

Post Loves

If you'd like to go on a nice strange trip

Think of your first love, the taste of her lips

Write down her name with a few key words

Same with the second then on to the third

The first pure and fair and she stayed that way

The second thought us friends, with her lovers she lay

The third got pregnant by someone else
She never let me, put her name on the shelf

The next three, passions and indulgence did reign

Number seven stayed pure as the driven rain

Lady eight was small with dark black hair

Number nine liked the needle, why should I care

The next one was crazy and lots of fun
Eleven almost to the altar when she met me on the run

Lady twelve had large breasts and wide flaring hips