

Stay (just a little bit more)

The Dø

He was a bore, a true chore and I still wonder why I ever wanted
To see him more
I know it's useless to complain all these years after, well
Thanks for asking now I'm fine
I should have muffled my obsession but I was all too pure,
And so blindly sure that he'd always have the satisfying hug I
needed

Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore

He was kind, polite and divine in public, tender as a sleepy child,
But when we got slightly more intimate, it wasn't that bright
Yes he was kind, polite, sound and sublime, in theory,
But in practice believe me, there was a nasty fire burning.

Stay just a little bit more
Don't let my heart turn sore

And when my curves came into play,
Oh what a hopeless tumbling down
When his desire was stuck in plaster.
I was young but I believed in no tales!

So in the desert of the bed I looked hard for an oasis,
But all I could find was a dead camel in pieces,
And I got so scared I tried to lure him back to bed,
Whispered "stay just a little more"
But now I'm grateful to the camel,
Cos all the lazy boy could do was RUN, then I knew for sure
That he would never be the satisfying shag I needed, no no no no
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