

Four Cold Feet - C

Marty Funcell – 6/20/10

Four cold feet, twenty chilly toes trying to get warm
Finding each other with an undercover swarm
They touch and intertwine like two lovers full of wine
Seeking each other out the arches make out
The toes embrace in a big group hug
Their temperature rises and awakes the love bugs
The heat spreads up the legs and into the chest
The arms begin to move, the hands caress
Passion arouses, the lips meet their spouses
Two nude forms let their desires perform
Four cold feet, twenty chilly toes trying to get warm