

Master O'Connor

Ondara

Master O'connor, I dare not question your bid
I will fight for you honor, just don't make me lie on your bed
Master O'connor, I have a wife and a heir
I will graze in the summer, just don't make me lie on your bed

This love of mine, she is so unkind
She said I was made for her leash
This love of mine, she is so unkind
She said I was made for her bliss

Master O'connor, you're bulging up in the spring
That pungent aroma, is making you spew all your drinks
Master O'connor, what shall be said of this sin
You claim in your slumber, I had you against your will

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