

Medieval Bush

Stephen Lynch

Come, fair lady to mine bed, we go,
And verily sweet pleasures we shall know,
Yet, where thy belly meets thy limb,
I beseech thee give a trim,
For thy bush doth overflow,

Milady doth have a 70's muff,
A 1470's muff hmmm,

Zounds, it's as prickly as a Christmas wreath,
Think, it might hide some baby birds, beneath,
Pray, shave it off to make a coat,
There are fur balls down mine throat,
Short and curlies twixt my teeth,

I sayeth not thy vagina is hirsute,
But it looketh like thou hast buckwheat in a leg lock hmmm,

But soft, what hair through yonder girdle grows,
To be or not to be put in corn rows,
Oh, it is beastly and unruly,
And it smelleth of patchouli,
And that offends my nose,

I sayeth not thou art furry down there,
But it doth resemble Fidel Castro eating a London broil hmmm.

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la
Tra la la la la la la la la medieval bush

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