

The Belle of Snodland Town

Judge Dread

She was far from small, as I recall
And a rather cumly lass
All men would say, as she passed their way
"what a love piece of assssss...."
Ask her where she came from, she'd say
"My lips are sealed"
But a good guess would be Bristol
Or possibly Tenfield
And in every pub in Snodland
They still do speak her name
She was a sport - or so I heard
And did play many games
The soul of men's discretion
She did not mention names
She loved to go horse racing
and her phone was studied hard
But didn't need a race track
To go right through the guard
And in every pub in Snodland
They still do speak her name
One day I did go off with her
And played in the hay
She promised me most anything
Just to have me stay
She whispered "Come here, darling.
Come lover, please draw near.
You're going where no man has been"
I said "What ? In your ear ?!"
And in every pub in Snodland
They still do speak her name
We knew not where she came from
But since the day she went
We all do sadly miss her
In our little heart of Kent
In every pub in Snodland
They still do sing this song
"Vagina was her name,
Virgin for short"
But we all knew - not for long !
And in every pub in Snodland
They still do speak her name
And in every pub in Snodland
They still do speak her name

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