

Ivor Biggun "The Filthy Limerick Mambo"

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Mary had a little lamb
She tied it to a pylon
Ten thousand volts
Shot up it's a*se
And turned it's wool to nylon

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner
Caressing his c*ck and his balls
Along came his mum
And shouted "By gum
You'd better wipe that off the walls"

Simple Simon met a pie-man
Going to the fair
Said simple Simon to the pie-man
"What have you got there?"
Said the pie-man to simple Simon
"Pies, c*nt!"

There was a young man from Nantucket
Took a pig in a thicket to f*ck it
Said the pig with a sneer
"Get away from my rear
Come around to the front and I'll suck it"

The gong it was sounded for breakfast
By the butler so portly and stout
And Ma heaved in sight
With a pot full of sh*te
And dad with his knob hanging out
"You're behaving quite nicely" said mother
Though seldom it's my way to boast"
"Manners be b*ggered" said father
And he tossed himself off in the toast
And then Peter he p*ssed in the pepper
And Spencer he sp*anked in the spoon
And mother let start
Such a hell of a f*rt
That father could scarce keep the tune
And then Sean shook the sausage up Suzie
And laughed loud and long at the joke
And right after that

Grandad shat in his hat
So the baby could play with the smoke

There was a young fellow from Wales
Who lived on a diet of snails
And when he couldn't get these
He lived on the cheese
That he scratched from his knob with his nails

There was an old whore from Silesia
Whose quim had grown sweatier and grea-zier
So now you must cum
Up her stinky old b*m
But be careful the tapeworm don't seize-ya

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