

Je M'Appelle J Cousteau

GWAR

I was there at the cattle fair
Where lump fairies swear at glories far beyond the fabric that she wears
He said 'do you want a chair?'
I'd join him anywhere! A hole in ground in this theater I found
J.C.'s infernal horde
They caper, they banter, forming human pyramids
All to please their infernal lord Woah! His name is Jacques Cousteau
A pussy and I know you know
I know you know and there he goes
He goes and grows, oh gosh he knows
Aboard the Calypso The foam beside and a burly sea to ride
All spell goodness for the master of the whirling pimple tide
He tried and pried until the rusty hinges sighed
Then he stepped inside
He found her there swimming in her seaweed hair
Looking vaguely like a lover who had hung herself with underwear
Phosphorescent green and the sex act made obscene
In Jacques' galleon of hatred this wrinkled Frenchman is a
living god!!!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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