

BLOW US ALL AGAIN

(Dedicated to my lovely wife Jennifer; lovingly sung to the melody of Blowin' in the ...)



How many cocks are you sucking today? How many fortunate men?
How many times must you kneel in tight jeans, to make us all horny again?
How many dicks will we stuff down your throat to ram it again and again?
The answer, my love, is blow us all again. The answer is blow us all again.

How many black cocks, and how many brown? How many young cocks and old?
How many thin men and others so fat their belly just hangs down in folds?
What if you suck one that tastes oh so bad, all dirty and covered in mold?
The answer, my love, you'll blow that one again. Yes my love, you will blow us all again.

How many dozens of men are there here? How many wangs must you suck?
How many hours must you spend on your knees having your sweet face mouth-fucked?
How many litres of cum must you drink? Enough that would fill up a truck.
The answer, my love, you'll drink that much and then. You'll just keep blowing all of us again.

How many times will our cocks make you gag, as we fuck your throat and beyond?
Some cocks so hard and so long and so thick, we'll shove past your lips 'til they're gone.
How many inches we'll thrust down your throat, and what will you do when we're done?
The answer, my love, you'll take it all and then. You'll start up and you'll blow us all again.

Yes and how many days, and how many weeks? How many months will it be?
How many years will you spend dusk 'til dawn, working away from your knees?
How many thousands of cocks will your mouth skillfully, lovingly please?
The answer, my love, is every man and then. When you're done you'll just blow us all again.
Yes the answer, my love, is every man and then. Evermore, you'll blow us all again.