

# 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

