

Salad, Your Ma

I've got an itch that I can't fix
I'm gonna get your mother to mix me a drink
Just think

She takes my hand to put it up her skirt
I'll call you up to dish the dirt on her
So it doesn't reoccur

Your Ma will do it

I don't know where to hide
Before I know it her hand's inside
I know the damage that she can do with her hands untied
I try to keep her on hubbie's work
But if I don't stop she'll think I'm a jerk
A jerk

Chorus

Go on!
Upper grade...

I've got a problem with someone's mum
But she relieves me of my daily humdrum
And while I stand there taking off her dress
I guess I'm in a mess
Cos she wants a boy with the teenage drive
And knock his socks off his teenage life
And then I remember - She's your daddy's wife