

# Dean Friedman, S M

By dean friedman

Well, I was struttin' by a hootchie bar on jane st.  
Trying hard to dodge the doodoo in my path  
When I heard footsteps behind me in the same beat  
And some joker went and grabbed my ass

I spun around and said, 'now, listen, you may be a charmin' fella  
But you're just cruisin' for a bruise just the same.  
And then I hit him on the head with my umbrella,  
But instead of saying 'ouch', he just smiled in pain. he said,

'oo, oo, aha. do it again, pretty momma.  
First let me thank you for letting me spank you  
My credo and my ism is sado-masochism.'

I said, 'now listen, honey, you must be mistaken,  
I mean I'm sure I never saw your face before.  
And besides this blushing bride's already taken.'  
But he got down on his knees and he begged for more. he said,

'oo, oo, aha. do it again, pretty momma.

We'll commit nameless sins. you can stick me with pins.  
You can desert me, but not 'til you hurt me.'

Now I tell you I have heard my share of snide talk.  
But this kid was really acting kinda weird.  
And I would have left him kneeling on the sidewalk,  
But something in his smile looked so sincere. he said,

'oo, oo, aha. do it again, pretty momma.  
We'll buy ice-cream. I'll let you treat me.  
We'll play perquacky. I'll let you beat me.'

Now, please don't think I'm just a shameless hussy,  
But I would love to share the joys that I have found.  
And if you're still wondering, 'doesn't he or does he? '  
Well, I just love to be gagged and bound. you see,

Oo, oo, aha. do it again, pretty momma.  
I'll be the baby. you be the mummy.  
You can tap dance on my tummy.  
'cause me credo and my ism is sado-masochism.  
Yes, my credo and my ism is sado-masochism. ah-oo.