

Wild Women Of Wongo

The Tubes

From the foggy woggy banks of the Limpopo river
There come the sounds of female ecstasy, I shiver
Wet and wanton their cries caress my swollen ears
With building fears of this forgotten land of years

Visions of furious fire-goddesses wielding blunt spits
Figments of erotic escapades with all branches of the armed forces
Surrounding, abounding they stoop to conquer
With sighs and anxious whispers in a slow, steady rhythm

Wongo
Wild women of Wongo
How does their song go?
Makin' me want more
Wild women!

Wongo
No man can say no
Wild women of Wongo
How does their song go?
Like this

On the dank, steaming shores of Wongo
It's black sand beaches so bongo
Patterned with leech ridden creatures
Bodies branded with cicatrix features
That once screeched through the heart of the Congo

Stacked and berserk, they tower and flail all about
Wailing sounds in tongues only ancient
Insects would understand or figure out
Wild, willing, wenches strutting and struggling as they yank hanks of hair
Rooting and rutting in heat as the earth heaves beneath their feet

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How does their song go?
Like this

And so on and on the lores of Wongo go
Throughout the sands of time
Singing their song of love so rare
To only the chosen ones who dare

The course of events, time after time
The tradition remains the same
A bloodcurdling scream, one of pure ecstasy, rings out
And then it came, the ultimate sacrifice

Their wasp waisted figures twitch and twine

Their sting is lethal and I know I'm in for mine
How can I resist this onslaught of love
From over, from under, from behind and above
I wish I could be their Wongo King, if only I knew the song to sing

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