

# ROMANCING THE BEAST

by Phyliss Amason

*Swing that cape aside my man  
And let me see those thighs  
Climb the tallest ladder now  
So I can fill my eyes  
Pick up all those children's toys  
Lean and stretch and bend  
Reach up to the highest shelf  
My help I'll surely lend  
Carry all those lovely tools  
I'll toddle there behind  
I'll help you put up Father's books  
You know that I don't mind  
Now all the dreary chores are done  
Don't you deserve a break  
Come on back to my place now  
I'll fix the rarest steak  
Oops, the champagne I did spill  
The light is oh so dim  
Is it on your pants as well  
Then give me both of them  
They'll soon be nice and clean and dry  
Sit by me in my chair  
You read the Songs of Solomon  
I'll brush your long blonde hair  
Your shy and gentle kisses sweet  
Are my romantic feast  
They've been the goal of my campaign  
Of Romancing the Beast*