

1 (900) Ilu-vyou

The Vindictives

Saw her picture in the paper along with a 900 number,
I thought we'd chit-chat on the phone,
Instead you said you'd come right over,
Bursting in you forced me down kneeling over me grinning,
Worked me up and tied me down,
I asked you what you wanted for dinner.
Crammed her crotchless panties in my mouth,
Humped her shiny love patch in my face,
Smudged her creamin honey on my nose,
I wondered if she wanted to go to the show (...for a stroll, ..
.bowling).
Worked me over 50 ways but she wasn't even perspiring if
I miss work for three more days
I know that I'm gonna get fired,
Plotting probing my rear opening while lubricating her strap-on
Faced down working up the nerve to ask her home to meet my mom.
I had no one; I had nothing so lonely all of the time,
Now I've got me a nympho-girl to be my valentine.
She's an angel, she's a demon,
Extra-extraordinary wonder when she'll call me back
Gonna ask her if she wants to get married