

Funkadelic, No Compute

Ah, I awakened from a wet dream in which I was wetless
My imagination could no longer take me there
So I slid into my copping haberdashery
And gave into the original jones: sex

Now my sexy jones was below sea level
The hornies occupied my being
I was at that stage where most men would say
"Hey ho, it's your life or your legs"
but I was cooler than that
She said, "No compute".

I spotted a lady who was also on the prowl
I could tell by her makeup
plus the scent was there
So I sashayed over to her and, uh
Spoke of my plan
She screamed and said, "Are you asking to make love to me?"
I said, "Is pig what's in pork?
Or are you gonna play hard
after all the trouble you went through to get chosen?"
She said, ah, "No compute".

Finally, she said, "Uh, I could, uh, probably go for what you're talking about
But it's really about my birth control pills."
I said, "All looks are not alike, all holes are not a crack."
When in doubt vamp, or at least ad-lib
"And of course, you know, spit don't make babies."
She smiled and said, "No compute".
But I could tell she was getting in to it
So off we went
There was fun to be had, love to be made

"Strange", I said to myself, as I laid smoking a last joint before the technic easing of sleep
"What a man will go for when the hornies set in."
Well suddenly, as she laid there, mouth half open, wig half off, snoring, breath smelling like a 1948
I was sick with the guilties, and she smiled in her sleep
As if to say, "All looks are not alike, all holes are not a crack."