

UNITED STATES ACORN THIRTY-FOUR

C/O FLEET POST OFFICE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Till The Whore"

In a town of Louleville,
There lives a well known whore, named Lil,
Now it was known for miles around,
That no two men could hold her down.

Then over the hill came a bare ass greek,
Who said his name was Piss Pot Pete.
He laid his cock across the bar,
It was sev nteen inches long and twice as hard.

Lil new then she had met her fate,
But to back out then was to late.
So thay choose a spot up on the hill,
In back of the ~~mill~~ shit house beside the mill,

He mounted her like a Belgium stud,
And threw her ass into the mud.
And thay fucked and fucked for hours and hours,
Untill thay had killed all the trees and flowers,

Lil tried some stuff, some super stunts,
Unknown to other common cunts.
Finally with a sigh and a cough,
Lil gave up and pete jacked off.

Now Lil is no longer A well known whore,
And Pete is the father of four or more,
They no longer do it behind the mill,
For now they do it ~~in~~ the window sill.

Pete better teach his kids from right from wrong,
Or they will go about a singing this song.

Garter Fixer.

Darling let me fix you're garter,
Just an inch above you're knee,
And if my hand should slip up farther,
Please don't take it out on me,

So she let me fix her garter,
Just an inch above her knee,
And y hand it slipped up farther,
And she shot all over me.

A WAVES DRILL

While hugging and kissing in the Blackberry patch,
He gave me a quarter to feel my snatch.
He pulled up my dress, my pants he let fall.
I stood there like the Venus the fairest of all.

My plump little ass and belly as white as snow.
With hair curled around in the valley below,
His fingers were twerling the soft pussy hair,
I could stand there forever with his hand settled there,

I opened his pants and took out his cock,
It was pounding and throbbing and hard as a rock.
He opened my snatch, which pleased him to do,
And I knew in a minute that he was going to screw.

He laid me down in pretty green grass,
One arm around my shoulders, the other my ass.
He seemed in a hurry to open the door.
For he never knew that I'd never been drilled before.

His balls hung down to the crack of my ass,
His prick hunted my hole, it was going to pass.
I helped guide his cock into the right slit.
And thought for a moment that I was going to shit.
But how could I shit, laying there on the ground.
With my ass stretched so that my ass couldn't pound.
His balls were as big as the egg of a duck,
They sure went to work when he began to fuck.

First he worked up, then he worked down.
While I worked my ass Around and around.
We would tell by our panting that we were getting together,
So I squeezed my legs and made it feel better.
The head of his cock touched part of my spine,
And I thought that I was in Heaven divine,
I felt the hot streams splash in snappy beats,
From the top of my head to the bottom of my feet.

I let go with both barrels and passed out that day,
How long I was out I don't know today.
When I awoke from this beautiful dream,
From the crack of my ass ran a river of cream,
And I let loose with a helluva scream,
For under the bed there lay my boyfriend Jay.

SONG OF THE REGULARS: U.S.NAVY.

Why did'nt I wait to be drafted,
And be led to the train by a band,
And put in my claim for exemption,
Oh, why did I hold up my hand.

Why did'nt I wait for the banquet,
Why did'nt I wait to be cheerd,
For the drafted men get all the credit,
While I merely Voulenteered.

And nobody gave me a banquet,
Nobody said a kind word,
The puff of the engine, the grind of the wheels, was all
Was all the goodbye that I heard.

Then off to the training camp hustled,
TO be trained for the next half year,
And in the shuffle forgotten,
I was only a Voulenteer,

And perhaps some day in the future,
When my little boy sits on my knee,
And ask's what I did in the great war,
While his eyes look up at me,

I'll have to look back in those eyes,
That at me so trustingly peer,
And tell him I was not drafted,
I was only a VOULENTEER!

WOMAN!

She's an angle in truth, a demon in fiction,
A womans the greatest of all contradictions,
She's afraid of a cockroach, She'll scream at a mouse,
But She'll take a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him for worse,
She'll split his head open, then be his nurse,
And when he's well and can get out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithfull,decietfull,keensghited and blind,
She's crafty,simple,cruel and kind,
She'll make him her ruler, her hero,and clown,
Love him up, then knock him down.

You fancy she's this you'll find she's that,
She'll play like a kitten, fight like a cat,
In the morning she will, in the evening she wont,
One you are expecting she will but she wont.

The Beginning Of Texas.

he devil in Hell we are told, was changed;
Ten thousand years he there remained;
He didn't complain nor did he groan;
But he swore he would have a Hell of his own;

Where he could torment the souls of men;
Without being chained in a prison pen;
So he asked the Lord if he had on hand;
Anything left when He made this land.

The Lord said yes I have plenty of land,
Buts it's down in Texas on the Rio Grande,
The fact is old boy the stuff is so poor,
I don't think you could make it a Hell anymore.

The Devil went down to look at the tract,
Said if I get it for nothing I surely am stuck,
But in order to get the stuff off his hands,
The Lord promised the Devil to water the lands,

He had lots of water of which there was no use,
Tw'as the Rio Grande River and stinks like the duce,
So the bargain was made and the deed was given,
And the Lord went back to His seat in Heaven,

Now said the devil I've all that is needed,
To make a good Hell and he nearly succeeded,
He put thorns on all the trees,
And filled up the sand with millions of fleas.

He put thorns on the cactus; and horns on the toads,
And scattered tarantulas along the road,
Made the Rattlesnake bite and the scorpions sting,
And the mosquitoes amuse you with the buzz of there wings,

He covered the country with millions of ants,
So when you sit down thay eat holes in you're pants,
He lengthened the horns on the Texas steers,
And built two additions on the jackrabbits ears.

The wild Boar roams thru the black chaparzal,
What a hell of a place he got for his Hell,
The heat in the summer is two hundred ten,
To hot for the devil and to hot for his men.

Red peppers grow wild on the banks of the brook,
And the Mexicans use them in all that thay cook,
Just dine with a Mex. and no more will you doubt,
That it's hell on the inside as well as the out.

But now things have changed for the soil was so rich,
They could feed the whole world by the side of that ditch,
The finest legumbers and fruit in the land,
Are grown in Texas by the Rio Grande.

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My Girl.

If I had a girl and she was mine,
I'd paint her tits with Iodine.
And on her cunt I'd put a sign,
Keep off the grass, This hole is mine.

(Saw The Lavatory Man)

Sam, Sam, The lavatory man,
Chief Inspector of the crapp house can.
He issues the tissues and and issues the towels,
And listens to the music of the moving bowls,
Flir Flop, here they drop,
Those are the shit house blues.