

Axilla I

Phish

I dropped the buzzard in the sand and strode off slowly toward the town
I needed dinner and a place where I could throw my weight around
I detected faint axilla scent that put me off my appetite
But mouflon warring where I went renewed in me a need to fight
Then reveling in mirror mask I soon was lost in
foggy ditch
Without a feather gray or white to tickle that piano witch
Fearing that I must expose my worm to holographic haze
My Clinometer error rose and spawned in her new mawkish ways
I woke the witch with reverence reserved for
serpents, snails, and slugs
I pulled the witch from out the ditch and turned to face the furry thugs
The sheep they smiled with teeth a gleam
The weapons in their hooves revolved I detected a prostatic ream
I gulped and felt my loins dissolve!!! Axilla
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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