

Manikin

Twiztid

I was looking for some shoes, and some brand new shorts
And took a minute to relax, with some snacks in the food court
I was half way finished, with my value meal
When I spotted this little cutie, with some sex appeal
I winked at her, she gave me a look like I'm a booger
I thought "Bitch, I'd rather spend my money on a hooker"
Then a bright idea, ran across my mind
If I could swipe a manikin, I'd have a freak all the time
No listening to her lip, no putting up with her shit
No having her act a fool, the way them bitches get
So I hid in the clothes rack, at "Frederick's of Hollywood"
And waited until they closed, and it was all good
I snatched this little fine ass, strawberry blonde
With her ass juttied out, with nothin' but some sale panties on
Alarms rang out, I ran to the ride
And stuffed my new, lifeless sex friend, quickly inside
I love a manikin, should I be panicking
I don't know what's happening, but I love her
I'm taking her home
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I don't know what's happening, but I love her
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I went to this little traveling, carnival deal
Nothing but a few games, a ferris wheel
Haunted house, bumper cars, and a wax museum
I went through it once, I'll never be the same
She was waxy, sexy, smooth, and scratchable
Hourglass titties, and ass was unmatchable
I waited for us to be alone, and I kissed her
Licked her wax neck, and started caressing her
She don't get old, rosy red and pretty
I'm sneaking her out of here, and taking her with me
To my trailer in the woods, I laid her down gently
I bent her arm upwards, accidentally
I took a box cutter and I made an incision
I carved out a little hole in her, for the neder
It hit it, then I set her toes on fire
And cried, watching her slowly expire
I love a manikin, should I be panicking
I don't know what's happening, but I love her
I'm taking her home
Everyday I see her, when I'm riding to work
Look in the window, just a little shirt and short skirt
Her eyes follow me, wherever I go

And she's always in some brand new clothes, and a new pose
Banging ass, and not a wrinkle to be found
With a face like a doll, and she never makes a sound
I bet she likes to talk, when she gets fucked
But then she'd probably never shut the fuck up, with my luck
She always seems so happy when I'm around
And if it wasn't for this window, we'd be fucking on the ground
I wanna take her ass home for keeps, she never sleeps
I don't even think I seen her off her feet
Tonight's the night, that I'ma get her
I can't even take it anymore, when I see her, I start to shiver
Lip quiver, with the butterfly stomach
Leave the truck going, I'ma just grab her and start running I love a manikin, should I be panicking
I don't know what's happening, but I love her
I'm taking her home Wanna touch her
She's in my dreams
Wanna hold her, kiss her
I'm taking her home
She's not real
But I feel like I need her in my arms tonight, wrong or right
I'm taking her home

Songwriters

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