

I see you down there
With your balding hair
And I wanna touch the spot
I dont care what used to be there
I just wanna touch the spot
I got some plastic drawers
And here there are no laws
A tickle with a feather
In hot shorts made of pleather
I got a fetish for it
And I just cant describe it
It gives me such a rush, makes me wanna blush
I pick it, I pluck it and then oooh....
A tickle with a feather
In hot shorts made of pleather
Heels and slippers make me quiver
Shake, shake, shake
Cakes and muffins and cookies too
And pies in the face
Toys & boys & rings & things
Shake & bake and everthing
Cum & shit & furniture
And public bathrooms thats for sure
Smelly socks and underwear
Eye snots and pubic hair
Crooked teeth and sexy arms
Elvis, dice & lucky charms
I see your hiney, its big and shiny
You better hide it before I bite it!
To make you understand,
Well you just gotta try it