The Great Wheel

The Great Wheel

An airman told me before he died
And I've no reason to think he lied
That his wife had a c*** so wide,
That she could never be satisfied

So he built her a tool of steel,
Driven by a bloody great wheel,
Balls of brass he filled with cream,
And the whole f***ing issue was driven by steam.

Round and round went the bloody great wheel,
In and out went the prick of steel,
'Till in ecstasy she cried,
"Jesus Christ! I'm satisfied!"

Now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no means of stopping it,
And she was split from arse to tit,
And the whole f***ing issue was covered with s***.

From Songs from the Front and Rear, Hopkins
Note: A Canada version; one of many. RG