

# April March, No Parachute

She wears an urban turban  
Her altimeter is gold  
And when she kisses your lips  
She makes you hungry and bold

She hangs around Quantico  
She always gasses her own  
But just you watch out below  
Her jungle swamps are at toes

She's gonna drop you  
It'll be cute  
No parachute

The boys are wet on the field  
She's got a slicker for you  
Have you a dental record?  
When your remains need a clue

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She's got you in a harness  
But not the practical kind  
A parachute and ripcord  
She's not inclined to provide

What does this bird mean to you  
It's time for you to decide  
You're not attached by a string  
You really must realize

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