

Grapes And Sunshine, Birdfucker

You spend your days birdwatching
while petting your sapsucker
and pelican debauching
and goosing some poor clucker.

The early bird will get the worm
if "worm" is just a cutesy term
you're using to describe your sperm.

...Birdfucker.

Now when you buy a chicken
you don't want to pluck her, no.
You'd rather stick your dick in,
you filthy rubber ducker.

And in your wettest dream you
let an ostrich and an emu
peck your neck and double team you.

...Birdfucker.
You gently caress birds.
There are no words
except Birdfucker.

You'd get foul with an owl.
You'd make sweet love to a turtle dove.
You want to screw a cockatoo.
You'd plug your hole with an oriole.
The common loon is your favourite poon.
You'd love a swan to come upon.
You'd bury your meat in a parakeet.
You'd fuck an eagle if it weren't illegal.
There is no quail you wouldn't nail.
There is no stork you wouldn't pork.
You'd spill your sauce on an albatross.
Let loose your juice on Mother Goose.

Oh yes, you're throbbin' for a robin, so good;
misbehavin' with a raven
and a woodpecker pecking your wood;
and the swallow swallows your birdseed.
That's what you need:
to skeet-skeet to the tweet-tweet;
And you're loving a falcon,
and your cock's in a hawk,
and you wanna make 'em all go squawk...

...because you're a Birdfucker.
You fuck birds.