

Lady Grinning Soul

Angela McCluskey

She'll come, she'll go
She'll lay belief on you
Skin sweet with musky odour
The lady from another grinning soul

Cologne she'll wear
Silver and Americard
She'll drive a beetle car
And beat you down at cool Canasta

And when the clothes are strewn
Don't be afraid, afraid of the room
Touch the fullness of her breast
Feel the love of her caress
She will be your living end

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