

This Might Be Satire

Propagandhi

I want to chew my bubble gum with you.
And I want to walk you home from school.
And I want to carry your books to every class.
And I want to fuck you up the ass.
Girl, don't you know it's true, how much I love you.
I want to sing it 'cross the land, oh won't you hold my hand?
She tells me that she loves me,
Now I'm gonna tell her that I love her.
She tells me that she loves me,
Now I'm gonna try and fuck her.
But where the hell are my priorities?
Left in the hands of the authorities.