

## 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