Tweezers

Fudge Tunnel

Jenny was a quiet girl
Who stank like shit
And on boy did she stink
Grit grit grit

My childhood was scarred
By a lady named Celeste
She only had one
Big droopy breast

This is tweezers
It such a good song
Ooh ahh ooh ahh (repeat)

How I enjoy that sweet sweet taste
Of my own waste

Jenny was a literary girl

Lyrics Submitted by Ace Freemok

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