

# Stephen Lynch, In Defense Of A Peepshow Girl

I see you there  
Behind the glass  
I drop a quarter in the slot and then I watch as you  
Shake that ass  
I watch you grind  
I watch you dance  
I show you mine, you show me yours and when we're done  
I button up my pants

And my friends all laugh, my friends all scoff  
When I say I love a girl who loves to take it off  
But I tell them that they're crazy, cuz I've been around the world  
And there's nothing wrong, nothing  
With my peepshow girl  
No there ain't nothing wrong,  
No no no

I love your mind  
I love your soul  
I love it when you grease your body and you slide it  
Up and down that pole, yeah  
I love your hair  
I love your eyes  
I know that you feel the same way cuz I can see the love  
Dripping down your thighs

And my mama would laugh, my mama would scoff  
If she knew I loved a girl who loved to take it off  
And she'd probably disown me if she met my little pearl  
But there's nothing wrong, mama  
With my peepshow girl, no  
No there's nothing wrong, nothing wrong

So now I'm broke  
You bled me dry  
And it's amazing how much money that a guy will spend to  
Taste a little pie  
But I'm okay  
I'm a little sore  
I can't believe that I found love in a place where my  
Feet stick to the floor  
And I went to confession and the preacher said 'no,  
It's a sin to love a girl who isn't pure as driven snow.'  
I said preacher, I don't care man, I found heaven in this world  
And there's nothing wrong, oh preacher  
With my peepshow girl, no  
I said there's nothing wrong, nothing wrong  
With my peepshow girl