

Mickey Avalon, Jane Fonda

I had a baby named Jane
She could shake that thing
Said her daddy used to hang with Johnny Coltrane
She sang the soul train with a friend named Jen
Her booty was bigger than a Mercedes Benz

Jen was a hurty burty dirty little girlie
I heard it from a birdie she could cook a mean turkey
With gravy baby, baby, baby
Baby was Jen's best friend
And maybe

If you were lucky
Licky licky sucky sucky
Mickey, Mickey, fuck me, fuck me
More junk in the trunk than a Honda
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

One, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little momma
Lemme see you do the Jane Fonda

Five, six, seven, now
If you don't know, let me show you how
To work it out, work it little momma
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda

I had a princess, queen of incest
She was inbred but Jean had big breasts
And big eyes and a big ass to match
Jean wasn't fast, she was easy to catch

Then came Molly
A hood from Hollywood High
So fly she was transatlantic
She was a manic depressive (manic depressive)
Which was impressive

Very impressive
I had to test it
Tasted like chicken and was lemon scented
She took me home to her momma
I taught 'em both how to Jane Fonda

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I had a doll named Dana from Santa Ana
She was a waitress at the Copa Cabanna
She was slammin' and her ass was jammin'
Like Janet Jackson in the Rhythm Nation

Her brother Jason had a girl named Grace
And you could see her ass from outer space
So I landed on her planet
And I planted a Mickey Av flag in it, dammit

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