan

(It's on fire tonight)

If I don't have s-s-s-s-s-s-sex by the end of the week, I'm g-g-going to die

If I don't feel a p-p-p-p-pair of s-s-s-soft l-l-l-l-lips on my own, oh, I'm going to hang my head and cry

If I don't feel w-w-w-warm breath on the n-n-n-nape of my n-n-n-neck or feel a nice post-coital sigh

C'mon baby, now you can tell the cops why

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Woah-no no, woah-ho no no

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Woah-no no, woah-ho no no

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Woah-no no, woah-ho no no

And ya don't kn-kn-kn-know th-th-th-the ice ice c-c-c-cold vice that grips my head

And ya don't kn-kn-kn-know th-th-th-the burning, th-th-the burning I feel when I try to get out of bed

And ya don't kn-kn-kn-know how these urges, all these urges, all these urges, all these urges can be so very very misread

C'mon baby, now was it something I said?

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Woah-no no, woah-ho no no

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Woah-no no, woah-ho no no

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Woah-no woah, woah-ho no no

When it's there, inside the day or night

You know it's girl o'clock

I don't know, but I've been told it's so

You know it's good as gold

You know it's tick tock ya don't stop

If I don't have a n-n-n-n-nervous b-b-b-breakdown by the end of the week

I'm gonna be very, very surprised