

# Violent Femmes, A Story

I got a story  
A sad sad story  
About a girl  
Who met a boy  
About her mother  
Whose vision saw her  
Daughter to marry  
Another boy  
(Nooo nooo nooo...)  
They made a plan  
To get away  
To run away  
And though it be hard  
To make that day  
Freely to live  
Without the mother  
They'd send a postcard  
(Nooo nooo nooo...)  
Out on the interstate  
That's where they made their mistake  
That's where they met their fate  
Out on the interstate  
They met a monster  
The monster of the interstate  
Who will not hesitate  
Who eats teenagers  
Like a shark eats little fishes  
Who eats bad kids disobeying parents wishes  
An interloper against the elopers  
A troll at the pay toll  
They stopped at the toll booth  
And reached for a quarter  
The monster filled the whole booth  
He gave them no quarter  
&quot;Don't eat me&quot;  
Chirped the girl  
Clutching to her purse  
&quot;Don't eat me&quot;  
Croaked the boy  
&quot;Or eat her first  
I'll turn right around  
And take her back to her mother's  
We repent of being out of wedlock lovers&quot;  
&quot;You should have thought of that before&quot;  
And a scaly horny hand  
Ripped the car lock door  
And the boy  
Tried to drive  
But oh boy  
He was eaten alive  
And the girl  
Tried to scream  
But she was swirled  
In the giant's vanilla ice cream  
And the boy was yummy  
And the girl was yummy  
As they slid down the throat  
To the monster's yellow tummy  
He said:  
&quot;Hmm hmm good  
Didn't do like they should  
Hmm hmm good  
Didn't do like they should&quot;  
The mother sold the

Rights to the story  
It was so scary  
This gory story  
They made a movie  
A horror movie  
The mother made a million  
And the producers made a billion  
"And that other sweet boy  
That my daughter has shunned  
Now I'm his wife and he's my husband"  
The moral of this story  
Is clear for all to see  
And if clearly all can see  
Then it isn't clear to me