

Lady
Girlies Hit the Town

TOTTER-TOTTY, spindle heels,
Crotch-high hemlines, senseless squeals:
Here they come, the massed moronics.

Downed a dozen vodka tonics,
Then silly shrilly shrieking blight
With crackpot cackles fills the night.

The night? If so, who would condemn? –
But this erupts at 3 am.

Shrieking, shouting, here they come:
What made us think that blondes were dumb?
They're screaming like a tortured cat,
Bellies bare with rolls of fat.

Ladettes – they're louts, but much more shrill,
On the prowl and on the Pill –
With great fat thighs, an awesome sight,
While the screeching scars the night.
The night? It's only 3 am,
But here's a tide you cannot stem.

Ladettes are louts in skimpy vests
And apt, alas, to flash their breasts –
And afterwards, alas again,
They're horizontal on a drain.
Clubs' blue lighting bathes the scene,
Turning revel vomit green.