She'll have another piece of pie She'll have a double reuben rye She works hard at eating well That's why I love her

She's got a couple of pony kegs Her arms are bigger than my legs And when she holds me I can't breathe That's why I love her

I'm her butter she's my bread She's like a mobile waterbed And when I got on top of her I can't touch the mattress

And when her flesh begins to sag She's like a human sleeping bag I feel so cozy safe and warm She's my insulation

I always know just where she sat And when she's on me I get flat Some broken ribs a punctured lung That's why I love her

She's my phillie I'm her stud Her bean is bigger than my pud It's like feeding a Tic-Tac to a whale That's why I love her

She'll have another piece of pie She'll have a double reuben rye She works hard at eating well That's why I love her