

A Useless Titty Ditty
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Come gather 'round children, I'll sing you a song
It's totally right, and a little bit wrong
It tells of a man who while shaving was he
Transfixed in the mirror by epiphany

He put down his razor and stared at his chest
And what he beheld there would not give him rest
They'd been there his whole life, at least that was sooth
But how had he missed this impossible truth

He thought and he prayed but he could not divine
A reason that man-splained this disturbing find
One possible reason perturbed his best doubt
So feigning not knowing he started to shout

If I am a man tell me why this odd twosome
That look just like those on my wifey's sweet bosom
For her it makes sense, she has babies to feed
But as for my own I just can't see the need

Surely God planned this but still it's a quandry
What had he in mind when he put nipples on me
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tit
These boobies of mine have me all in a snit
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tun
Please say I'm not just a rejiggered woman

We can't say you're not a rejiggered woman

Perhaps over budget or just out of time
Or maybe just pranking on poor humankind
Two rosey pink posies upon hairy chest
Can only make sense if God left them in jest

Perhaps God was frugal designing us creatures
And left them as strange undocumented features
It's true they feel good when my lady doth suck 'em
Was that by design or just holy dumb luck, hmm?

Surely God planned this but still it's a quandry
What had he in mind when he put nipples on me
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tum
These knockers of mine leave my humor quite numb
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tun
Please say I'm not just a rejiggered woman

We can't say you're not a rejiggered woman

It's all sinking in now, I see what this means
God needed to shuffle humanity's genes

Why waste time creating a whole new design
He'd built him a woman and she worked just fine

I'll just rearrange a few parts here and there
Some sticky-out junk and a little more hair
At last when he'd finished he smiled with great pride
I've taken an innery and turned her outside

Surely God planned this but still it's a quandry
What had he in mind when he put nipples on me
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tup
These hooters of mine got me all twisted up
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tun
Please say I'm not just a rejiggered woman

We can't say you're not a rejiggered woman

God's smile faded fast as He surveyed his plan
He'd left areolae upon the poor man
I doubt that they'll notice but iffing they do
His wee tweak-ed brain will not suffer a clue

But one humbled man, and it wasn't through grace,
Could see the truth staring him straight in the face
Toward women he vowed n'er to act such a knave
Then shrugged, gave a sigh, and he finished his shave

We're made in His image, the Bible does tell
So God, as a He, must have nipples as well
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tess
My God is just a reconfigured Goddess
Ti titti ti titti ti titti ti tun
Both Man and his God are rejiggered woman

They both finally see they're rejiggered woman