

Call it Canaveral
I won't say his name
Could have had anyone, he didn't
What do you think could make him stoop so low?
What do you think could make him
Stick his hands in my life
What on Earth could make him stoop so low?
What do you think could make him
Stick his cock in my wife
What on Earth could make him stoop so low?
I'd like to put him up there in one
I'd like to see his face
I'd like to put him up there in one
Blow him up into space
He'll fertilize the rice in China
With the cinders of his remains
Want to start a country somewhere
On an island or an archipelago
Or a peninsula, or an isthmus, or a fjord or
An inlet, or even a mountain
Print up stamps and money there
And they'll all have Oswalds face *Puric Mizra