

# Thumbelina

## Bernard Cribbins

Hey, dainty girl flailing on the side of the road  
With your great thumb in the air  
I hope you don't mind me asking  
But what happened to your underwear? And does your humble husband know?  
Of 'ee hitchin' seedy path  
With car-operating sexual deviants! But Julian would never understand  
And doesn't he know?  
But just because he's a painter and he loves you  
It doesn't mean that he has got a clue About my Thumbelina  
I've never seen a pair of digits quite like yours before  
And I have traveled shore to shore in such arduous pallor  
Your almost perfect body's got me quivering in a ball To that brash cowgirl with her hands petting your crotch  
And humping you in towering grass  
Naked and gender-bending  
What makes you think the two of you will last? For there's no dame or man for her  
There's just this open road where she hails down a pervert  
With the usage of her giant thumb Jellybean, you could never comprehend  
The intellect of her mind  
And just because you can make her come with your hand  
It doesn't mean that she'll be your woman Now Thumbelina  
I've never seen a pair of digits quite like yours before  
And I have traveled shore to shore in such arduous pallor  
Your almost perfect body's got me quivering in a ball But 'twas a loon on the hillside  
Planted a seed between your thighs  
You fancied him as your therapist  
But he's just a sadistic sodomist who gave you that bastard kid My Thumbelina  
I've never seen a pair of digits quite like yours before  
And I have traveled shore to shore in such arduous pallor  
Your almost perfect body's got me quivering in a ball, yeah My Thumbelina, my Thumbelina  
My Thumbelina, my Thumbelina  
My Thumbelina, my Thumbelina  
Hey, have you seen her?

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