

Don McLean, On The Amazon

There's a danger zone, not a stranger zone
Than the little plot I walk on that I call my home
Full of eerie sights, weird and skeery sights
Ev'ry vicious animal that creeps and crawls and bites!!

On the Amazon, the prophylactics prowl
On the Amazon, the hypodermics howl
On the Amazon, you'll hear a scarab scowl
and sting zodiacs on the wing

All the stalactites and vicious vertebrae
Hunt the stalagmites while laryngitis slay
All that parasites that come from Paraguay in the spring
Hmm, hmm hmmm

Snarling equinox among the rocks will seize you
And the fahrenheit comes out at night to freeze you

Wild duodenum are lurking in the trees
And the jungle swarms with green apostrophes
Oh, the Amazon is calling me

On the Amazon, the pax vobiscum bite
On the Amazon, the epiglottis fight
On the Amazon, the hemispheres at night all slink where the agnostics drink

All the hippodromes that lie concealed in mud
Hunt the metronomes that live in swamp and flood
Then the kodachromes run out and drink their blood, poor ginks

While velocipedes among the weeds will scare you
And the menopause with hungry jaws ensnares you

Frenzied adenoids infest the hills and slopes
Everyone avoids the deadly stethoscopes

Oh, the Amazon is calling
Yes, the Amazon is calling
Oh, the Amazon is calling me-ee!!