

Talk Dirty

Rudyard Fearon

Talk Dirty

I will wait
Till the sun belly-up;
Then talk dirty
To the priest.
I will drag him
Haggardly by the crotch
Up the hills, down in the fountain
Betwixt Rose Marie's legs.
I will wait
Till he is limped and washed-up;
Then pointedly say
Look, God is dead.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>