

Thumbelina

Larry Groce

Hey, dainty girl flailing on the side of the road
With your great thumb in the air
I hope you don't mind me asking
But what happened to your underwear? And does your humble husband know?
Of 'ee hitchin' seedy path
With car-operating sexual deviants! But Julian would never understand
And doesn't he know?
But just because he's a painter and he loves you
It doesn't mean that he has got a clue About my Thumbelina
I've never seen a pair of digits quite like yours before
And I have traveled shore to shore in such arduous pallor
Your almost perfect body's got me quivering in a ball To that brash cowgirl with her hands petting your crotch
And humping you in towering grass
Naked and gender-bending
What makes you think the two of you will last? For there's no dame or man for her
There's just this open road where she hails down a pervert
With the usage of her giant thumb Jellybean, you could never comprehend
The intellect of her mind
And just because you can make her come with your hand
It doesn't mean that she'll be your woman Now Thumbelina
I've never seen a pair of digits quite like yours before
And I have traveled shore to shore in such arduous pallor
Your almost perfect body's got me quivering in a ball But 'twas a loon on the hillside
Planted a seed between your thighs
You fancied him as your therapist
But he's just a sadistic sodomist who gave you that bastard kid My Thumbelina
I've never seen a pair of digits quite like yours before
And I have traveled shore to shore in such arduous pallor
Your almost perfect body's got me quivering in a ball, yeah My Thumbelina, my Thumbelina
My Thumbelina, my Thumbelina
My Thumbelina, my Thumbelina
Hey, have you seen her?

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