You're My Meat

Joe Jackson

Outside in and inside out you're my meat
I, fat and forty but lordy you're my meat
From your feet to your head you knock me dead, you're my meat
I got you covered but baby, you're my meatIn the days of old when knights were bold
They were pious and modest I'm told
Can't you see that couldn't be me
I'd have to talk about your yams and your big fat hamsIt excites me so because I know you're my meat
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