

Pieta Brown

"Peoria"

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I met her in Peoria
250 lbs. of flabby harlot woman flesh
Is wobbling around the hotel room, farting
Mucus is dripping from her pig-hole nostrils into her
mouth
Nah, streaming
Steaming, streaming great green rivulet
Her tounge makes sure no leftover chunks go astray,
miss their mark
Mom I mean buisness
Put your finger on the button
Yeah, will do
Just let me finish this page
I said (hog call)
Sticky, sticky, sticky, sticky, sticky
Tounge's feeling dry, swollen up like a pocket full of
lint inclusive
Know what I mean
Know what I mean
Know what I mean
Failing that, the falling fat
Crack another six pack and get on with the job at hand
Many hands make light work
But makes palms broth
Fists flying and slipping into hole after hole after hole
after heat
Hey, she buys cayenneby the quart
Filled up to the elbow bone, fried up to the joint
Filed at the shin, skin hanging off in sheets and shards
You do this shit for a living
Those grimey, greasy pores exuding their slimy
mixture of filth and puss
In little white whorled pustules
Every time she smiles that yellow, shit-eating grin
That shit-eating grin
Christ, she was beautiful

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