

# Sex With Nobody

King Krule

We're here to help. Catching canaries is all part of the job. Those of you who are way ahead of me could say something about a bird in the hand being worth two in the bathroom or something. She's grateful, of course. Very grateful, and invites me to stay for tea and a bit of cake. What would you do?

Never got along with many heads  
Never got along with feds  
Couldn't sleep in girls' beds  
Had to fled  
After I fuck and after I bust  
I had to duck, get the night bus home  
Now I'm getting a bus home  
Stumbling home  
Wandering home through Holloway Road  
She wants me to do...

What would you do?

Man I got too much respect for you, baby girl  
We don't have to do that right now  
I mean it'll be fun, but when the sun comes up  
Man I think to myself, "What have I done?"  
I'm like fuck, I got a little bit of luck  
A lot of girls I link, man they have to get

He had the same batch since his feet were bound in kickers  
Creating unknown brothers, and unknown sisters  
Locked in blood, gunk, fluids and mixtures  
Of sweat, grease chicken, beef and love leaking stitches  
Learning his citizenship he paints naked pictures  
Earned to give her a tip  
She waits on him but he's drifted  
She took his eye and now his brain's gifted  
A relaxed marriage on an island in the South Pacific

Closure all over when thoughts got explicit  
He turned off the paper cause he read a seedy snippet  
Perverse scum, their tongues stung and twisted  
Remain in fine light but they're devils, and they're not with it  
For us, they ain't with it  
Uncovering these tales are horrific  
Some men are dogs to be specific  
Some men are dogs to be specific  
Some men are dogs to be specific

Some men are dogs to be specific  
Some men are dogs to be specific  
Some fucking men are dogs to be specific