

Skankin' Pickle, You Shouldn't Judge A Man By T

You shouldn't judge a man by the hair on his butt.
Maybe it's like needles
Or possibly like bark
Does it need to be mowed
Like the lawn at the park?
Maybe it's too soft
Or possibly too coarse.
You stuck your hands down his pants
You thought he was a horse.
Maybe it's light blonde
But probably it's black.
It stretched from his belt
And covers up his back.
I saw he had it braided.
It made his pants real snug.
It covers up his butt cheeks like a rug.
Maybe it's like a forest
All covered up with trees
Maybe when he farts
His butt hairs blow in the breeze.
Maybe you were frightened because it was so scary
Or maybe you found out it was filled with dingle berries.