The Little Hooters Girl

Bob Rivers

Little Hooters girl

Her rubber tight buns

A groovy pair to see

Double D fun

She brings me chicken wings

A ton, a ton, ton

She wears tight, skimpy things

Her tummy tight tum, rubber tight buns

Look at them guns

Oh, to ogle them,

Her rubber tight buns

That's why we come

Little Hooters girl

She's not a dumb-dumb,

She brings cold beer to me and poured us all some,

A birthday song they sang with mighty big lungs

Across the bar they hang her rubber tight bum, double D

fun,

Had her boobs done

Then she smiled at me, I'll tip a big ton,

me and my chums

Look at them guns

Had her boobs done

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