

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