

Mr Big Bad Bathtime

oh mr big bad bathtime you soothe me with your bubbles and your bath bombs and your suddy soapy goodness please deliver unto me your lavender infused oils and your Enya's Greatest Hits and your big glass of red wine and hold me tighter and closer and if you let me go i may perish, my bathy boy.

oh my mr big bad bathtime you heal me to the core with your lobstering heat but when you cool don't fear i will top you up with the gentle tickles of mr hot-tap and when you are past the point of no return i will put on my wooliest socks and thickest Christmas jumper and we will be together all night long.

oh my darling mr big bad bathtime you are the only one who understands that working and living and loving (and laughing) is so hard and you are always here for me with your nice wet tub and emotional detox bath salts and your little cousin ms cathy fabric-softened-towel who smells of sunset spring meadows.

oh my darling angel mr big bad bathtime grow out your clawed feet and pop on down to the office where barbara in hr needs a stern talking to about what the h in hr stands for because if she knew once she has certainly long since forgotten unlike you my dear one who wraps me in tenderness night after night.

oh my darling angel lover mr big bad bathtime please let me sail in you to my place of work and to that street a lady should never walk down and hold my hand as i wear what a respectable lady should never wear and then you will always protect me like you do in the evenings roughly between 7.30 and 9.30pm.

oh my darling angel lover my one and only mr big bad bathtime if only you ruled the world like you rule my world you are my mr president and my lord and master and i hate when they tell me I deserve more because i shouldn't have to expect that, not with you in my life, my mr big bad bathtime.