

I saw a woman walking down my street,
with grace,
so beautifully carefully.
she's a big and pretty mother
swinging her handbag
back and forth so joyfully
she's drawing circles with her breasts
in her jumper.

give me a big mother,
huge and loving one,
i can crawl upon
and cling to,

a large woman,
warm and cuddly wet lady,
strong mother.
she's walking down the street,
in front of my window
whistling funky tunes
in the ears of my neighbours.

give me a big mother,
one that would always want me.
hot embracing mother,
i can crawl upon
and cling to

you can't be safer can't be more secure
than with a breast in each palm,
that's the way i was born
and that's the way i want to die.

give me a big mother,
soft and wet one,
that would caress me
in all those special places,
where's a strong mother,
one that squeezes me,
one i can crawl upon
and cling to?