

Robert Earl Keen, Mr. Wolf And Mamabear

Mr. Wolf and Mama Bear were banging on the door
I told 'em once, I told 'em twice, don't come 'round here no more
They've stolen all our chickens, they killed our neighbor's cat
Last night I saw 'em talking to big weasel and his rat
It's such a cozy neighborhood, we love our little town
Lately things ain't been so good, there's something goin' down

It happened just a year ago; someone hired a band
They had a dog and pony show that got clean out of hand
There was fur and feathers flyin', the son of the old goat
Said Coon-boy pulled a shotgun from his worn out overcoat
Bobcat killed Miss Peacock; Coon-boy shot the Mare
While Mr. Wolf smoked opium and grinned at Mama Bear

Two dead ducks lay there beside Miss Peacock on the floor
The fat goose grabbed the telephone and called the Dogs of War
The guineas begged for mercy, the pigs began to squeal
Coon-boy took the kitty, jumped in his automobile
Bobcat and the wheelman, the famous Wolverine
Shot out the light and in the night they faded from the scene

Chief Detective Rambouillet did not work for free
And Sheriff Hog was called away unexpectedly
The sheriff's re-election, the murder of the Mare
Might get Hog implicated with the Wolf and Mama Bear
So Rambouillet took up the case then shut it down for good
He bought a house in southern France but lives in Hollywood

The bodies of the bobcat and the famous Wolverine
Were found inside a motel room outside of San Joaquin
The city council voted the insurance board to pay
The victims of that heinous crime upon that dreadful day
And I watch from the shadows where beneath a frosty moon
Mr. Wolf and Mama Bear feed on a dead raccoon