

MAKING A BOOBIE

Would you like a double?
She winks from behind the bar
My eyes fix straight ahead
Two soft pillows, escape from her bra!
The wife is waiting on her Dubonnet
Handbag upon her lap
Eyes boring into my bald patch
I'm likely to get a slap

This is an awkward situation
I don't know what to say
The blousy barmaid's cleavage
Is getting in the way
Expertly she pours my pint
Then begins to slice some lemons
As clumsily I take the drinks
My mind is full of melons

I set our drinks upon the table
My wife lets out a sigh
'Herbert you forgot the crisps'
I think I am going to die!
Back I go, to the altar of doom
Where finally I splutter
'Two crackets of pispis pppplease'
Now I have a lisp and a blinking stutter

This really isn't fair, its sexual harassment
Aimed at poor unsuspecting chaps
A blonde and busty barmaid
Unleashing her milky baps
I return again to the wife
Who thinks she may know best
She feels that the time is right
To get something off her chest

Things are getting really bad
She is at the end of her wits
Apparently everything I say or do
Is getting on her... tits
It's time for her to start anew
She wants to keep me abreast
She's moving in with the barmaid
She thinks it's for the best