

Mayor of Bayswater's Daughter

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The Mayor of Bayswater, [1]
He has a lovely daughter,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.

Leader: And the hairs,

Pack: And the hairs,

Leader: And the hairs,

Pack: And the hairs,

Leader: And the hairs,

Pack: On her dicky-di-doe,

Hang down to her knees.

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of s***e on,
And the hairs on her dicky-di-doe,
Hang down to her knees.

I've smelt it, I've felt it,
It's just like a bit of velvet.

I could not believe my eyes,
When I peered down between her thighs.

If she were my daughter,
I'd have her cut them shorter.

I've seen it, I've seen it,
I've lain right in between it.

I stroked 'em and poked 'em,
I rolled 'em and smoked 'em.

You'd need a coal miner, [a Welch miner]
To find her vagina.

She lives on the mountain,
and pees like a bloody fountain.

She stayed on a cattle ranch,
And came like a bloody avalanche.

She says she is not a whore,
But she bangs like a s***house door.

She lives on malted milkshake,
And roots like a bloody rattlesnake.

She married an Italian,
With balls like a f***ing stallion.

She divorced the Italian,
And married the stallion.

She married a Spaniard,
With a prick like a bloody lanyard.

She divorced the Spaniard,
And ran off with the bloody lanyard.

She went with a Hash House Harrier,
Who f***ed her but wouldn't marry her.

She slept with a demon,
Who drowned her with semen.

Her cat's name is Boris,
And it plays with her clitoris.

The aroma it lingers,
It smells like fish fingers.

She sat on the waterfront,
With the waves lapping up and down her c***.

I've licked it and kissed it,
It tastes like a chocolate biscuit.

You can drive a Morris Minor,
Right up her vagina.

It was always hit-or-miss,
Whether I could find her clitoris.

She went to Arabia,
And got camel drool on her labia.

She stayed in Seattle,
And went down on cattle.

The light is so glitorous,

When it shines off her clitoris.

Her vagina was squishy,
And smelled a bit fishy . . . (ad infinitum)

[1] or The maid of the mountain, she comes like a fountain
And the hairs on her etc. RG

Melody_The Ash Grove
CB, PW

apr96