

Pauly Shore Saw My Penis

Watsky

You couldn't see a lot
With our crotches under froth
On timer-jets the trouble started when the bubbles stopped
Now if you wanted you could see each little boy wand
Bobbing there as clear as little goldfish in a coi pond
And I was hot and prunie
As dry as styrofoam
I needed to escape the tub like Pauly from the Biodome
I know no boychick's poifect
But I made the noble choice
And hoisted myself out of the moistness
Slowly which exposed my joystick
And Pauly must have seen it
Plain as I'm waving at you
Because I stood there dripping, naked like the David statue
and Pauly I've gotta ask you
Because I'm just not psychic
If my penis was a facebook post
I wonder if you'd like it

All my life
I prayed for a friend like you
And I wish I could glance at your linux too
But you wore a fucking speedo, you bitch

I can't express just what it's meant to me
To have my genitals vetted by a celebrity
And one with Paulie's pedigree
I'm talking Breeder's Cup
If Charlie Sheen had seen my seen peen it wouldn't mean as much
He doesn't have the Weasel's touch
I'm not some stupid groupie
This dude was in Biodome, Encino Man, a Goofie movie
And probably other stuff
I just think it's fucking nuts
That mister Pauly Shore himself was gazing at my buttercups
I dreamed to be discovered
I hope the wait is over
Not sure if this is it
But either way it's great exposure
And I can't blow this chance
To have this bro romance
I hope he picks the fruit the dangles from my lowest branch
I'll pick the slowest dance
I just can't handle this
Perhaps I should expect it at a men's spa in Los Angeles

I wish I could see your pud too
But I'd twitpic your dillsnick, it's true