

# Lotion

## Greenskeepers

I'm looking down the hole;  
You're looking up at me.  
You're cold and tired,  
That is easy to see.  
Lower the rope to you,  
a bucket on the line.  
Your membrane will be soft and smooth;  
And your heart will be mine. It rubs the lotion on its skin,  
Or else it get the hose again.  
It rubs the lotion on its skin,  
Or else it get the hose again.  
Yes, Precious, it gets the hose. The look inside your eyes  
Drives me from control  
Evoking visions  
Of my favorite casserole;  
And if I eat your heart  
I'll also bite your soul;  
And when I'm done with that  
I'll use your skull as a bowl. It rubs the lotion on its skin,  
Or else it get the hose again.  
It rubs the lotion on its skin,  
Or else it get the hose again.  
It gets the hose. It puts the lotion in the basket [x3]  
Yes it does.  
Put the lotion in the basket [x2]  
Put the lotion in the basket, now.  
Put the lotion in the basket, NOW!  
And It DOES!!! GOOOOOOD!!!  
GOOOOOD!!! The night is very cold.  
I'm feeling kind of weak.  
I think I'll make myself a cap from your right buttocks cheek;  
And then I will go walking with my little dog;  
and then I'll bury you underneath a log. It rubs the lotion on its skin,  
Or else it get the hose again.  
It rubs the lotion on its skin,  
Or else it get the hose again.  
Yes, it does Precious. It puts the lotion in the basket.  
Bitch. put the lotion in the basket!  
Oh, put the lotion in the fucking basket!

Bitch, put the lotion in the basket!GOOOOOD!!!

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