

Bloodhound Gang, Screwing You On The Beach

Growl

Nothing heats up my jacuzzi like when
this used thong I found and bedazzled with gems
brushes ever so gently against some boobs.

I guess it's hard to believe that one man
could have a ponytail this sensitive and
distract an aggressive hawk that's cornered you.

I know my haiku's are freaking intense
but even the words I made up to sound French
don't express my feelings for your toilet parts.
I would show up for our pottery class
dressed like a pirate with John Water's mustache
On a unicorn that shits your name in stars.

Fuckings cool, but Jimmy's the romantic type.
Loitering on cliffs, thinking about stuff like,
Screwing you on the beach at night.

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One milkshake, two straws.

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Don't I (Don't I)
Sound so (Sound so)
Sexy (Sexy)
Echo (Echo.)

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Sound so (Sound so)
Sexy (Sexy)
Echo (Echo.)

Release the doves