

Medieval Bush

Stephen Lynch

Come fair lady to mine bed we go
And verily sweet pleasures we shall know
Yet where thy belly meets thy limb
I beseech thee give a trim
For thy bush doth overflow My lady doth have a 70s muff
A 1470s muff, hmm? Zounds! It's as prickly as a Christmas wreath
Think it might hide some baby birds beneath
Pray shave it off to make a coat
There are fur balls down mine throat
Short and curlies twixt my teeth
I sayeth not thy vagina is hirsute
But it lookest like thou hast Buckwheat in a leg lock, hmm? But soft what hair through yonder
girdle grows
To be or not to be put in cornrows
Oh it is beastly and unruly
And it smelleth of patchouli
And that offends my nose
I sayeth not that thou art furry down there
But it doth resemble Fidel Castro eating a London broil, hmm? Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-
la
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
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