

Sex Gang Children

"Oh! Henry"

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Stanley Steemer pull a fast-ton-lever
Who? He's fascinated with plastic pillars
He's built to last with smiling glass
And Stanley always laughs
Oh Henry your baby is shrieking, throwing
Scheming, bleeding and chickens dancing
I'm muse to the world, I'm news of the world
It's pay-day Friday and all day Sunday
I'm always down to soup-exchange
Oh how sad!
Beware of the men with the soup-dish grins
And the man with the terrible name
And he's so smart minded
But often blinded by the two left shoes on his feet
He's mamas best, tried and test
Drive in big boy, soft-touch car wash
Suck with a saddle Jack, suck on Ortega snack
Henry's showing mercy, but only when it hurts me
Yet I wrote the beginning to his story
My feeling runs violent, do I feel like a man?
No, you feel like a whore
At times there's something female about you
Man with the terrible name
Getty-Getty-Go, and the all-nude show
Another queen here, and another one there
Kick out the boot, and slap the gook
Apply your entertainment everywhere
Run boy run with your head in your hands
Henry is stealing again
A keyhole affair with the beautiful temptress
And the man with the terrible name

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