

# F.U.C. Her

Ron Wood

Let me tell you 'bout someone who's no pleasure to meet  
You wouldn't offer her a back seat  
Just 'cause her father's a vicar who is full of pulpit  
There is no one sicker, spells S.H. one T.

Well she looks real cute when she puts in the boot  
A night time slicker,  
An A.R licker (A.R. slicker? A.S.S. licker?)  
A C.O.C. teaser, an ice cream squeezer  
Her C.U.M. really do you in  
So don't you try to F.U.C. her  
If I wouldn't touch her with mine

Well she went to California, turned everybody off  
Sure has a nice way of F'ing things up  
She used to make all the guys cream  
In her ice blue jeans and that jar of Vaseline

Well she looks real cute when she puts in the boot  
A night time slicker, an A.R. licker,  
A C.O.C. teaser, an ice cream squeezer  
Her C.U.N. really do you in

That's what I say if you try this for size  
So her destiny lies now in the pit of fate  
One of those strange people you just love to hate  
She is S.I.C., she is deranged  
Even her poor old banker was short changed

She looks real cute when she puts in the boot  
A night time? slicker, an A.R.? licker,  
A C.O.C. teaser, an ice cream squeezer  
Her C.U.N. really do you in  
So don't you try to F.U.C. her  
If I wouldn't touch her with mine

Well she looks real cute when she puts in the boot  
A night time? slicker, an A.R licker (slicker?)  
A C.O.C. teaser, an ice cream squeezer  
Her C.U.N. really do you in

So don't you try to F.U.C. her  
If I wouldn't touch her with mine  
So don't you try to F.U.C. her  
If I wouldn't touch her with mine  
If you wanna risk F.U.C. her, try this for size

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