

Four Bitchin' Babes "Viagra In The Waters"

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Just outside of Johnson City
On a dark and twisting road
In a Kenworth 18-wheeler
With a heavy, shifting load
He was pushing through to Binghamton
Though the hour was getting late
Pfizers finest on a mission
To the pharmacies upstate
He was on a holy mission
There were men who couldnt wait
(for his thirty thousand pounds of Viagra)
Hed clocked seven hundred miles
Since he climbed into the rig
Just another twenty-five or so
Would finish up that gig
But the trailer hit an oil slick
And down the hill did fly (Oh, my!)
Til it landed at the bottom
In the towns water supply
It was instant rigor mortis
What a hard way to die!

CHORUS:

Save your sons
Shield your daughters
There's Viagra
In the waters
All over Johnson City
People rising with the dawn
They drank their morning coffee,

Took their showers, watered lawns
And who could have predicted
All the changes up ahead?
Men were getting up for work,
And heading back to bed
So many called in sick,
You would have thought a virus spread
Down at the courthouse coffee shop
Some stared in disbelief
As a pack of thirsty lawyers
Started filling out their briefs
But at the local college

Young men appeared much smarter
No chromosomal mystery
They simply studied harder
Now water on the rocks
Is the latest party starter

CHORUS

The Johnson City firemen
Cursed their wretched luck
They could not get their fire hoses
Wound back on the truck
Sprinkling holy water at a funeral,
Father Ryan said
"I know Ive saved their souls,
But Ive never raised the dead.
Would a couple o strong men help me now-

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