

Taylor Big, Le Machine

I got a little gal with an appetite,
She's got me half-scared to go home at night;
I never seen a woman so hard to please.
She got me worn out got me weak in my knees,
I can't take my rest, she won't let me sleep,
And she's made me promise things I can't keep;
So I went downtown to the novelty shop;
Told the storekeeper want the best he's got;
He said he keeps the finest line of marital aids,
But they ain't cheap toys, have I means to pay.
I said I got a Visa and a Mastercard,
At least a thousand dollar trade-in if he'll take my car.
He took me to the back room and opened the safe,
And off the shelf pulled a red velvet case.
Said "This is only offered to select clientele,
Where you got it you must never tell;
It's a military secret here and abroad,
And everywhere else it's against the law"
"It's got a microprocessor and eight meg of ram,
A thousand selectable user programs,
And the operating system has biofeeds,
It always knows what your baby needs.
The thrills and excitement that she fantasize
Through virtual reality are realized"
"It can run automatic, or manual control,
Variate its temperature from hot to cold,
It caresses and manipulates, it tickles and stings
Her erogenous zones - it makes her little bells ring;
And medically proven, and clinically safe,
Its got safety overload features just in case"
"Its got a eight hundred number, user hotline,
Ain't no elevator music there to waste your time;
The replacement guarantee is the very best,
You get a new one shipped air freight express;
It simply is the finest model we've ever seen
The French women call it 'Le Machine'"
I got peace of mind, got contentment and bliss,
I never knew that love could be as easy as this.
I can stay up late now and watch TV,
Or turn in early as the mood suits me;
And my baby loves me for what I've done,
She says I'm "the only man allowed to power on!"