The Ghost With the Most

Daughters

we held down miles of my own vomit
just to get my rocket in the pocket of every pretty lady in town.
(maybe no one hugged me enough as a child,
or maybe some one did too much)complain to the scissors, bite the skirt sleeve.
let's see the look on your face when i make it work.
if every woman was a continent, i would be napoleon.
yeah your body's the sea for me to navigate.
i want to be the superb qualities to your three pronged fingertips.
i'll be the ashtray to love's unfiltered cigarettes,
like the k-9 nose to your crotch.
i want to watch you undress through the keyhole.
you make me cum like never before.blah blah blah blah.

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