

# Medieval Bush

[Stephen Lynch](#)

Come, fair lady to my bed, we go,  
And verily sweet pleasures we shall know,  
Yet, where thy belly meets thy limb,  
I beseech thee give a trim,  
For thy bush doth overflow,  
My lady doth have a 70s muff,  
A 1470s muff hmmm,  
Zounds, its as prickly as a Christmas wreath,  
Think, it may hide some baby birds, beneath,  
Pray, shave it off to make a coat,  
There are fur balls down mine throat,  
Short and curly twixt my teeth,  
I sayeth not thy vagina is hirsute,  
But it looketh like thou hast buck weed in a leg lock hmmm,  
But soft, what hair through yonder girdle grows,  
To be or not to be put in corn rows ,  
Oh, it is beastly and unruly,  
And it smelleth of patchouli,  
And that offends my nose,  
Thy sayeth not thou art fury down there,  
But it doth resemble Fidel Castro eating a London broil hmmm.  
Pra la la la la la la la la la la  
Pra la la la la la la la la medieval bush

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