

Salty Onion, Private Parts

All this talk about human rights.
Pro-choice, Pro-life, all these fights.
But honey when you hit the lights,
I know it's one of those nights
You say . . .

Chorus:
Pull down your pants, pull down your pants, pull down your pants,
and I do.
Pull down your pants, pull down your pants, pull down your pants,
and I do.

Baby, the world is crumbling down,
But I feel safe with you around.
You can play my happy clown.
I gaze at you, and you look down,
and say . . .

Chorus:
Show me your gonads, show me your gonads, show me your gonads,
hey, let me see your nuts.
Show me your gonads, show me your gonads, show me your gonads,
hey, let me see your nuts.

And now the evening has arrived.
A day apart, now our love's revived.
Without you I almost died.
Without my balls, I know you cried.
So you said . . .

Chorus:
Hand me your privates, hand me your privates, hand me your privates,
and put em on a plate.
Hand me your privates, hand me your privates, hand me your privates,
and put em on this plate.

(repeat 1st verse)

(repeat last chorus)