Wckr Spgt, The Finding Of The Foot

Here it is
The thugs must have dropped it
How lucky for us
We would have stopped at nothing
To get the box with your foot in it
But luckily we stopped here first
At the Twilight Cafe
Where it's always twilight
And the coffee's served hot
Day and night
Night and day
At the (Twilight)
At the (Twilight)
Twi-light Calf-ay-e-a.