

Laika, Dirty Feet Giggles

i'm sitting here
alone
i'm pitching a tent like a camper's home
all i've got tonight, are dirty feet and giggles
and Rover, and this jar of Jif
and i grab a butter knife
to end my virginal strife
i've tried hard hard HARD
to get between you and him
but in the end of you, i begin
i take a deep breath that is dreamy
and smear on some extra creamy
and i call the canine over
to try out my new lollipop boner
when senor skippy is in town
all i think about
is my dog going down
and this is why i used vaginal cream
that time when i tried out for swim team
i had to shave my legs and my balls
but no knowledge of the bathroom, i did it in the hall
i shit myself at the family reunion
and that time i first received my holy communion
the moon is rising
and these extra two inches tonight are surprising
and i
and you
and ro-o-over too
can't believe
what your new crush just did to my shoe
there is feces all inside
and it's covering the fresh leather hide
do you remember what tonight is
the night Elvis dies while taking a piss
and it was on the television
and my sperm is now spraying like nuclear fission
and now i need Kleenex Cottonelle
cuase this sticky feeling is comparable with hell
and i'm sick of low fat lays
and they more i hate it, the more my gizz sprays
and now windex is required
for now my ejaculate has retired
to window overlooking the tree house
and i must clean it up as quiet as a mouse
but alas i make an utterance
it is my mom, a goddamn stutterance
she has caught me, red handed
tissue on dick
with that creamy Jif
all over my stick
and it's not even a maternal figure
it's you and you're dressed like a wigger
I hate fat Albert Jeans
can someone HOLLA for me if they know what I mean
Alas, i recover my .38
it is the only way to go out after you masturbate.
BA BLAM