

Prophet

Bernhoft

She feels me up then she kicks me down
Chews her gum while humming a song
Has me for dinner in her dressing gown
Stark naked underneath I am
Feebly struggling and played along
I should get out but her hips are strong
I try to peek out of my blindfold
Cuffed, gagged and cheaply sold But I know something that she'll pay to keep
A secret, we let ourselves back in the game And so the dance goes on in a dirty style
We can provide no rest for the weary eye
It's far too late to apologize
And if you care to dance, not a chance
Stand in line
Wait up for miss Swedish Pie
Will I join her foul pigsty
of broken men trying to prophesy
her next move? While we can't move;
Stand in line How many men have you done this to?
I suspect that we are quite a few
Sweet-talk us and bump us around
Bury us under miles of mound But I know something that you'll pay to keep
A secret, but I can't get any leverage And so the dance goes on in a dirty style
We can provide no rest for the weary eye
It's far too late to apologize
And if you care to dance, not a chance
Stand in line
Wait up for miss Swedish Pie
Will I join her foul pigsty
of broken men trying to prophesy
her next move? While we can't move;
Stand in line

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