

Springtime In Uganda

Blaze Foley

Idi Amin should be hung by his nose
In front of his palace without any clothes
Tied up with barbed wire and beat up with sticks
Relieved of his insides and filled up with bricks

He calls on his neighbors for three meals a day
He don't save his scraps he just throws them away
Hangs them and shoots them and tells God they died
He likes them toasted and pickled and fried

Kampala, Uganda on Saturday night
Idi Amin just stepped out for a bite
The waitress she ask him, "Can I help you please?"
Platter of elbows, a bowl full of knees
(And some thumbs too, and some eyelids, and some earlobes, and a Shirley Temple)

He has got medals all over his chest
He didn't win them he stole them I guess
Ears in his pockets and eyes in his stew
Don't try to stop him 'cause he might eat you (chomp chomp, gobble gobble, microwave)

Idi Amin just got married again
Instead of champagne they served penicillin
Rings on his fingers and sores on his toes
His shankers go with him wherever he goes
(That's what it sounds like when he's trying to sneak up on you
In his DuPont socks
That he gets for free
You get like 12,000 dozen pair free with every chemical warfare plant
)

Even his doggy has got syphilis too
If you were his doggy he'd give it to you
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn
He eats their babies as soon as they're born
(That's not, that's not wholesome
Peewee wouldn't do that, Mr. Rogers wouldn't do that
Dan Aykroyd wouldn't do that
I wouldn't do that
I don't think anybody here would do that
But he did it)

Idi Amin should be hung by his balls
Cut into pieces and tacked to the walls
So all of his horses and all of his men
Could never put Idi together again
Could never put Idi together again
Amin