

MOLLY'S MULE

Molly Malone was a stunning wench,
a tall and handsome lass.
But the vision that kept men up at night,
was the image of Molly's ass!

Now Molly's mule was big and strong,
stood eighteen hands or more.
She called her beast Bucephalus;
Alexander's man o' war.

She loved to drive the young men wild.
She knew which bits they eyed.
She'd hike her skirt up to her hips
and lithely sit astride.

Her legs wrapped tight 'round Beaus' thick neck
would make the young lads stare.
They'd preen and try to catch her eye
and long to be up there.

To mount and ride that wondrous thing
was every young mans dream.
With rounded rump, firm legs, and chest,
a mane that flowed like cream.

She'd mount her Beau most every day.
She'd flaunt her sturdy prize.
And perched on top that noble beast,
she'd gaze down in their eyes.

Thus every night those lonely lads
their ache firm in their grasp
would try to purge their throbbing want
with dreams of Molly's ass.