

## Mr. Backrub

J Church

He was the biggest sleaze in the office,  
Years later he'd be known as Mr. Backrub,  
He'd melt you with his mini-pony tail and goatee,  
And kill you with his "in touch with my feelings" gaze

He makes me sick,  
He gives me creeps,  
I hope he stays away from me, from me,  
He makes me sick,  
He gives me creeps,  
I hope he stays away

On a drunk and desperate night,  
My friend went home with him,  
None of us could believe it,  
"He's really okay,  
It was just a lay,  
He's aware,  
At least someone cares",  
My intelligence insulted

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I'm sure he's cruising in his Jeep Cherokee,  
In retrospect it doesn't mean that much to me