

Waterpark Bachelorette

Destrage

Once upon a time, yesterday.
Melanie was getting married to Mark,
the love of his life.
The phone rings, Jennifer's on.

She planned a treat for the young bachelorette.
A party night they will never ever forget.
The girls are excited.
It's gonna be nasty.
It's gonna be the cuba cay.
Total carnage on saturday.

Damn this cuba cay ain't the place she thinks.
No table dance, no cuban strippers.
The surprize is bloody bitter.

It's a bit distant from my idea of fun.
I'd rather role play with cowboys and guns,
but I can take it as it comes and join in.
Yes, you get wet and that's the point.

Mel spent the day choosing shoes and doing make up.
She'd shoulda gone for sun tancream and swimming cap.

On this waterpark fake sand,
I'm the queen whose lost command
and spinsterhood's up around the bend,
but on my mind there's something big.
How do they say?
It's kinda slang.
Oh yeah..... I wish I was in a gangbang.

It's a bit distant from my idea of fun.
I'd rather role play with cowboys and guns,
but I can take it as it comes and join in.
Yes, you get wet and that's the point.

What a waste of time. No drinks, no men, no tease,
but look at that guy. I may have found a plan B.

I met a cuban at the cuba cay.
I can surrender to his arms today.
It's no big thing. It's just my party affair
and after all, my handsome Mark can wait.