Medieval Bush

Stephen Lynch

Come, fair lady to my bed, we go,
And verily sweet pleasures we shall know,
Yet, where thy belly meets thy limb,
I beseech thee give a trim,
For thy bush doth overflow,
My lady doth have a 70s muff,
A 1470s muff hmmm,
Zounds, its as prickly as a Christmas wreath,
Think, it may hide some baby birds, beneath,
Pray, shave it off to make a coat,
There are fur balls down mine throat,
Short and curly twixt my teeth,
I sayeth not thy vagina is hirsute,
But it looketh like thou hast buck weed in a leg lock hmmm,
But soft, what hair through yonder girdle grows,
To be or not to be put in corn rows ,
Oh, it is beastly and unruly,
And it smelleth of patchouli,
And that offends my nose,
Thy sayeth not thou art fury down there,
But it doth resemble Fidel Castro eating a London broil hmmm.
Pra la la la la la la la la la la la
Pra la la la la la la la la medieval bush

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