

Big Busted Girl

by Bob Boucher, July 2011

When I was young and dated girls
with A's, B's, and rounded C's.
I often wondered how it would be
to date a girl with double D's.

Oh yes, a lass so well-endowed,
a real stand out, in any crowd.
But O when nude she did recline,
her image then, was not divine.

Her huge left breast just flowed away
from chest to bed and there did stay.
Her huge right breast, a mind of its own,
around the room began to roam.

From chest to bed, and thence to floor,
proceeding to, the nearest door.
I then leaped up and grabbed it quick
forgetting all about my dick.

All's well that ends well, said she,
call it our karma or our destiny.
Next time when shopping for some tail,
I chose a small and slender quail.