

Peter And The Test Tube Babies, Transvestite

Over the hills we go my dear, to my house which is near.
It's a little house with red curtained windows, and a fireplace with red gloving cinders.
There I'm gonna screw the arse off you.

I open the door we step inside, you sit down while I switch on the light.
I pour you a drink while you slip-off your shoes, in my mind I know what to do
I am gonna screw the arse off you.

I kiss your lips slowly while I undo your dress, my hand reaches down to gently caress.
But there's something there that I didn't expect, it's hot and fleshy and it's getting erect.

I've been cheated tonight, transvestite

Is this some kind of joke, you're really a bloke.