

Raccoon, Rooster And Crow

The Felice Brothers

Raccoon and Rooster, well, they went fishing with Crow
Where the faint balloons of fire hover and glow
And the ringing woods are dark with mystery
'Ore the green mossy banks 'neath that old elm tree

"The moon," said Raccoon to Rooster "is a witch's kite"
As he hooked an old goldfish that had no fight
He reeled him in so gently, then he set him free
'Ore the green mossy banks 'neath that old elm tree

Raccoon wore an overcoat
Crow she wore a gown
Rooster wore a checkered shirt
He buttoned it up and down

Rooster rolled up a cigarette in repose
He let the bobber bob and sweetly dozed
A murky silhouette nibbled at his hook
'Ore the green mossy banks by the haunted brook

The ghost-eating fish
Swept up and took his pole
Rooster was dragged down
Down, down deep in the fishing hole

Well, Crow cried and cried and off ran Raccoon
He was only seen again in the light of the dreary moon
And Crow still caws and caws and lives all alone
And the fish, they hide from her, for they know her heart is st
one