

Now I met me a girl and her name was Frutch  
And she liked dirt and me very much  
She said if she'd met me during the war  
And she found me hiding underneath the door  
Even if she was German and I was Dutch  
She wouldn't shoot me  
She was a fine girl, Frutch  
Shot me last Tuesday

Now I met me a girl and her name was Scrot  
She kept a notebook with many a jot  
About how to turn a banknote into a cat  
And many such things just as useful as that  
But I told her she wouldn't dig it if she turned  
Into a piece of gunshot  
She didn't listen  
She was a fine girl, Scrot  
I got her right here in my shoulder now  
Thanks to Frutch

Now I met me a girl and her name was Blit  
And she bought a do-it-yourself submarine kit  
She tried it in the bath and it went down the plug  
And she was inside it, she was making it chug  
When she found there wasn't no place at all for  
Her to sit  
She didn't worry none  
She was a fine girl, Blit  
She was still standing when she passed Norroway  
For the fourth time

Now I met me a girl and her name was Twing  
She looked like a yoyo without a string  
She rolled up and down like a solid hoop  
Right round the block and right through the soup  
And right through the stew and the chicken stuffing  
She was a fine girl, Twing  
She was a good cook as cooks go...she went!

Now I met me a girl and her name was Plof  
She had a car with a nasty cough  
She fed it with aspirins and vitamin pills  
Lotions and potions for to cure all ills  
'Til you couldn't see the car for three miles of froth  
Big Claimsville  
She was a fine girl, Plof

Car don't cough no more  
Just sits in the garage all day long  
And screams for the doctor  
Hypochondriac!