

Savy Fav, Les "The Equestrian"

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Smells like leather, tastes like sweat,
tie up the horses for a tet-a-tet.
Tight braids, thighs ache,
you whisper to me, "This is no mistake."
You made me shake, you made me shiver,
you made me gasp when you grasped my withers.

How many times did you think you could cantor past
my house,
before I called you to my stable for a little mouth to
mouth?
Now I'm peeling off your jodhpurs,
and you're peeling off my common senses,
and you're using all your dirty words,
dragging me into your sweet consensus.

Jet black boots, whip stiff crop,
once we started we just couldn't stop.
Foreplay, forelocks,
four legs stripped but for their socks.

Now you've got me in the saddle
and you've got me chomping bit.
Now you're tugging on my bridal
and I'm eager to submit.
And you whisper in my ear
that, "You've got an idea and it starts down here..."

Easy now, Ease in, out.
Ease in, out -- Right Now!

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