

# Axilla

## Phish

I dropped the buzzard in the sand and trudged off slowly toward the town,  
I needed dinner and a place where I could throw my weight around,  
I detected faint axilla scent that put me off my appetite,  
But mouflon warring where I went renewed in me a need to fight,  
Then reveling in mirror mask I soon was lost in foggy ditch,  
Without a feather gray or white to tickle that piano witch,  
Fearing that I must expose my worm to holographic haze,  
My Clinometer error rose and spawned in her new mawkish ways,  
I woke the witch with reverence reserved for serpents, snails, and slugs,  
I pulled the witch from out the ditch and turned to face the furry thugs,  
The sheep they smiled with teeth agleam,  
The weapons in their hooves revolved I detected a prostatic ream,  
I gulped and felt my loins dissolve!!!!!!!!!!

Songwriters

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