THE CHIHUAHUA WAIL

I got a sweet, plump puppy, chihuahua waddle when she walk

Got me a sweet little puppy, she wah wah waddle when she walk

There ain't a canine Casanova don't spin round on his leash and gawk

She lies on the sofa, chihuahua watches that front door

Lies all day on the sofa, she wah wah watches that front door

When I wah-walk home through it, she licks my whole face raw

**CHORUS:** When she walk she waddle

When she licks she kiss

When she woof she holler

And she howl like this: ***[mucho dog wail]***

I let her ride in the front seat, I feed her all the steak chihuahua wants

Let her ride in the front seat, let her feed on all the steak she wants

'Coz when I scratch her ears and nuzzle, she just closes her big eyes and grunts

**CHORUS**

I got me a howlin' chihuahua, chihuahua warble and she wail

I got me a howlin' chihuahua, she wah wah warble and she wail

She yap she woof she snuffle, chihuahua wag some tail

**CHORUS**

COOTIE PAGEANT

Some cooties are beauties, the belles of the ball—

To lice, they’re the nicest cooties of all.

So here’s to Miss Cootie, 'tis thee we salute!

How beauteous thy gluteus! be bounteous, thy fruit!

The Miss Cootie Pageant was held just last night;

Miss Beiruti Cootie and Miss Parisite

Were the Queen’s Honor Court; but their Queen, the Flea’s Knees,

Was that cutie of cooties, Miss Louse Angeles!

Some snooties paraded, and kicked up a ruckus,

And claimed it degraded all decent bloodsuckers—

But how good the loot is! And how grand to see

That Miss Cootie’s swimsuit is minuter than she!

Miss Cootie’s state duties begin next weekend

With a tour of your city. Please come! Bring a friend!

Singing, “Here’s to Miss Cootie, hirsute in her suit!

How beauteous thy gluteus! be bounteous, thy fruit!”

*If you’re the kind who won’t bathe till you smell kind of fruity,*

*You may find you’re the kind they’re inclined to unwind with,*

*Slurping your sweat, and twerking the wet from their booty. (Ew!)*

Tonight all the cooties are holding a dance,

And they’ll party till dawn in the folds of your pants,

And there they will boogie and bop till they drop,

And dance the incomparable Crazed Cootie Hop.

And when they have drunk too much wild dandruff wine,

They’ll link arms and hiccup in a long cootie line.

If you feel an itch rippling round your patootie,

It may be a whole heap of hiccupping cootie.

Some cooties are goofy, some cooties are gluttons,

Some cooties make whoopee in old folks’ belly-buttons,

Some cooties are beauties, the belles of the ball;

So here’s to Miss Cootie, the Cutest of All!

Singing, “Here’s to Miss Cootie, the Cutest of Cute:

How beauteous thy gluteus! be bounteous, thy fruit!”

LA CHANSON DE THOMAS DE TONNERRE

Thomas de Tonnerre, fossoyeur de Fécamp

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

a vu quelque chose de terrifiant: **HOOOOOOOH!**

La lune était pleine et le cimetière désert

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

Personne n’était là sauf Thomas de Tonnerre: **HOOOOOOOH!**

Il était heureux, il a voulu chanter

*(mais il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

Il chantait un peu comme une vieille vache à lait: **MEUUUUUUUH!**

D’un trou dans la terre est sorti un fantôme

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

un corps de girafe et une tête de vieil homme: **HOOOOOOOH!**

Le fantôme a ouvert sa bouche comme une tombe

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

ses dents étaient longues et ses yeux étaient sombres: **HOOOOOOOH!**

“Et qui vient ici où nous dormons en paix,”

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

“pour chanter tout haut comme une vieille vache à lait?” **MEUUUUUUUH!**

“Vous trouvez peut-être ma réaction étrange,”

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

“mais si j’entends jamais plus votre voix, je vous mange!” **HOOOOOOOH!!!**

Thomas de Tonnerre, il est tombé tout de suite

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

plus silencieux qu’une pomme de terre frite: **SHHHHHHHH!**

Alors, si votre voisin(e) ne chante pas cet air

*(et il n’a plus jamais rien dit à personne)*

c’est peut-être l’enfant de Thomas de Tonnerre:

**HOOOOOOOH!**

**MEUUUUUUUH!**

**SHHHHHHHH!**