Ivor Biggun "Dorothy Please Trim Your Hinge (misprint)"

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The naughty bits of pretty girls
Have tufty corners kinks and curls
But the p*bes of my girl Dorothee
Stretch from her belly-button to her knee
The general effect of her p*bic area
Resembles Bigfoot's b*m, but hairier
And any attempt to find her sn*tch
Is a scramble in a bramble patch

SoÂ... Dorothy, please trim your m*nge Won't you clip your f*nny fringe Your p*bic hair makes me despair So kindly cut dat t'ing down dere

And though I love my Dorothee
She's got hairs on her belly like the branches on a
tree
Three first-aiders stand and wait
In case m*ff-divers suffocate

The last time that I went in there
I found some rabbits and a grizzly bear
Lord Lucan and best by far
Elvis riding on Shergar

SoÂ... Dorothy, please trim your m*nge Won't you clip your f*nny fringe Your P*bic hair makes me despair So kindly cut dat t'ing down dere

Some people have no objection
But really it causes me pain
To see the object of my affection
Catching her p*bes in her bicycle chain

They say one hair from her v*gina
Would stretch from Chingford down to China
And I just won't explore alone
Without a compass and a mobile phone
I went in there with volunteers
Lumberjacks and a pair of shears
Tree Surgeons and some boy scouts
Six went in and one came out

So... Dorothy, please trim your m*nge Won't you clip your f*nny fringe Your p*bic hair makes me despair So kindly cut dat t'ing down dere

Oh Dorothy.. Hold it woman you're strangling me

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