

# Laika, Dirty Feet Giggles

i'm sitting here  
alone  
i'm pitching a tent like a camper's home  
all i've got tonight, are dirty feet and giggles  
and Rover, and this jar of Jif  
and i grab a butter knife  
to end my virginal strife  
i've tried hard hard HARD  
to get between you and him  
but in the end of you, i begin  
i take a deep breath that is dreamy  
and smear on some extra creamy  
and i call the canine over  
to try out my new lollipop boner  
when senor skippy is in town  
all i think about  
is my dog going down  
and this is why i used vaginal cream  
that time when i tried out for swim team  
i had to shave my legs and my balls  
but no knowledge of the bathroom, i did it in the hall  
i shit myself at the family reunion  
and that time i first received my holy communion  
the moon is rising  
and these extra two inches tonight are surprising  
and i  
and you  
and ro-o-over too  
can't believe  
what your new crush just did to my shoe  
there is feces all inside  
and it's covering the fresh leather hide  
do you remember what tonight is  
the night Elvis dies while taking a piss  
and it was on the television  
and my sperm is now spraying like nuclear fission  
and now i need Kleenex Cottonelle  
cuase this sticky feeling is comparable with hell  
and i'm sick of low fat lays  
and they more i hate it, the more my gizz sprays  
and now windex is required  
for now my ejaculate has retired  
to window overlooking the tree house  
and i must clean it up as quiet as a mouse  
but alas i make an utterance  
it is my mom, a goddamn stutterance  
she has caught me, red handed  
tissue on dick  
with that creamy Jif  
all over my stick  
and it's not even a maternal figure  
it's you and you're dressed like a wigger  
I hate fat Albert Jeans  
can someone HOLLA for me if they know what I mean  
Alas, i recover my .38  
it is the only way to go out after you masturbate.  
BA BLAM