

Bloodhound Gang, Kiss Me Where It Smells Funny

You came twice last year like a Sears catalog,
Cause your last boyfriend makes love like Boss Hogg,
Well now you're seeing me but soon I'll have you seeing God,
Cause girl I'll get you panting like you're Pavlov's dog,
Like a DC-10: guaranteed to go down,
But baby your black box is the one that I found,
I'll give you the gift that keeps on givin' it won't cost you any money,
Then she grabbed me by the ears and said kiss me where it smells funny.

So down I go like I'm 2000 Flushes,
I can tell I'm doing something right by the way that she blushes,
She's one that's speechless, I'm the one that's tongue tied,
She's thinking holy mackerel I'm thinking tuna on the side,
There must be something wrong with Al Pacino's nose,
Cause the scent of a woman is like rotten tomatoes,
Yeah I'm snorkeling for clams and it doesn't matter if I wanna be,
Don't come up for air until you kiss me where it smells funny.

Drop my face below her waist and stay on third base,
I can tell that the cherry's ripe by the way it tastes,
Yeah I could make a lot of wine with the yeast I find inside her panties,
And then drink it while eating out down at the Seafood Shanty,
Drop my face below her waist and stay on third base,
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