

Piece Of Meat

A.C.T

When you know that you can't get it up,
I wonder why you just don't stop.
Well, you just pretend there's someone else
in your bed, but you know, it ain't so.
You're right back where you started out before.

This bad habit must be stopped,
respect the women not their butts.
I guess it's a case of bigamy,
can he see? That I envy him,
somehow; I really want to be like him.

Black, white, green, red, they end up in my bed.
Sometimes I think it's gone above my head.
Still it seems that I just can't get it up,
when the right moment's there.
It hangs like a piece of meat.