

# In Defense Of A Peepshow Girl

[Stephen Lynch](#)

I see you there  
Behind the glass  
I drop a quarter in the slot and then I watch as you  
Shake that ass  
I watch you grind  
I watch you dance  
I show you mine, you show me yours and when we're done  
I button up my pants And my friends all laugh, my friends all scoff  
When I say I love a girl who loves to take it off  
But I tell them that they're crazy, 'cause I've been around the world  
And there's nothing wrong, nothing  
With my peepshow girl  
No there ain't nothing wrong,  
No no no I love your mind  
I love your soul  
I love it when you grease your body and you slide it  
Up and down that pole, yeah  
I love your hair  
I love your eyes  
I know that you feel the same way 'cause I can see the love  
Dripping down your theighs And my mama would laugh, my mama would scoff  
If she knew I loved a girl who loved to take it off  
And she'd probably disown me if she met my little pearl  
But there's nothing wrong, mama  
With my peepshow girl, no  
No there's nothing wrong, nothing wrong

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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