

Bloodhound Gang

"A Lap Dance Is So Much Better When The Stripper Is Crying"

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I was lonelier than Kunta Kinte at a Merle Haggard concert
That night I strolled on into Uncle Limpy's 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, Bambi's 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 Claus's tummy-tum?"
Well, ten beers, twenty minutes and thirty dollars later I'm 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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