

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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