

# Pansy Division, Touch My Joe Camel

I saw the billboard and thought of you  
Low hanging balls, round and smooth  
I don't smoke, ain't gonna start  
Just ' cause they made public a private part  
They give pleasure, let there be no doubt  
I like having one in my mouth  
I want to touch your Joe Camel  
And while we're at it, reach out and grab it  
Touch my Joe Camel  
Take those shades off your head  
Let's see 'em perched between your legs  
Those frames you wear, hard and metallic  
Look good on top of something phallic  
Sneak up on you from the back  
Reach round front, feel your hardpack  
The company denies it all  
They say it's not a cock and balls  
Little kids, even they understand  
It's not a camel's face, but a sexual gland  
They don't know what it's doing to us  
I get turned on just by seeing a bus