

Lavern Baker

"Lancer With Your Zancer"

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When King Arthur sat down,
On the river bank,
He had a mighty vision,
It really was quite wank.
Lancer with your zancer
Oi, Arthur,
Come over here,
Take thi sword,
Now fuck off.
Now so off he went,
Back to see his one and only Gwendoline,
In his hand he held,
His sword and a pot of Vasele,
He thought it was time,
To try and prove that he really was a man,
He thought it was quicker
Getting hiome in the back of a Transit van.
In he walked, up the stairs,
Found his Mrs. wearing flares,
He was not pleased, you could tell,
He dropped his sword, the Vaseline fell.
Hey, Arthur, you're my man,
If you can't do it, no-one can,
I like your sword, it feels so good,
Don't you think we should be stooo?
Here we go dear, here's my hand,
Let me place it on your gland,
Come on dear, take my stick,
An with it I'll show you a trick
Come on dear, I'm getting angry,
And my zance is becoming dangly,
Then it' time we ate,
I'll give you your dinner on a plate.
The sword was needed no more,
So he dropped it onto the floor,
Into the corner it started to cower,
'Cos his sword was losing power.
THis is a story that must be told,
To all of you young and old,
If you're going to use your lancer,
Make sure it's got a big zancer.

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