

# 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 inney 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