



TO MY GIRLFRIEND

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The ears of my girl are like an elephant's
But they know my phrases are elegant.
Her legs are skinny as an old man's
But they are sexy because they have got tan.

She's jealous like a witch of her poisons
Because I have no one in comparison.
I see her only few times a week
And it's better for the breath she reeks.

She has more than one defect
And I can't tell you why I love her, yet.