

Bedtime Stories

Judge Dread

I was kneeling by the bed and praying
She said, "come love and get undressed"
I sad I'm praying for guidance
She said, "Pray for stripping, I'll do the rest"

So I told her a bedtime story
About the first time I got laid:
As I ran down the stairs, she cried after me:
"You bleeder, you ain't paid!"

As a young man I couldn't get many girls
Because of the size of my wood
I had to keep my shirt on
And give them as much as I could!

So I told her a bedtime story
Of my non-religious rod
And how I was an unbeliever
She said, "you don't believe in . . . ohh god!"

So I'll tell you a bedtime story
One night I was asleep
And the girl said, "get up quickly,
I can hear the stairs creek"
She said "get out, it's my husband
And I was half way out the door
When I realised it couldn't be
I was married, to her, before