

More Shopping

Bran Van 3000

Moloch passed the message to the Behemoth
Whose master passed it on to Zebedee
It was sent by Internet, by obscure protocols
To its recipient, the delicious Miss Gee

It was early afternoon when your message came
I was slumped under the table, slightly cold
I didn't have a single stitch of clothing on
I was trembling but my trembling was controlled

I really can't recall who I was meant to be that day
I'm an actress, I play so many roles
But the script required Miss Gee
That's who I was meant to be
And I was just about to pick out her clothes

When a crumpled paper ball
Hit the floor beside you
It made no sense at all
It said:

Bandy biwa krishnamurti
Pilgrim snorkel meat
Ipsum lorem dolor sit amet
Unix at the portal
Body type by Letraset
Here at the Epoch let us forget

Grip my head and feel my pain
Imagine I'm the king of Spain
Imagine I'm a weapon in your sheath

East is East and West is West
New York City to Dunsinane

Polly Peachum creaming her McHeath

In the sturgeon caviar
In the virgin Mr McPherson
In the rain the cloud
And in the cloud the rain

Green tea ice cream, wind dried duck
Did you ever meet a person hot to

Forget it! Shower in my shower
I'll soap you back and front
Take me by the hand and lead it to your

Country cousins, kissing by the bridge
A babbling brook and a choc-a-bloc fridge
My favourite restaurant is Yo Below
So when we go, slip under the table and begin to

Blow me down, gyoza, my favourite snack
Dip it in the soy sauce, slip it up your

Crack goes the whip boys, crack kiss crack
Miss Gee has a whip and she'll stick it in your

Ask no questions, I'll tell you no lies
It isn't exclusively all about size
But did you ever see a rock star doing up his

Flies are a nuisance, bees are worse
If you owe a girl money, put it in her

Purse my lips, touch me there with a feather
Better take an umbrella, what terrible weather

Or we might get wet
And we wouldn't want that
Would we

By many names I've been known
Gil Martin, also Don Van Vliet
Giovanni, Mantovani, Barry Manilow
I could go on

Please do

Super lovers Jesus Christ
Coming once and coming twice
In a paper cup
In my hammock samovar
I'm a caballero erojiji
Gaugin eating out Tahiti
Near as damn it, no cigar
Very kimochoi