

Missing You

Kevin Bloody Wilson

No need to tell me, I can tell it's all over,
I can see that our loves on the rocks,
I've known for sometime, that the passion was dyin'
Since the handjobs and the headjobs have stopped,
And fuckin', fuckin' forget it,
May as well feed this here bone to the dog,
And me heart is a breakin', and me love spuds are rakin',
And I'm missin' you, suckin' me cock.

I've lost count'a the pearl necklaces I give you,
And the facials from the odd tonsil prod,
And I miss the way, you'd smile as you gargle,
Hold your nose and then swallow the lot,
Now there's an unemployed sign, pinned on me fly,
And me zipper's all rusty and locked,
And I miss your sweet lips doin' tricks with me dick
And I'm missin' you, suckin' me cock.

Since you've stopped givin' head, I've been wankin' instead
'Til I've near worn the fuckin' knob off,
And me gonads are hurtin', they're bulgin' near burstin',
Now the suckin' and slurpin' have stopped,
Can't wank fast enough, 'cause it keeps backin' up,
Since your spittle has dried on me knob,
And me sphincter's missin' your finger,
And I'm missin' you, suckin' me cock.

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