Don Mclean "On The Amazon"

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There's a danger zone, not a stranger zone
Than the little plot I walk on that I call my home
Full of eerie sights, weird and skeery sights
Ev'ry vicious animal that creeps and crawls and bites!!

On the Amazon, the prophylactics prowl On the Amazon, the hypodermics howl On the Amazon, you'll hear a scarab scowl and sting zodiacs on the wing

All the stalactites and vicious vertebrae Hunt the stalagmites while laryngitis slay All that parasites that come from Paraguay in the spring Hmm, hmm hmmm

Snarling equinox among the rocks will seize you And the fahrenheit comes out at night to freeze you

Wild duodenum are lurking in the trees And the jungle swarms with green apostrophes Oh, the Amazon is calling me

On the Amazon, the pax vobiscum bite On the Amazon, the epiglottis fight

On the Amazon, the hemispheres at night all slink where the agnostics drink

All the hippodromes that lie concealed in mud Hunt the metronomes that live in swamp and flood Then the kodachromes run out and drink their blood, poor ginks

While velocipedes among the weeds will scare you And the menopause with hungry jaws ensnares you

Frenzied adenoids infest the hills and slopes Everyone avoids the deadly stethoscopes

Oh, the Amazon is calling Yes, the Amazon is calling

Oh, the Amazon is calling me-ee!!

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