

Jane Fonda

Mickey Avalon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I had a baby named Jane
She could shake that thing
Said her Daddy used to hang
With Johnny ColtraneShe sang a soul train
With her friend named Jen
Her booty was bigger
Than a Mercedes BenzJen was a herdy gerdy dirty little girly
I heard it from a birdy
She could cook a mean turkey
With gravy baby, baby, babyBaby was Jen's best friend and maybe
If you were lucky
Licky lick, sucky sucky
Mickey, Mickey, fuck me fuck meMore junk in the trunk than a Honda
I know you wanna do the Jane FondaOne, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little momma
Let me see you do the Jane FondaFive, 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 FondaI 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 catchThen came Molly your hood from Hollywood High
So fly she was trans-Atlantic
She was a manic depressive, manic depressive
Which was impressiveVery 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 FondaOne, two, three, four
Get your booty on the dance floor
Work it out, shake it little momma
Let me see you do the Jane FondaFive, 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 FondaI 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 NationHer 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 dammitOne, two, three, four
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