

# Lords Of Acid, She And Mr. Jones

Hey baby make me wet  
I'll tie you to your bed  
I'll whip your body, make you sweat  
I'll whip your body, make you sweat  
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Mrs Jones denies it's strong  
But we know that something's wrong  
All night long she screams and shouts  
We know what it's all about  
Somewhere on the second floor  
Behind the torturechamber door  
Mr Jones waits for demands  
While he's tied up by the hands

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Sadist on stiletto heels  
Mr Jones likes how that feels  
Nipples pierced with iron chains  
Instruments for dirty games  
There is no time for romance  
She's the devil in rubber pants  
Sits down on his burning spear  
Mr Jones is filled with fear

Mr Jones cries out with joy  
When he sees the rubber toy  
Twists his ass with horny pride  
The dildo runs on dynamite  
But mrs Jones she doesn't know  
His constrictor is about to blow  
All that's left of the family Jones  
Is a pile of shit and a heap of bones

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