



This is wicked.  
 I'm within a stone's throw of the Vatican,  
 and I'm fucking your brains out  
 in a cheap pensione.  
 You're the friend of my boyfriend —  
 there's the sin.  
 My boyfriend's an intellectual,  
 so am I, so are you — but you're dumber.

You ask me how I want to do it.  
 On a chair, I say, face to face.  
 In this room, there's a bed — double-sized, sheets all threadbare  
 and damp — and one scuffed, wooden chair.  
 Lucky for us, that's all we need.



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