

It was the breast of times

I'm going to Asda, feelings mixed
Got **melons** on my shopping list
I do not buy my groceries there
I'm going there to bare my **pears**

I've had that request that women dread
(That makes you want to stay in bed)
To take off your bra and let 'em sway
Embarrassing, stressful, **breast** x ray

I pull myself up metal steps
Filling with alarming dread
The 'nurse' with the scowling face
Entraps you in that hostile place

The woman before me starts to yell
"For God's sake stop it, this is hell
My **Babylon's** are squashed, totally flat"
'Stop making a fuss' the nurse snapped back

Now it's my turn, coat in locker
Face bright red, unleash my **knockers**
'Remove **all** clothing, YES even your bra
Don't feel embarrassed, we've seen them before'

But normally I have a tippie
Before showing anyone *my* **nipples**
When my bra's removed there'll be a guffaw
As my **bazookas** hit the floor

I'm not quite sure if I am able
To slap my **bosoms** on that table
'Step to the left. Move to the right
Lay it on here. Now hold your breath tight'

'Move over slightly', ouch..that's a pain,
doing the time warp again'

*(Mamogram - a stupid name, why not mammo pound?
or by the way my **boobs** have grown
could even be a mammo STONE)*

I suppose the benefits outweigh the pain
So I'll try to think positive and won't complain

In future if I show my **titties**
I'm going to another city
Or just stay home, keep in the dark
NOT a public Asda shop car park