Tadaram Maradas "Sascha Monroe"

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1st Verse:

Sascha Monroe was a Noir Angel from the Mediterranean Coast of Spain, she rode a 3 wheel, low rider Harley, her hair was Long, Noir and Curly, and she wore it in a full mane,

Dressed in tight, all Noir leather, across her backside she wore her name "Sascha" and the letters flowed up and down as her hips moved about and as the wind blew through her full mane,

Her 6 inch stiletto boots made for a perfect complement to her frame, and I couldn't help but notice it the day she stepped to me and asked me my name,

I was standing at the corner Taqueria ordering a midday snack, when Sascha pulled up, parked her Harley, and laid down her mack,

She spoke perfect English, despite her accent of her native Spain, and she was truly a Spanish woman, for she showed no shame, when she asked me my name,

2nd Verse:

"Hello Javier," she said as she took the toothpick from her lips, I said, "I'm sorry miss but my name is not Javier" then she looked at me and put her hands on her hips,

"Then what is your name?" she said as she placed her order with the waiter to go, I said, "Tadaram Maradas" she said, my name is, "Sascha Monroe."

I was quick with my first compliment, it was her stilettos that said she had good taste, so I looked in her eyes and said to her, "you are truly a lovely sight to behold," and the waiter complimented me on my taste, Then Sascha looked right through me and said, "a good thing only comes around once, and today I only want to live for the moment, tell me more and I just might let you check in on it,"

So I leaned closer and whispered some things in her ear really quick, Sascha smiled and said, "I'm sorry Tadaram, but I can't take a lick without a stick."

3rd Verse: (Excluded)

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