

THE SONG AND DANCE PENIS GATE

This is a song  
About I hear a voice  
Crying in the wilderness  
Make a way for life to come.  
Make the rough places smooth  
And make the smooth places silk  
And make the stretchy dry places wet  
And make the stretchy wet places sweat  
And the bent shall [G] be made straight.  
And the crooked shall be made sate  
And every crevice shall be exalted  
And every squishy shall be made low  
And every squashy shall be made high  
And don't you just love the buzzy honey?  
And every clean little boy shall be exalted  
And every dirty little priest shall be laid slow  
And this is a dance about make the flesh glow  
And first you take a shower and feel all light  
And then you say your prayers with all your might,  
Do your inspection for herpes, but don't get uptight.  
Then ask about previous contacts and inclinations to bite,  
Whip out the release your attorney wrote up last night,  
Get references and recommendations, make a few calls,  
Make sure there's no lint nor pocket offal on your balls,  
Check out your significant other's records, ventricle to joint,  
Whip out your x-rays and blood tests to make your point.  
Whip out your blood pressure tester, stick in your thumb,  
Then check out your sacred ticker's rhumba tumb tumb.  
Then check for secondary smoke and never a selfish crumb  
Please wipe some spermicidal jellies up good and up tight,  
(But don't let ambition for a normal family out of sight,)  
Roll your condom on good and make a hole in the head part.  
And your deepest experience when you get your rocks on?  
Does it get any better than taking a bath with black socks on?  
(You'll find this is the best time, if you must do a fart.)  
Then locate the rubber sheet hole, go right thru.  
This is the only accep table thing for you to do.  
Your soul aches for you to go in really clean  
To wriggle into kids like a swine machine,  
Come out lean like an unleaded gasoline.  
Now you had a religious sexual experience to be sure.  
And that's what I call a pleasure closure.

And stars shine bright on shatter light. And deep in back of that is hot star wrack. And in back of that is total religious rite in back  
Of elaborate, evaporate, invisible fact: Zealous stars flat on their back whack off tact squeaks on a vacant rack: Thee. The. That's I am.  
I am coming to go out and prey for me. I am. I am coming to praise the me, me, me. I am that I am coming to take me down to I am, folks.