

Her Tattoo

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After our first date or two, Sue told me bout her special tattoo
Well hidden from public view, it was only for the people she knew really well
And I was hoping like hell, that I would find myself, in that crew.
I started to wonder what it said, and where it might be found
It began to bug me all the time, and my mind went round and round

A peace sign, I love my mom, Kilroy was here
What kind of message would appear
Would it be round or square, or red white and blue
I could sure use a clue, 'bout her tattoo.

In preparation for our third date, I realized I just couldn't wait
I called her up and asked her for a hint, or I'd be quite nuts by our dinner next week
She was sweet but quite firm, I could tell it rang her bell to make me squirm
Pretty soon I couldn't sleep or eat, my obsession grew and grew
Even work took a backseat, there was nothing I could do

A red rose, a shining star, a mug full of beer
Was it way down there, or right up here
Would it be round or square, or red white and blue
She wouldn't give me a clue, bout her tattoo.

It's funny how a little spark can create a raging fire
It's funny how some mystery can inflame desire.

Now I'm able to sleep at night, and everything's okay
We finally had our third date, and I can safely say
No peace sign, no shining star, no Kilroy was here
That's not the kind of message that appeared
No rose, no I love Mom, no red white and blue
Now I don't need a clue, cuz I've had my first view, and now I'm in love with Sue with no tattoo.