

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN
FINGER
GATE

Goldfinger

The gynecologist
Like a blind rage fist
Danced in his pink lights,
Fell to bits in his tights
Of wet sheepskinities, sighed,
“What’s eet all about, Daveed,
My oldest friend een Amerika,
What does theez mean to me?”

She sat in the car and I cried,
‘O vow! I really deeg you, Baby.
I deeg you like zee red hot hurt
In zee Marileen’s white hot shirt.’
She groaned, ‘I deeg you, Baby.
That eez vhy I really vant you
To go to zee hotel orgy vith me.’

Vee reached zee hotel, she cried,
‘I deeg you, Finger. Vee are tied.’
Vee reached zee lobby, I sweated
In zee elevator, hyperventilated.
She sqveezed me. It fried my pp.
‘Baby, theez eez vhy I wanted you
To go to theez orgy veeth me!’

As vee valked in the golden door.
She fell on the penthouse floor,
Pulled a voman foaming a fit
Right on top of her. They did it
Right on the floor in front of me!
“Baby, theez eez vhy I wanted you
To go to theez orgy veeth me?”

Goldfinger, the gynecologist,
Like a doubled blind rage fist,
Danced in his hot pink lights.
He fell to pieces in his tights
Of wet sheepskinities and cried,
“Vhats eet all about, Daveed,
My oldest friend een Amerika,
Theez means zat she deegs me?”

Stars shine bright on shatter light.

Its all in the finger, with the touch that lingers

And Sandpaper Goldfinger had the touch. He had the touch

And the finger of gold. Hold finger, he would say, challenge the untouched orifice....

Hmmmmmm.... They say a gynecologist’s finger is his trade mark.... You never forget a finger....

Thee...The... The... That’s zee Balkan Don Vwan went down like zee neck on a dying svwan bed, svwingers.