

Bloodhound Gang, A Lap Dance Is So Much Better

I was lonelier than Kunta Kinte at a Merle Haggard concert that night I strolled on into Uncle Limpy's Hump Palace lookin' for love. It had been a while. In fact, three hundred and sixty-five had come and went since that midnight run haulin' hog to Shakey Town on I-10. I had picked up this hitchhiker that was sweatin' gallons through a pair of Daisy Duke cut-offs and one of those Fruit Of The Loom tank-tops. Well, that night I lost myself to ruby red lips, milky white skin and baby blue eyes. Name was Russell.

Yes a lap dance is so much better when the stripper is cryin'

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Well I find it's quite a thrill

When she grinds me against her will

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Well, faster than you can say, "shallow grave", this pretty little thing come up to me and starts kneadin' my balls like hard-boiled eggs in a tube sock.

Said her name was Bambi and I said, "Well that's a coincidence darlin', cause

I was just thinkin' about skinnin' you like a deer". Well she smiled, had about as much teeth as a Jack-O-Lantern, and I went on to tell her how I would wear her face like a mask as I do my little kooky dance. And then she told me to shush. I guess she could sense my desperation. Course, it's hard to hide a hard-on when you're dressed like Minnie Pearl.

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So, Bambi's goin' on about how she can make all my fantasies come true. So I

says, "Even this one I have where Jesus Christ is jackhammering

Mickey Mouse in the doo-doo hole with a lawn dart as Garth Brooks gives birth to something resembling a cheddar cheese log with almonds on

Santa Claus's tummy-tum?" Well, ten beers, twenty minutes and thirty dollars

later I'm parkin' the beef bus in tuna town if you know what I mean. Got to nail her back at her trailer. Heh. That rhymes. I have to admit it was even more of a turn-on when I found out she was doin' me to buy baby formula.

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Day or so had passed when I popped the clutch, gave the tranny a spin and slid on into The Stinky Pinky Gulp N' Guzzle Big Rig Snooze-A-Stop.

There I was browsin' through the latest issue of "Throb", when I saw Bambi starin' at me from the back of a milk carton. Well, my heart just dropped.

So, I decided to do what any good Christian would. You can not imagine how difficult it is to hold a half gallon of moo juice and polish the one-eyed gopher when your doin' seventy-five in an eighteen-wheeler. I never thought missing children could be so sexy. Did I say that out loud?

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