

I Married A Hooker

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After returning from a two week enforced sabbatical, a bit of humor is in order...me thinks..

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-poems/i-married-a-hooker.aspx>

I met a girl who walked the street,
I have to say she really looked sweet,
Tight skirt of leather and lace,
Long hair framed a pretty face,
Didn't take much more than a glance,
To realize I wanted to get into her pants,
Next time I saw her walking by,
I chugged my beer and went over to say 'Hi,'
She asked me if I wanted to go out,
What she did for a living, there was no doubt,
Just to make sure there is no misconception,
I normally don't pay, this was an exception,
The girl looked so fine and seemed so nice,
I figured she might be worth the price,
So I headed home in a mad dash,
Reached into a drawer and grabbed some cash,
I went back and grabbed her by the hand,
Fully expecting a one night stand,
The first time we rented a room,
It was quick, just 'bing, bam, boom,'
But we started meeting here and there,
It soon becoming a regular affair,
Got to a point where it was 'What the heck?'
I should just sign and give her my check,
But this girl could really do it all,
And for her I was starting to fall,
Though of her skills I never got bored,

She was a bit more than I could afford,
But, if she really wanted more,
I was prepared to rob a store,
Though she was a really great lay,
I just could no longer afford to pay,
So I figured if I have to pay for every lick,
It might be cheaper to marry the chick,
But when my friends comment 'Your wife's a looker,'
I hate to admit I married a hooker.

04-13-10.