

Stephen Lynch, Hallelujah

I want to write you a poem
That stands the test of all time
A couplet, a quatrain, a ballad, a note
With meter and rythm and rhyme

I want it to speak of your virtue
Sing praise to your stature and poise
I want it to capture your beauty
The soul that's alive in your voice

I want it to tell of your wisdom
How the courage within your heart soars
But all I can think of is how I be lovin'
Them big, big, big titties of yours

Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, how my heart sings
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, love those things

They bounce like a kid on a trampoline
They swing like a 40's jazz band
They stand up like a rock-solid alibi
They don't even fit in my hand

They curve like a pitch in the big leagues
They burn with a passion so hot
And that is the reason I can't wait to squeeze 'em
Them big, big, big titties you got

Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, love's in the air
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, what a pair

Oh I need to kneed them like sculptors kneed clay
They dance in my dreams in a graceful ballet
I'll kiss them so sweetly goodnight at the end of the day

They're firm like a John Grisham novel
They swell like a wave in the sea
No matter what part of the room that I'm in
They're always looking at me

They're soft like the cheek of a baby
They're sweet like the honey of bees
I'll never ignore them, I'll even adore them
Someday when they're touching your knees

Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, what a rack
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, hurt your back

Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, on my knees
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, double d's

Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, glory be
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, set them free

