

Whiskey Dick

Stephen Lynch

Oh my God, I feel sick
Drank too much, whiskey dick
Tried so hard with this chick
Still too soft, whiskey dick
Rise it must, point to prove
Wait, I just felt it move
Tried a-gain, have no doubt
Now it's in, fell back out
Pleasure she is not receiving
Bored and angry, now she's leaving
It just lies there, looking guilty
Small and shrivelled, white and wilted
Did your best, gave up quick
Get some rest, whiskey dick

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