

Songs

Written by Dr. John E. Russell Sr - Last Updated Thursday, 25 August 2016 17:58

Ode to allergies

To the tune of
"Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing":

Pollen, on a high and windy hill,
In the morning breeze,
Two lovers sneezed,
And their hearts stood still.
It is nature's way of givin'
A reason to stop livin'

The golden rod is
The only thing
That makes a man a "thing."

Hay Fever is a very "funny" thing.

(You may think it's funny, but it's not).
Here's looking ATCHOO!

(Dredicated to all allergy-sufferers.)

BAWL GAME

To the tune of "Take Me Out to the Ball Game":

Bawl me out to the take game,

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Bawl me out to the crowd,
Buy me some nutpe and jackercracks.
I don't bare if I ever get crack.

Then it's hoot, hoot, hoot
for the rome team.
Though I adshame its a mitt,
For it's one, two, free trikes
You're out!
Of the old gall bame!

SONGS THAT NEVER MADE IT

THE FLY SONG

When you and I were young maggots, dear.

THE PARATROOPER'S LAMENT

A little-bitty tear* lemme down,
Spoiled my act on the ground.
I'm so happy I could frown
'cause a little bitty tear lemme down.
*[pronounced tare]

DACHSHUND COMMERCIAL

Get a long, little doggie,
Get along....

HOME ON THE RANGE

Overheard recently on the range:
A deer said to an antelope,
"Shh, I think I just heard a discouraging word."

PC RAP

Spock, Spock,
the baby doc,
leads a peace march
'round the block.
Around him everywhere you look,
are kids he messed-up with his book!
(Mad Magazine)

BOLL WEEVIL RAP

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Th' fust time I seen the boll weevil
it wuh kindly rare.
Th' next time I seen the boll weevil
he had alla his family there!

He's jus' lookin' fo a home.
Jus' lookin fo a home.

We wuh jus' sittin' aroun'
havin' a friendly chat.
When I found dat doggone bug
done made hisself a home
in my bran' new Sunday hat!

He's jus' lookin' fo a home.
Jus' lookin fo a home.

So, the farmer take duh weevil
and he sets him on a cake ah ice.
"My!" said the weevil to th' farmer
"It's mighty cool and nice"

"Hit'll be my home."
"Hit'll be my home!"

So, the farmer take the weevil
and he throws him
in the red-hot fire.
"My!" said the weevil to th' farmer
"Hit's kindly warm in hyar!"

"But, hit'll be my home
"Hit'll be my home!"

Now, if enybody ax you
who wrote dis song
tell 'em
wuh a light-complected fella
wit a paira blue duffies on.

He's looking fer a home.
He's looking fer a home.

HIT HAIN'T AGONNA RAIN NO MORE
Frog a-sittin' on a lilly pad

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gazin' in th sky.
Lilly pad broke
frog fell in
got water all in his eye.

Oh, it hain't agonna rain no more
Oh, it hain't agonna rain no more.
How in the heck
can I wh m' neck
when it hain't agonna rain no more?