

PJ + Vincent & Matthew + Bjork

Rasputina

PJ:

I'm so fucking, fucking, fucking, hot! Vincent:

I know you are, babe. PJ:

No, it's quite hot in here. Vincent:

Are you stupid?

It is the nature of a glass house.

Oh fabulous, here's Matthew and Bjork. Bjork:

Hello. Matthew:

Vincent, Polly - So good to see you. Bjork:

I'm so excited!

I've never been on such an artistic and exclusive double date before.

The erotic reawakening that Matthew has brought about in me...

He's opened up a lot of plebeian activities that I've not... experienced before now. I'm loving it, to do these things that aren't necessarily elfin... Vincent:

Yea, Bjork, whatever.

I just wanna know when you two go down, who's wearing the clovenhoof strap-on? PJ:

Vincent! How rude!

Could I weigh any less? I'm really quite shy of my weight, but I like to take on characters for performing with the use of make-up. Eye make-up and--and lipstick and--some more lipstick -- it's really quite transformative!

And when I've thrown up everything I've just eaten then I feel--Bjork:

Oh to throw up -- It means what?

Also, everybody, what is the definition of disingenuous?

I want to know so many things.

I've got a lot of money for designer clothes.

I can just trudge through the desert getting my Comme des Garçons skirt all dirty and dusty...

It don't matter.

If hopping into a live volcano feels right, I say do it. Matthew:

I say, khaki chinos are fine with me on the downtime, but what do you kids say to a picnic?

I've got the basket in the Bentley...

We could play some touch football, what do you say? Vincent:

Hey, yeah, Matthew, we're both hot former football players

I know Bjork can fight like a motherfucker, but Polly would snap-- like a twig--at the smallest tackle let's put her on a hook and do some minnow fishing

Polly?

Oh look, she's banging her head against the wall!... and Bjork's recording it Bjork:

The rhythm! It moves my insides like sunshine jelly! Matthew:

Isn't she a darling thing? Vincent:

When she says 'jelly' it makes me think of someone's ass, and then I think--Matthew:

How dare you, sir! That's my childwoman you're speaking of! Vincent:

Matthew, I didn't say Bjork.

I'm just thinking of any ass.

Not even necessarily a woman, it could be my own ass.

Like my ass is--PJ:

Vincent you are an ass!

You are an ass!Matthew:

What about my ass?

It's hard from sportsThis repulsive celebrity double date has been brought to you by the Church of the Latter
Day Saints.

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