While Hanging 'Round Town (Strawberry Blonde)

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While hanging around town with c*** on my mind,
And nothing to do, just wasting my time,
I spied a young lady there on the walk,
Decided to give her a line of my talk.

I stepped up beside her and said, "I suppose
You're a hot number by the looks of your clothes.'
"Yes, I'm a hot number, and a good one I claim.
There isn't a G.I. that I cannot tame:

I showed her a ten spot. She said, "You're my man.
There isn't a G.I. that I cannot stand "
She gave me a wink and I followed her there
To the hotel room at the head of the stair.

Her dress slipped off and I saw at a glance
That the strawberry blonde didn't wear any pants.
We pulled in the room about a quarter to nine.
There in the middle a-spilling my slime.

She fizzled and farted and let out a scream,
Kicked off the head of my f***ing machine.
Nine days later I lay flat on my back,
My old pecker tied up in a sack.

So, come all you G.Is and listen to me,
Just crack your old fist and let all women be.

From The Erotic Muse, Cray
DT #385