

Mean Miss Treater
(Greb)

She had a way of walkin' that'd make blood come out'chere eyes
She was knockin' me out with those American thighs
When she sidled up to me I was a bit surprised
I couldn't help myself I started telling her lies

She was mean – mean Miss Treater
She was mean – mean Miss Treater

She ahd high heeled boots and a leather mini skirt
She said if I was good then she would make me hurt
She seemed all talk: nothing but a flirt
Much to my chagrin she started rippin' my shirt

She was mean – mean Miss Treater
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She said she was ready and I said that I was ready too
I thought that I was ready for what she was gonna do

She had a brass bed and she cuffed me to the top
Then she beat on me with a leather riding crop
She spanked me so hard I thought that I would pop
And all she did was laugh when I begged for her to stop

She was mean – mean Miss Treater
She was mean – mean Miss Treater

Now that it's over I feel like such a gimp
I can't believe that I was such a simp
Her wild horse antics turned me into a wimp
Because of that woman I am permanently limp

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