

Song for Kelly

Goldie Lookin' Chain

I seen that film, American Pie
Where a bloke fucked the food, so I gave it a try
My technique was slightly off-key
It involved tinned meat and a pop celebrity
I wouldn't hurt her if I saw her on the street
But I wanna make a statue just of Kelly for me
You know, it all started way back when
Using spam to carve Boys II Men
I used bacon to make Rusty Lee
Kelly Osbourne, you're my meat fantasy
You're always there when I need to talk
And I love the way your fingers and your toes are made (from pork)

I made a corned beef Kelly Osbourne
And I fucked it when I was watching porn
I made a corned beef Kelly Osbourne
And I fucked it when I was watching porn

Minimum content, 3% meat
I trimmed the fat off, it looked really neat
Made the torso and shaped the thighs
But I'm stuck, I've got nothing for the eyes

Fluid dripping like a running tap
When I warm my meat up and rub it on the lap

Making bacon with reformed ham
People pay money for this in Amsterdam

Meat fantasies often give me the horn
But nothing like a corned beef Kelly Osbourne
You're divine, so sexy, so tasty
Like meat in a pie when I penetrate the pastry

This girl I was with had a vag like corned beef
It was all smashed up and I thought it had teeth
I thought kebab was on the main course
So I covered it in my own special garlic sauce

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I fucked a corned beef Kelly Osbourne
I fucked a corned beef Kelly Osbourne
Y'know

Sit back kid, take a book outta my leaf
I love to fuck a pile of sweaty sticky beef
Down Aldi's they're looking at me funny
Twelve tins of corned beef now it's a cunny
Ooh, I'm gonna fuck you, right here, right now
Make a mess with my stiff, gonna show you how
Stick it in, watch the foreskin
Try to fuck the tin, rip my banjo string
Cos you knows I wanna fuck that prime fillet cut

With a bit of lippy dressed up like a slut
Getting down on the floor for a bit of screwing
'Til someone said "oi wanker, what you doing?"
Threw me out, I raised an objection
With corned beef still stuck to my erection
So what, fuck 'em, I don't give a toss
I'm going home with a Fray Bentos

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Meat fantasies (meaty meaty meat)
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Meat fantasies
Meat fantasies

Aaah, that's right, back with the rhythm
Like a Ginster's pasty covered in jism

Meaty bitches out on a binge
I'm going home with a corned beef minge

Shagging the meat, but I ain't mincing
Hiding my eyes to stop me gagging and wincing
At the smell of the rancid spammy clam
As a steak tenderiser goes "bam bam bam!"

Madame Tussauds you got nothing on me
I got my own meatworks laboratory
All Saints and Spice Girls and miss Zeta-Jones
All I want is the meat, don't care about the bones

I tried sex shops, I tried DVDs
It don't mean shit compared to meats like these
Aspic jelly, and a coating of lard
These are the things that make my penis go hard

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Y'knows