

The Buzzcocks, Orgasm Addict

Well you tried it just for once
Found it alright for kicks
But now you found out
It's a habit that sticks

And you're an orgasm addict
You're an orgasm addict

Sneakin' in the back door
With dirty magazines
And your mother wants to know
"What are those stains on your jeans?"

You're an orgasm addict
You're an orgasm addict

You get in a heat
You get in a sulk
But you still keep on beatin'
Your meat to pulp

And you're an orgasm addict
You're an orgasm addict

You're a kid Cassanova
You're a no-Joseph
It's a labour of love
Fucking yourself to death

Orgasm addict
You're an orgasm addict

You're makin' out with school kids
Winos and heads of state
You've even made it with the lady
Who puts the little plastic Robbins
On the Christmas cakes

Butcher's assistants and bellhops
You've had 'em all here and there
Children of god and their joy strings
International women with no body hair

So you're asking in an alley
And you're voice ain't steady
The sex mechanic's rough
You're more than ready

You're an orgasm addict
You're an orgasm addict

Johnnie want fuckie
All ways and always
He's got the energy
He will amaze

He's an orgasm addict
He's an orgasm addict

He's always at it
He's always at it

And he's an orgasm addict
He's an orgasm addict

