

When my friends bet me, I could not date my way through the alphabet skit.

So during this time, I started dating my way through the alphabet because I have friends that will goat you into doing ridiculous things when you're drinking. So during that time, I met a man and I was going quit. I was gonna lose the bet. I decided I had found Mr. Right. He had money. He had his own house. He had a job. He worked and everything. So he proposed to me, and he bought me the biggest engagement ring I have ever seen in my entire life. Of course, I don't have it anymore because I had to give it back, but that's another story.

So I went to go get my nails done. I went home, and I was so happy to see him. He was in my house. He called me upstairs and there he was standing in front of my full-length mirror, wearing my favorite dress and strappy silver heels. You know a lot goes through your mind when you see something that unexpected, and you have to really think before you speak. So I began searching my mind for a reference and J. F. Hoover was the head of the FBI and worn ladies lingerie, as does Johnny Depp. He loves lace, and Bruce Jenner has brought this really to the forefront. So I tried to make this work. I would lay down on a gurney, and we'd play nurse Jackie. I would sneak toilet paper into Victoria Secrets (for bra stuffing). I would sneak dresses to him, so he could try them on (at the mall). I drew the line at dressing alike.

Well he only liked my clothes, so I had to end it because I couldn't afford to keep buying new clothes. So I did what a lot of people do in my situation. I wrote a song about it. This is how I get even.

Song

I hear you. I want you. I see you. Oh oh oh oh oh oh, Whyyy.

Is that my dress? My very best. Now that it's all stretched out it is a mess.

Do you know hair and stubble don't go well with that dress? What am I to do?

I want to laugh. I want to run. I'm thinking maybe you're just having fun.

Is there something wrong with me or something wrong with you. I wish I knew.

My lingerie is now on you. I'm standing here not knowing what to do.

Now must hide my clothing from my girls and from you. What am I to do?

I'm so upset. I'm seeing things. Is this the man who just proposed to me?

Am I the kiss of death or Karma's after me? Oh, how can this be?

My lingerie is now on you. I'm standing here not knowing what to do.

There're other things about you that are really quite nice. Should I just think twice.

He's behind me isn't he. This is my life. You could not make this stuff up.

Thank you for hearing and to the fabulous Greg Rice.