

Came the spring of my life and my sweetie said to me,
"Come sit here beside me, Hun, and I will set you free."

Then rolling on to summer said my lovely without flair
"You're squishing me my pumpkin move a little over there."

And on we go to fall when she met my eyes and said,
"Friend, could you move just a little over THERE instead."

Then winter, frigid winter came that woman glared and squealed,
Young brute go far, and I mean far, to THAT side of the field!

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