

Bloodhound Gang

"A Lap Dance Is So Much Better When The..."

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I was lonelier than kunta kinte at a merle haggard
concert
That night I strolled on into uncle limpys hump palace
lookin for love.
It had been a while.
In fact, three hundred and sixty-five had come and
went
Since that midnight run haulin hog to shakey town on i-
10.
I had picked up this hitchhiker that was sweatin gallons
Through a pair of daisy duke cut-offs and one of those
fruit of the loom tank-tops.
Well, that night I lost myself to ruby red lips,
Milky white skin and baby blue eyes.
Name was russell.

Yes, a lap dance is so much better when the stripper is
cryin
Yes, a lap dance is so much better when the stripper is
cryin
Well I find it's quite a thrill
When she grinds me against her will
Yes a lap dance is so much better when the stripper is
cryin

Well, faster than you can say, shallow grave,
This pretty little thing come up to me and starts
kneadin my balls
Like hard-boiled eggs in a tube sock.
Said her name was bambi and I said, well that's a
coincidence darlin,
Cause I was just thinkin about skinnin you like a deer.
Well she smiled, had about as much teeth as a jack-o-
lantern,
And I went on to tell her how I would wear her face like
a mask
As I do my little kooky dance.
And then she told me to shush.
I guess she could sense my desperation.
Course, it's hard to hide a hard-on when you're
dressed like minnie pearl.

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So, bambis goin on about how she can make all my
fantasies come true.
So I says, even this one I have where jesus christ
Is jackhammering mickey mouse in the doo-doo hole
With a lawn dart as garth brooks gives birth to
something
Resembling a cheddar cheese log with almonds on
santa clauss tummy-tum?
Well, ten beers, twenty minutes and thirty dollars later
Im parkin the beef bus in tuna town if you know what I
mean.
Got to nail her back at her trailer.
Heh. that rhymes.
I have to admit it was even more of a turn-on
When I found out she was doin me to buy baby formula.

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Day or so had passed when I popped the clutch,
Gave the tranny a spin and slid on into
The stinky pinky gulp n guzzle big rig snooze-a-stop.
There I was browsin through the latest issue of throb,
When I saw bambi starin at me from the back of a milk
carton.
Well, my heart just dropped.
So, I decided to do what any good christian would.
You can not imagine how difficult it is to hold a half
gallon of moo juice
And polish the one-eyed gopher when your doin
seventy-five
In an eighteen-wheeler.
I never thought missing children could be so sexy.
Did I say that out loud?

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