From Wench It Came - A Toast to All

I am a wench as you can see,

Travelled many ports, and the high sea,

My pirate man always huntin' treasure,

He likes my chest for his pleasure,

My pirate he is the best,

When it comes to oogling and my fine chest,

My pirate makes me laugh and quiver,

When he puts the shiver in me timber,

One fine secret when he holds his keg,

Under his pants, that is no peg leg,

His parrot on the shoulder likes to watch,

I give him a carrot and he avoids the crotch,

My pirate man often moody, until he gets some fine booty,

911, 356, and Boxster we are the mateys at the gear,

Make friends at WOTY we have nothing to fear,

Pirates of Porsches keep your wenches close at hand,

Never can tell where a pirate may lay his hand,

Race our cars and party all you folks from Porscharrrrr,

Everglades PCA have fun, chow down and drink the beerarrrrrrrrrrrrr,