

Little Adolf

Bo Burnham

Here he is our little Bundle of joy
We did it honey it's a baby boy
We'll love him and raise him, till he finally leaves us
What should we name him?
How about Adolf

Little Adolf.

He's growing up, like little boys do
He's grown a mustache and he's only two
He's a pyrotechnic and he loves to play with knives
And our little buddy gives the weirdest high fives

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He's a dictator tot
Dictator tot

He gets a little bit angry, but he's smart as hell
And who taught him how to speak German so well?
He doesn't like milk soda hurts his head
I tried to give him juice, this is what he said:

"I hate juice, OK?"

"Ok, Hitler please drink your juice, I'm tired, I want to go to bed."

"Just, you know what? Get the juice out of here, out of this house, out of this country now."

"Hitler get the j... what do you want me to do with?" "Put the juice in camps and separate them."

"Separate juice? Hitler what you want me to do?, Separate them by flavor?, By like concentration?"

"Concentration eh?"

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