

My Marge

The Move

My Marge

My Marge is such a delight
She thrills me at night
The second I turn off the light

My Marge is peaches to me
When no one can see
She snuggle up is heavenly

My Marge squeeze me, squeeze me
Take me home for tea
Let's not stay out too late
'Cause your mother will be 'cross
And I'll be down across her knee, you know

My Marge speaks double Dutch
She's so ripe to touch
That's why I love her very much

O, three, three, o
And take me home for tea
Let's not stay out too late
'Cause your mother will be 'cross
And I'll be down across her knee, you know

You know my Marge is such a delight
She thrills me at night
The second I turn off the light

You know my Marge
She's a nice girl you know
She picks her nose
Throws the brown lumps over the right side
The green lumps over the left side
And everybody else says goodnight