

Sex on Fire

Lay where you're laying, don't make a
sound

I know they're watching, they're watching
All the commotion, the kiddie like play
Has people talking, talking

You, your sex is on fire
Consumed with what's to transpire

The dark of the alley, the breaking of day
The head while I'm driving, I'm driving
Soft lips are open, knuckles are pale
Feels like you're dying, you're dying

You, your sex is on fire
Consumed with what's to transpire 3x