

Chipmunks Roasting on an Open Fire

Bob Rivers

Chipmunks roasting on an open fire

Hot sauce dripping from their toes

("Oh! That tickles!")

Yuletide squirrels fresh filleted by the choir

They poked hot skewers through their nose

("Ow! Wrong end, ya cowboy!")

Everybody knows some pepper and a garlic clove

Help to make them seasoned right

Tiny rats with a crisp golden coat

Will really hit the spot tonight

And now when Santa sees his tray

("Ho ho ho ho ho ho")

There'll be some homemade chipmunk jerky for his sleigh

("Mmmm...Hey, look at that!")

And every hungry child is gonna spy

To see if chipmunks really sing when they fry

And so I'm brushing on some honey glaze

To keep them crisp and juicy too

Let's hope they get served many times many ways

Tasty Chipmunks, good food

"OH Nat... Mr. Cole?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Seville?"

"Would you mind handing me the barbeque sauce? I am
starved!"

"Oh! No problem Dave. Hey listen, you best be havin'

two of those drumsticks, 'cause they're oh-so tiny and
there ain't much meat upon 'em"

"What about animal rights, Dave?"

"Put a sock in it Melvin"

"You know, for years people said you over-rated
hamsters were my meal ticket. Now I guess you could
just say you're my meal!"

"That's a good one, Dave...I always knew you was the
funny one in the group!"

"Damn straight!"

And so I'm offering some recipes
From chipmunk pie to chipmunk stew
I'm not really sad that it ended this way
Furry chipmunks screw you

"Did you hear that Melvin? Melvin? Melllllviiiiin?"

"Why, I'm sorry Dave, did you want Melvin? There's
plenty of Thagadore left though..."