

The Arrogant Worms, The Assumption Song

There was an old farmer who lived on a rock
He sat in the meadow just shaking his fist
At some boys who were down by the crick
Their feet in the water, their hands on their marbles
And play things and at half past four
There came a young lady she looked like a pretty young creature
She sat on the grass
She pulled up her dress and she showed them her rumples
and laces and white fluffy duck
She said she was learning a new way to bring
up her children so they would not spit
While the boys in the barnyard were shoveling refuse
And litter from yesterday's hunt
While the girl in the meadow was rubbing her eyes
At the fellow down by the dock
He looked like a man with a sizable home
In the country with a big fence out front
If he asked her politely she'd show him her little
Pet dog who was subject to fits
And maybe she'd let him grab hold of her small
Tender hands with a movement so quick
And then she'd lean down to suck on his candy
So tasty made of butterscotch
And then he spread whipped cream all over her cookies
That she had left out on her shelf
If you think this is dirty
you can go F**k yourself.