

Unleashed, Mrs. Minister

You preach your message of moral high
Heaven knows how you must lie
A sound Christian life, how sad
So restrained, but you need it so bad

Mrs. Minister, so prude and upper glass
Mrs. Minister, the night comes
And you're switching fast
Mrs. Minister, becomes the dildo queen
Mrs. Minister, you jam it up
Then suck it clean

Born rich, of high society
Will respected for all to see
Cannot mix with the working man
Oh so proud, but you need it so bad

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