

The Perfect Ten

Kevin Bloody Wilson

I just seen the movie '10', and I'm a fairly normal man,
But a ten I reckon's every man's desire,
So with that playin' on me mind I went out to try and find a perfect
ten,
Help put out the fire,
Found this joint I'd heard about, where the sheilas all hung out
I paid me dough they stamped me hand and I went inside,
But I didn't see no tens, must'a all fucked off by then,
Oh well hang around a while check out the nines,
There's a nine sat at a table so I went over said "G'day",
But she just sat there starin' dough-eyed at the stage,
Must be a groupie for the band no tellin' what she's caught from them
Fuckin' poofters I'd be better off with an eight.

Now this eye tied bird's an eight, A-grade body, pretty face,
But these dago disco debs just ain't my style,
And her dress looked like she'd stole it off a fuckin' toilet roll,
And her make-up had been slapped on with a trail,
I'd even settle for a seven, 'cause I've had a beer or two,
And I'm prepared to bend the rules a little bit,
And I'll try and overlook the fact she's not all that good lookin',
Hehe, as long as she gives heads and got big tits.

Can hardly see their faces fuckin' dark here in this place,
But in the darkness even sixes look alright,
And when I saw this one come past I grabbed me chance and
grabbed her ass,
She fuckin' decked me left me lookin' for a five,
Picked meself back up again, bought meself another can
And come up with a plan I thought was fuckin' clever,
I thought if I can't pull a ten, what I'll oughta do is thens
Just grab a couple'a fives and screw 'em both together.

She looked alright for a four, in her high cut denim shorts,
With a tiny little tattoo on her tits,
And look I got nothin' against tats but this one's puttin' the horn and
that
She's the property'a hell's angels and are at your own risk,
So now we're down to fuckin' threes and I'm thinkin' to meself,
Jesus what's a bloke supposed to fuckin' do?
A fortnight's wages on one drink and I haven't even had a sniff,
Should'a gone ugly early, checked out the twos.

If you don't look like this tea you'd probably get the vet to shoot her,
But this one bought the drinks so she's a two and half,
If I could stick her on a chain then she could growl and bark and
strangers
And at least stop the cunts from knockin' off me car,
From dogs to fuckin' bush peaks, you should'a seen the ones,
There's a bounty on them bastards on the farm,
And if you woke up in the mornin' with her snorin' on your shoulder
You wouldn't wake her up you'd just chew off your fuckin' arm.

I come lookin' for a ten, but I ended up at zero
I think I'll cut me fuckin' losses and go home,
'Cause this joint's a bigger rip-off than a wax job on your knackers,
But I better drain the sump before I go,

So I'm standin' at the dunny pointin' Percy at the porcelain
And I look down and count the fingers on both hands,
'Cause when you add it up, I should'a stayed home had a tug
'Cause look at that, a perfect fuckin' ten.

Bloke's a fuckin' mug, fuck 'em.
Fuck the lot of 'em.

The answer my friend is right here in the 'N'.

I'm givin' up wankin' tomorrow, I never thought that I could,
I'm feelin' better already, 'cause I'm better off pullin' me pun.
Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha