

Lemon Demon, Stick Stickly

I remember
When I was just a boy,
Summer afternoons
Would fill me up with joy.

I'd sit right down,
Turn on the TV.
Every day
I'd giggle mischevously.

I remember
Laughing like a buffoon
When I'd watch him
On Nick in the Afternoon.

He was my favorite thing
About Nick,
Yes that little
Popsicle, Stick Stickly!
(Ooh-oo-hoo!)

And he'd sing,
Write to me,
Stick Stickly!
P.O. Box 963
New York City,
New York State,
10108!
10108!

It's been years now,
Since his show has aired.
We sent a letter, it got
Returned, and now we're scared.

Where'd he go?
What did they do with him
When they decided they were
Through with him?

Did they break him,
Or burn him down for heat?
Were his googley eyes
Thrown out in the street?

Or is he fine?
That's what I'm praying.
I recall he was always saying,
Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down!

And he'd sing,
Write to me,
Stick Stickly!
P.O. Box 963
New York City,
New York State,
10108!
10108!
10108!
10108!