

Gang Bloodhound

"A Lap Dance is So Much Better When the Stripper is Crying"

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I was lonelier than Kunta Kinte at a Merle Haggard
concert that night I strolled

on into Uncle Limpy's Hump Palace lookin' for love. It
had been a while. In fact,

three hundred and sixty-five had come and went since
that midnight run haulin' hog

to Shakey Town on I-10. I had picked up this hitchhiker
that was sweatin' gallons

through a pair of Daisy Duke cut-offs and one of those
Fruit Of The Loom tank-tops.

Well, that night I lost myself to ruby red lips, milky
white skin and baby blue eyes.

Name was Russell.

Yes a lap dance is so much better when the stripper is
cryin'

Yes a lap dance is so much better when the stripper is
cryin'

Well I find it's quite a thrill

When she grinds me against her will

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Well, faster than you can say, "shallow grave", this
pretty little thing come

up to me and starts kneadin' my balls like hard-boiled
eggs in a tube sock. Said

her name was Bambi and I said, "Well that's a
coincidence darlin', 'cause I was

just thinkin' about skinnin' you like a deer." Well she
smiled, had about as much

teeth as a Jack-O-Lantern, and I went on to tell her how I
would wear her face

like a mask as I do my little kooky dance. And then she
told me to shush. I guess

she could sense my desperation. 'Course, it's hard to
hide a hard-on when you're

dressed like Minnie Pearl.

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So, Bambi's goin' on about how she can make all my
fantasies come true. So I says,

"Even this one I have where Jesus Christ is
jackhammering Mickey Mouse in the

doo-doo hole with a lawn dart as Garth Brooks gives
birth to something resembling a

cheddar cheese log with almonds on Santa Claus's
tummy-tum?" Well, ten beers,

twenty minutes and thirty dollars later I'm parkin' the
beef bus in tuna town if

you know what I mean. Got to nail her back at her
trailer. Heh. That rhymes. I have

to admit it was even more of a turn-on when I found out
she was doin' me to buy

baby formula.

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Day or so had passed when I popped the clutch, gave
the tranny a spin and slid

on into The Stinky Pinky Gulp N' Guzzle Big Rig Snooze-
A-Stop. There I was browsin'

through the latest issue of "Throb", when I saw Bambi
starin' at me from the

back of a milk carton. Well, my heart just dropped. So, I
decided to do what any

good Christian would. You can not imagine how
difficult it is to hold a half gallon

of moo juice and polish the one-eyed gopher when
your doin' seventy-five in an

eighteen-wheeler. I never thought missing children
could be so sexy.

Did I say that out loud?

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