

Eric Schwartz "Aisle B"

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My girlfriend got sick
And she needed a few things
But she couldn't get out of her bed
So she wrote me a list
She sent me to the drugstore
I went up to the sales girl and said
"Tell me...where are the tampons and
Tell me, how to heal canker sores
Sell me what you take with a cramp on
'cause if she don't stop whining
She won't need no tampons no more..."
She said
"Aisle b
That's where you'll find them
Aisle b
Near the feminine sprays"
Aisle b
Where they'd carefully aligned them
To make damn well sure
I'd be shopping for tampons for days...
So I picked up a basket, and went down and found her
Anything she could squirt or insert or inject
And when I was done

I brought them up to the counter
Where each item I bought was price-checked
Hair pluckers, zit suckers, unstuckers for stomach
unease
Inner incense for a scent like a warm country breeze...
I later discovered the whole thing was a setup
They taped me from beginning to end
I shoulda known better,
This chick hasn't let up since she found out I did her
best friend
I packed up my things
With my ego eroded
I went back to live with my mom
If you don't believe me
The mpeg's uploaded at "Guys Buying Tampons dot
com"
Aisle b the dreams aren't stopping
Aisle b, never again

Aisle b, girls, do your own shopping
Unless you are trying to make a mess of your men....

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