

"YKK"

by Paul Moore

I was but a virgin boy, at Butlins by the sea
when I met an older girl, who took a shine to me
The flirting was outrageous, the looks we shared intense
So much so I went to buy some condoms in the gents

I was so excited, I thought my jeans would rip
When she lunged towards my SO's, and yanked hard on the zip
But Lindy was frustrated 'cos, the sod it wouldn't budge
I had to feed her hunger with home-made Devon fudge.

Can't they make a decent zip, that doesn't oxidise?
Why do zips from YKK bring tears to your eyes

Chorus

YKK, YKK, why oh why oh why
Don't you know I never pull, however hard I try
YKK, tell me why you sell so bleedin' well
you surely make the fasteners from hell

When Lindy whispered softly, take me home to bed
I floored my Honda Moped the, revs were in the red
She wanted my helmet, the rain began to fall
Lindy was getting moist, that wouldn't hurt at all
We got all passionate, as Lindy unzipped my flairs
But then my bloody YKK got tangled with her hairs.

Chorus

Bridge

Lindy blubbered wearily, this is all down to fate
You'll have to find another girl if you wanna fornicate