

A Story

hide with Spread Beaver

I got a story
A sad sad story
About a girl
Who met a boy
About her mother
Whose vision saw her
Daughter to marry
Another boy
(Nooo nooo nooo...)
They made a plan
To get away
To run away
And though it be hard
To make that day
Freely to live
Without the mother
They'd send a postcard
(Nooo nooo nooo...)
Out on the interstate
That's where they made their mistake
That's where they met their fate
Out on the interstate
They met a monster
The monster of the interstate
Who will not hesitate
Who eats teenagers
Like a shark eats little fishes
Who eats bad kids disobeying parents wishes
An interloper against the elopers
A troll at the pay toll
They stopped at the toll booth
And reached for a quarter
The monster filled the whole booth
He gave them no quarter
"Don't eat me"
Chirped the girl
Clutching to her purse
"Don't eat me"
Croaked the boy

"Or eat her first

I'll turn right around
And take her back to her mother's
We repent of being out of wedlock lovers"
"You should have thought of that before"

And a scaly horny hand
Ripped the car lock door

And the boy
Tried to drive
But oh boy

He was eaten alive

And the girl

Tried to scream

But she was swirled

In the giant's vanilla ice cream

And the boy was yummy

And the girl was yummy

As they slid down the throat

To the monster's yellow tummy

He said:

"Hmm hmm good

Didn't do like they should

Hmm hmm good

Didn't do like they should"

The mother sold the

Rights to the story

It was so scary

This gory story

They made a movie

A horror movie

The mother made a million

And the producers made a billion

"And that other sweet boy

That my daughter has shunned

Now I'm his wife and he's my husband"

The moral of this story

Is clear for all to see

And if clearly all can see

Then it isn't clear to me

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