

## Untainted (Lyrics)

Tracy C. Mansfield © 2024

Melbourne Bounce with baroque violin, female vocals, upbeat, energetic, stomps and claps

Let's keep this song taint free and clean  
by spurning all matters obscene.  
We'll say naught profane  
to goose the mundane  
so you'll just have to guess what we mean.

(Um... I dunno about this.)

There once was a man from Nantucket  
who wrought something lewd with a bucket.  
I cannot say what  
for decency but  
you could say he wanted to fuss with it.

(Whoa! That was close.)

Well, if those fun words won't do,  
here comes limerick number two.

You've heard of the saint from Regina  
whose nethers we know of none finer.  
She won't tell you why  
cuz she's really quite shy  
when it comes to her holy va... ows.

(Watch it!)

Well, if that's vulgarity,  
let's try limerick number three.

An acrobat troupe in Bermuda  
was charming a rude barracuda.  
With consensuous swish  
that magnificent fish  
granted wishes of nude interlude.

(Hey, you went too far!)

Well, if that feels too hardcore,  
how 'bout limerick number four.

A gerontophile in Miami  
had dreams that made her hands clammy.  
Oh give her a home  
where the gray bastards roam  
for a bit o' the ol' grammy whammy.

(I'm distinctly uncomfortable now!)

Well, if that took a nosedive,  
try out limerick number five.

A sheep soaked his peepee in wine  
and had such a lovely ol' time...

(That's it! Stop the limericks! No sheepy peepees! Gosh darn it!)

Let's keep this song taint free and clean  
by spurning all matters obscene.  
We'll say naught profane  
to goose the mundane  
so you'll just have to guess what we mean,  
you bluenosed, buggery ol' sod!  
You probably come from Cape Cod.

(Actually, I'm from Souther Tucker.)