

The Assumption Song

The Arrogant Worms

There was an old farmer
Who lived on a rock
He sat in the meadow
Just shaking his
Fist at some boys
Who were down by the crick
Their feet in the water
Their hands on their

Marbles and playthings
And at half past four
There came a young lady
She looked like a

Pretty young creature
She sat on the grass
She pulled up her dress
And she showed them her

Ruffles and laces
And white fluffy duck
She said she was learning
A new way to

Bring up her children
So they would not spit
While the boys in the barnyard
Were shoveling

Refuse and litter
From yesterday's hunt
While the girl in the meadow
Was rubbing her

Eyes at the fellow
Down by the dock
He looked like a man
With a sizable

Home in the country
With a big fence out front
And if he asked her politely
She'd show him her

Little pet dog
Who was subject to fits
And maybe she'd let him
Grab hold of her

Small tender hand
With a movement so quick
And then she'd bend over
And suck on his

Candy, so tasty
Made of butterscotch
And then he'd spread whipped cream

All over her

Cookies that she had
Left out on her shelf
If you think this is dirty
You can go fuck yourself!