

Day26

"Jenna Jameson"

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You can hate me I'm no porno star I know what you look like and where you are you live in a box I keep hidden on the shelf way down in the basement when I'm all by myself bleach blond genuine you're sex to the bone in the pages of a magazine with a few pictures gone subtle distraction a wink or a grin scream if you can't find me I think I'm already in Vivid fascination with the pink the pie the dirty green morbid fascination with the things I keep deep within take you to meet my parents but I just don't think they'll understand displayed in the centerfold lying in my hand it's this form of stimulation shut my blinds for isolation do it all for my gratification for my self gratification. pop your porn tape into the vcr dim the lights and let the trousers fall slick like spit I've got the world in my hands pull your skin from the screen and put it back again hard to say what's real and what's obscene spread out in the pages of your magazine bleach blond world drips like sweat to my tongue dirty sanchez chili dog and donkey punch Vivid fascination with the pink the pie the dirty green morbid fascination with the things I keep deep within take you to meet my parents but I just don't think they'll understand displayed in the centerfold lying in my hand it's this form of stimulation shut my blinds for isolation do it all for my gratification for my self gratification.

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