

Tism

"Thou Shalt Not Britney Spear"

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If I were Britney's boyfriend
I'd be playing hard to get
She'd come around beggin' for me, but
I'd say, "No no, not yet.
Cos God has told me personally
That I should remain pure.
Just love me, baby, for myself."
And more of that manure.

Thou Shalt Not Britney Spear

Britney would go off her tree
At my refusal
"I'm Britney freakin' Spears,
Rejection's not that usual."
"I love you, darling, for yourself,"
I'd explain to little Miss
"It's your personality I like.
Not your body. Serious."

As far as a coy mistress goes
You'll like it more than she
When, upon her curt refusal
You whole-heartedly agree
Girls justly hate the lecher man
With sweating, hairy paw
But what happens when Boy says no?
They hate that even more

"Just like I told J-Lo," I'd say,
"It's not your fame and wealth,
It's not your perfect bod and face
It's you I want. Yourself.
Jesus wouldn't like us to
If he ever knew it"

"Stuff him," I'm sure she'd say
"Come on, babe, let's do it."

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