

King Missile, Dick

Dick was obsessed with his dick.
He would beat off at least three times a day:
In the morning, when he woke up,
Right after or right before dinner,
Or right before he went to sleep.
If he didn't get in his three daily beat-off sessions,
He was a pain in the ass to be around.
He jerked off to tv-
Especially I Dream of Jenie and Dynasty and Charlie's Angels;
He pulled his pud to porno books;
He even jerked off
To the underwear ads
In the magazine section of the Sunday New York Times.
If you were a girl, talking to him on the phone,
Chances are he was beating his meat to the sound of your voice.
'Cause coming was his raison d'etre.

One time he was in the middle of jerking off to Vanna White on Wheel of Fortune
When a job offer came to him over the phone
And he needed the job bad
But he told the man he'd call him right back,
'Cause he needed to come more than he needed the job.
It wasn't that he was ugly or afraid of women or anything like that
He just honestly preferred his right hand.
I saw him the other day,
And he told me that last friday he was with two girls at their place
And they both wanted him to stay over.
But he went home,
Called up another girl,
and jacked off while talking to her.
I don't know why he tells me this stuff.
Dick's a f**ked up guy.