

Big Bottom

Pansy Division

The bigger the cushion
The sweeter the pushin'
The looser the waist band
The deeper the quicksand

My baby fits me like a flesh tuxedo
I'd love to sink him with my pink torpedo

Big bottom, big bottom
Talk about bum cakes my guy's got 'em
Big bottom drive me out of my mind
How can I leave this behind?

I met him on Monday
'Twas my lucky bun day
I love him each weekday
Each velvety cheek day

My love gun's loaded as I dock at his port
Take aim at what's inside his Jockey shorts

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