

There will be people going cuckoo for my cuckoos  
Shoppers will be flocking to my shop  
Just a strain of that refrain will increase our fiscal gain  
They'll be lining up around the block  
Courtesy of nimble little fingers  
Little urchins working round the clock  
They were worthless as can be  
Now they're happy can't you see?  
As they help me to increase my stock

"What a fancy clock," they'll say  
Any price I set, they'll pay  
With a tune their hearts desire  
It's a Flouglemire

"What a wonderful song," they'll say  
As it takes their breath away  
With a melody to entice  
They'll pay any price!

We'll export them out to England, France, and China  
They'll adore them in the northern ports of Spain  
Yes a bonafide sensation  
As they enter every nation  
We'll be riding on the gravy train  
We'll be mopping up the money in the morning  
We'll be rolling in our riches, afternoon  
In the evening we'll dine on the finest food and wine  
And we'll eat it with a silver spoon

"What a fancy spoon," they'll say  
("Can I take your coat? ") You may  
("He's a cuckoo clock supplier, Mr. Flouglemire")

And we're sorry but no COD  
But we offer a full warranty  
But the warranty has expired  
You've been Flouglemired (Ha!)

"What a fancy clock," they'll shout  
As they pull their purses out  
Everyone will go berserk  
Now get these urchins back to work!