

# Greenskeepers, Lotion

I'm looking down the hole, you're looking up at me  
You're cold and tired, that is easy to see  
Lower the rope to you, a bucket and a light  
Your membrane will be soft and smooth  
And your heart will be mine

It rubs the lotion on its skin  
Or else it gets the hose again  
It rubs the lotion on its skin  
Or else it gets the hose again  
Yes, precious, it gets the hose

The look inside your eyes drives me from control  
Evoking visions of my favorite casserole  
And if I eat your heart, I'll also bite your soul  
And when I'm done with that I'll use your skull as a bowl

It rubs the lotion on its skin  
Or else it gets the hose again  
It rubs the lotion on its skin  
Or else it gets the hose again  
It gets the hose

It puts the lotion in the basket  
It puts the lotion in the basket  
It puts the lotion in the basket  
Yes, it does, put the lotion in the basket  
Put the lotion in the basket  
Put the lotion in the basket  
And it does

The night is very cold, I'm feeling kind of weak  
I think I'll make myself a cap from your right buttock's cheek  
And then I will go walking with my little dog  
And then I'll bury you underneath the lawn

It rubs the lotion on its skin  
Or else it gets the hose again  
It rubs the lotion on its skin  
Or else it gets the hose again  
Yes, it does, precious

It puts the lotion in the basket  
Bitch, put the lotion in the basket  
Oh, put the lotion in the fucking basket  
Bitch, put the lotion in the basket