

Ren & Stimpy, Kilted Yaksmen Anthem

Stimpy: Remember the royal anthem of the kilted yaksmen!

Our country reeks of trees

Our yaks are really large

And they smell like rotting beef
carcasses...

And we have to clean-up
after them

And our saddle sores are
the best.

We proudly wear women's
clothing.

And searing sand blows up
our skirts.

Ren & Stimpy: And buzzards,
they soar overhead.

And poisonous snakes devour
us whole.

Our bones will bleach in
the sun.

Stimpy: That's it

Ren & Stimpy: And we will
probably go to ****.

And that is our great reward

For being the - uh - roy-yal

Canadian kilted yaksmen

Stimpy: Come on everybody

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beef carcasses

And we have to clean-up
after them

And our saddle sores are
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clothing

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