

Tom Lehrer, Poisoning Pigeons In The Park

Spring is here, ah spring is here
Life is skittles,
Life is beer
I think the loveliest time of the year is the spring,
I do, don't you? 'course you do
But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me,
And makes a evr'y Sunday a treat for me.
all the world seems in tune
On a spring afternoon,
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park
Ev'ry Sunday you'll see
My sweetheart and me
As we poison the pigeons in the park.
When they see us coimg the birdies all try an' hide,
But they still go for peanuts when coated with cyanide
The sun's shing bright,
Ev'ry thing seems all right
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.
We've gained notoriety
And caused much anxiety
In the Audubon Society
With our games
They call it impiety
And lack or propriety
And quite a variety
Of unpleasent names
But it's not against any religion
To want to dispose of a pigeon!
so if Sunday your free
Why don't you come with me
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park
And maybe we'll do
In a squirrel or two
While we're poisoning the pigeons in the park
We'll murder them all amid laughter and merriement
Except for the few we take home to experiment
My pulse will be quicknin'
With each drop of strick'nine
We give to a pigeon
It just takes a smigdeon!
To poison a pigeon in the park.