

Diana Ah Naid, Shlork Ya Shlong

Let's Shlork, not a word unless it's dirty talk
Let's groove, get into a funky mood
Your gonna shlork ya shlong along my way
Down the slippery highway
To the tunnel of funk, enter the hooded monk
To a place of black where you'll always come back
For more, you've got a handle on my front door
Open it up and I'll let you lap it up
For there's nothing I enjoy, a move you employ
And I don't respond to any other boy
Shlork, not a word unless it's dirty talk
Let's groove, get into a funky mood
You wanna funk my skunk, you wanna pat my cat
You wanna bed your head, well you know I'd like that
You wanna shlork ya shlong
You wanna feed your need
You wanna get a good look at what's inside me
There's a hunger growing and there's just one food
I can only be fed by what is inside
And I'll turn the world down so I can come a long
Now there's nothing on my mind so shlork that shlong
Wet is the colour of my true loves thighs
Funk is the rhythm of a bed time lullabye
Warm and wet in and outside you slip and slide
Don't need permission, you can come anytime