

Rick Moranis, Bonus Track

I'm wearing fifty ex-chinchillas
And a gator each per boot
Hog-tied around my waste-line
Suede trimming on my suit
Got a bear-skin rug and leather couch
And antlers on the walls
Goose-neck lamps and decoys make
Impeccable duck calls
Had a mixed grill fry for breakfast
Pair of mutton chops for lunch
Rare sirloin tips for supper
George Foreman'd by the bunch
A nightcap chaw of jerky
And a cup of ox tail soup
A swig of wild turkey
Makes a happier coop.
And I say Oh so bucco
What the heck's the big old deal
Was I away the day that someone said
A monkee invented the wheel?
My after-shave's been tested
On a thousand stubbled rats
My hearing aid's derived from tech
Discovered from trained bats
My (L)ipitor cured countless chimps
Before it could save me
No that ain't me tap dancin'
Those are new titanium knees
And I say Oh so Bucco
What the hell's the big kaboo
For some of us to have a fine old time
We've got to sacrifice a few.
I didn't see the Prius turn
I honked the Hummer's horn
The moose, the rack, the rods and guns
The whole front end was shorn
They flew me to Bethesda
Choppered me in DOA
Left behind the liver
Rushed my kidneys to L.A.
My hair wound up in transplant
My lips were wrapped and sealed
Tongue tied up in customs
My skin was dried and pealed
Corneas went Fedex
Eardrums next day ground
Took whatever's workin'
Left the rest in lost and found
Now I am Oh so Bucco
Eventually you crash and burn
To everything there's open season