

Stephen Lynch, Medieval Bush

Come fair lady to mine bed
We go
And verily sweet pleasures
We shall know
Yet where thy belly meets thy limb
I beseech thee give a trim
For thy bush doth overflow

My lady doth have a 70s muff
A 1470s muff

Sounds it is prickly as a
Christmas Wreath
Think it might hide some baby birds
Beneath
Pray shave it off to make a coat
There are furballs down mine throat
Short and curlies twixt my teeth

I sayeth not thy vagina is herso(?)
But it lookest like thou hast Buckwheat in a leglock

But soft what hair through yonder girdle
Grows
To be or not to be put in
Cornrolls
Oh it is beastly and unruly
And it smelleth of patchouli
And that offends my nose

I sayeth not that thou art furry down there
But it doth resemble Fidel Castro eating a London broil

Tra-la-la-la-la
Tra-la-la-la-la
Medieval Bush