

Les Claypool, Buzzards Of Green Hill

Johnny come lately
All through the county
They come from the city
Out here to Green Hill
Drivin' like bastards
Stompin' the throttle
The buzzards of Green Hill
Grow fat on road kill

Awwwww
Little Fuzzy Wuzzy was a baby bear
Little Fuzzy Wuzzy didn't have no hair
Little Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy was he
But he didn't give a good hot damn

Little Ruby had a purdy kitty cat
Brother ran him off with a Tee-Ball bat
Out on Green Hill the little kitty cat sat
'Till it met a '96 Dodge Ram

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(Guitar solo)

HEY, HEY, HEY, HEY

(More guitar)

Old John Donovan was drinkin' late
Took his car keys and he taunted fate
Swervin' across the interstate
Crashed a mother and her son cold dead

Took John Donovan and hucked him in jail
He dipped in his wallet and posted bail
He made it back home before the sunrise shine
And slept in his very own bed

This little piggy won't cast a stone
That little piggy won't pick a bone
But these little piggies don't stand alone
When justice needs to be fed

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(Another guitar solo - this one's cooler though, lol)

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