

ABOUT FACE

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Slappity Slappity
Slap! Slap! Slap!
You slappity on
some facial crap.

It sticks to your collar
clings to your face.
It creeps and crawls,
It's everyplace.

Cake it on thick
when day turns night
whatever is your color
do it up bright

No one tells you
it looks gross,
spread it on a bagel
melt it on some toast.

You hit the bars
and pray for luck
to find a husband
at least, a fuck.

You dance, you jiggle
you tumble, you drool,
somehow you manage
to capture a fool.

He walks you home
you fill with glee
face starts flaking,
it's hard to see.

He suddenly shivers
fear in his heart.
Mascara is running,
you accidentally fart.

You go to bed lonely

turn your pillow brown
sleep in late
because you feel down.

Baby Ruth Breakfast
you fire up the car,
and slappity Slap! Slap!
How fine you are.

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