

## **Bloodhound Gang**

# **"Screwing You On The Beach At Night"**

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Nothing, heats up my jacuzzi like when this used thong  
I found, bedazzled with gems, brushes ever so gently  
against some boobs!  
I guess it's hard to believe that one man,  
Could have a pony-tail that's sensitive and,  
Distract an aggressive hawk that's cornered you.

I know my haikus are freakin intense,  
But even the words I made up to sound French,  
Don't express my feelings for your toilet parts.  
I would show up for our pottery class,  
Dressed like a pirate with John Waters moustache,  
On a unicorn that shits your name in stars.

Fuck in school, but gym is a romantic time  
Loitering on cliffs, thinkin about stuff like,  
Screwing you on the beach at night! (x2)

One milkshake! two straws!

Fuck in school, but gym is a romantic time  
Loitering on cliffs, thinkin about stuff like,  
Screwing you on the beach at night! (x2)

Don't I, sound so, sexy, echo, (x2)

Release the doves (x5)

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