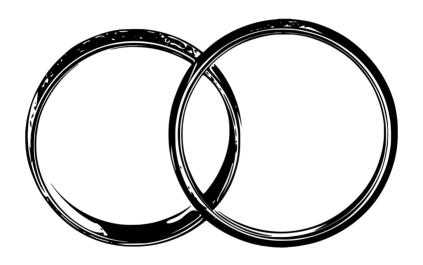
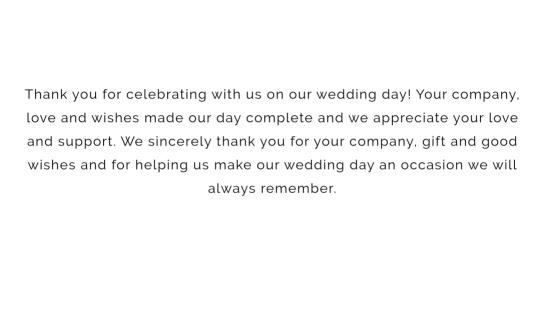






SHEREECE & CARL | 14.09.2024





Yes, I'll marry you, my dear, and here's the reason why;
So I can push you out of bed, when the baby starts to cry,
And if we hear a knocking, and it's creepy and it's late,
I hand you the torch to see, and you investigate.

Yes I'll marry you, my dear, you may not apprehend it, But when the tumble drier goes, it's you that has to mend it. You have to face the neighbour, should our Labrador attack him, And if a drunkard fondles me, it's you that has to whack him.

Yes I'll marry you, you're virile and you're lean,
My house is like a pigsty, you can help to keep it clean.
That sexy little dinner, which you served by candlelight,
As I do chipolatas, you can cook it every night!

It's you who work the drill, and put up curtain track,
And when I've got PMT, it's you who gets the flak,
I do see great advantages, but none of them for you,
And so before you see the light, I do, I do, I do!



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