

TITI BUM BOAT

Titi Bum Boat, Titi Bum Boat
Aboard a boat to grease a Goat
Bouncing her big bums up & down
God knows what she will bring to town

Titi Bum Boat, Titi Bum Boat
On board the boat oils V.D. Goat
Then hurries home baroque and bloat
With God knows what under her coat

CASANOVA

Still goes the gallant
Strong as April sun
Wild with Billy's horns
Tangled in his pants
His goat beard feverish
Like a witchhunter

Still goes the gallant
Consternating the
Constellations with
The same small bag
Of bubbles; with the
Same cloud of clichés

Still he goes, gallant
Electric among
The convertibles
Shocking their she-shells
In shady places

Still he'll go, gallant
Chasing those that chase
Plus those that are chased
An angel of death
Flaunting his magic
Burning but not burnt

TITI BUM BOAT IS A TOWEL

Titi Bum Boat
Is a towel
Tied around the
Loins of tycoons

Titi Bum Boat
Is a towel
Is a cow tied
To the phalli
Of the fertile

Titi Bum Boat
Is a towel
As a campaign
Into which politicians
Pour sweat from the
Brows of their people

Titi Bum Boat
Is a towel
Sodden with our sweat

Fat as a cow
On the toil of the land

Yet, still open
As a ballot box
To the balls of power.