Poor Lil (2)

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She was the best our camp produced
And them that ain't been screwed by Lil
Ain't had no goose and never will,
For Lil's been took away.

'Twas a standing bet around our town,
That no one could screw her and clamp her down
For when she screwed, she screwed for keeps,
And piled her victims up in heaps.

But down from the north came Yukon Pete,
With sixteen pounds of rolling meat.
When he laid his cock out on the bar,
The damn thing reached from here to thar.

We all knew Lil had met her fate
But we couldn't back down that thar late,
So it was arranged down by the mil,
Back of the schoolhouse on the hill.

When all the boys could get a seat
And watch that half-breed bury his meat,
Lil started out like the Autumn breeze
Whistling through the hemlock trees.

She tried the twist and the double bunt
And all the tricks wha's known to c***,
But Pete was with her every lick
And just kept reeling out more prick.

At last poor Lil just had to stop,
For Pete had nailed her to the spot.
Here clothes were torn and ripped to shreds,
And scatters all over the cactus beds.

The sod was ripped for miles around
Where poor Lil's ass had hit the ground
But she died game I'm here to tell,
Died with her boots on where she fell
So what the hell boys, what the hell!

CZB

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