

Hallelujah

Stephen Lynch

I want to write you a poem
That stands the test of all time
A couplet, a quatrain, a ballad, a note
With meter and rythm and rhyme I want it to speak of your virtue
Sing praise to your stature and poise
I want it to capture your beauty
The soul that's alive in your voice I want it to tell of your wisdom
How the courage within your heart soars
But all I can think of is how I be lovin'
Them big, big, big titties of yours Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, how my heart sings
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, love those things They bounce like a kid on a trampoline
They swing like a 40's jazz band
They stand up like a rock-solid alibi
They don't even fit in my hand They curve like a pitch in the big leagues
They burn with a passion so hot
And that is the reason I can't wait to squeeze 'em
Them big, big, big titties you've got Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, love's in the air
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, what a pair Oh I need to kneed them like sculptors kneed clay
They dance in my dreams in a graceful ballet
I'll kiss them so sweetly goodnight at the end of the day They're firm like a John Grisham novel
They swell like a wave in the sea
No matter what part of the room that I'm in
They're always looking at me They're soft like the cheek of a baby
They're sweet like the honey of bees
I'll never ignore them, I'll even adore them
Someday when they're touching your knees Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, what a rack
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, hurt your back Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, on my knees
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, double d's Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, glory be
Oh, Hallelujah
Oh, set them free

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>