

If frisy hair was a metaphor
for festival time
then this woman is a goddess
of that festival shrine, met her
- at a jam
in that garden of sorts
I must confess god bless
some impure thoughts
"show us the money"
was the call of the night
but no money could have bought
even a piece of her pride, there might
have been a sea of people
I don't know, because
all I could see
was how this woman she glowed so

-Aeh it's a pleasure to meet you
ya look like one incredible creature
wanna treat you fine
lets dance and grind
get so funk-inflicted it's a crime
you're divine you're sublime
and well you blow my mind

She caterpillar so good
that all the greeks go "killa"
break and enter take ya like a glass of milk
then "spill ya"
saw her coming what a scene
what I mean is
she got that sex coffee beam
but she tastes like vanilla
well alright she ignite
when we hit the floor
like the vroom on a V8 super commodore
now if it makes a good story
well it's just worthwhile
with her's like dealing stories
in that sprinkla style and so

-Aeh it's a pleasure to meet you
ya look like one incredible creature
wanna treat you fine
lets dance and grind
get so funk-inflicted it's a crime
you're divine you're sublime
and well you blow my mind