

# The Tubes, Wild Women Of Wongo

From the foggy woggy banks  
of the Limpopo River,  
there come the sounds of  
Female ecstasy (I shiver),  
Wet and wanton, their cries  
caress by swollen ears, with building  
fears, of this forsaken land of years.  
Visions of furious fire-goddesses wielding  
Blunt spits; figments of erotic escapades  
with all branches of armed forces.  
Surrounding, abounding,  
they stoop to conquer with sighs and  
anxious whispers in a slow, steady rhythm.  
Wongo.

Wild Women of Wongo.  
How does their song go?  
Make a me wan mo, (Wild Women!)  
Wongo.

No man can say no.  
Wild Women of Wongo.  
How does their song go?  
Like this...

On the dank, steaming shores of Wongo;  
its black sand beaches so bongo.  
Patterned with leech-ridden creatures;  
bodies branded with cicatrix features  
that once screeched through the  
Heart of the Congo.  
Stacked and berserk  
they tower and flail all about.  
Wailing sounds in tongues only ancient  
insects would understand or figure out.  
Wild, willing, wenches; strutting and  
struggling, as they yank hanks of hair,  
rooting and rutting in heat,  
as the earth heaves beneath their feet.  
And so on and on the lores of Wongo go,  
throughout the sands of time.  
Singing their song of love, so rare,  
To only the chosen ones who dare.  
The course of events, time after time.  
The tradition remains the same.  
A bloodcurdling scream, one of pure  
ecstasy, rings out; then it came ---  
The ultimate sacrifice.  
Their wasp waisted figures twitch and twine,  
their sting is lethal, and I know I'm in for mine.  
How can I resist this onslaught of love;  
from over, from under, from behind and above.  
I wish I could be their Wongo King ---  
If only I knew the song to sing.  
Wongo.