

# Jane Fonda

## Mickey Avalon

I had a baby named Jane  
She could shake that thing  
Said her Daddy used to hang  
With Johnny Coltrane  
She sang a soul train  
With her friend named Jen  
Her booty was bigger  
Than a Mercedes Benz  
Jen was a herdy gerdy dirty little girly  
I heard it from a birdy  
She could cook a mean turkey  
With gravy baby, baby, baby  
Baby was Jen's best friend and maybe  
If you were lucky  
Licky licky, sucky sucky  
Mickey, Mickey, fuck me fuck me  
More junk in the trunk than a Honda  
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda  
One, two, three, four  
Get your booty on the dance floor  
Work it out, shake it little momma  
Let me see you do the Jane Fonda  
Five, six, seven now  
If you don't know, let me show you how  
To work it out, work it little momma  
I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda  
I had a princess, queen of incest  
She was in Reba Jean, her big breasts  
And big eyes and a big ass to match  
Jean wasn't fat, she was easy to catch  
Then came Molly your hood from Hollywood High  
So fly she was trans-Atlantic  
She was a manic depressive, manic depressive  
Which was impressive  
Very impressive, I had to test it  
Tasted like chicken and was lemon scented  
She took me home to her momma  
I taught them both how to Jane Fonda  
One, two, three, four

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I know you wanna do the Jane Fonda  
I had a girl named Dana from Anta Anna  
She was a waitress at the Copa-cabana  
She was slammin' and her ass was jammin'  
Like Janet Jackson in the Rhythm Nation  
Her brother Jason had a girl named Grace  
You could see her ass from outer space  
So I landed on the planet  
And planted a Mickey Av flag dammit  
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