

## Jonathan Coulton

### "Furry Old Lobster"

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When I was a young boy I'd follow the path  
Down past the dunes to the sea  
And there on the warm sandy beaches we'd lie  
The furry old lobsters and me  
They'd whistle and squeal as they ran through the waves  
So sleek, so furry and fair  
But now when I go down to see my old friends  
The beaches are empty and bare

Sing hey hidey ho, where'd the old lobster go?  
And his body so furry and brown?  
Sing ho hidey hey, have they all gone away?  
For we haven't seen many around

New York sends a monster to darken our seas  
Cursed be the day that it came  
They are ugly and small and not tasty at all  
They are lobsters in nothing but name  
They don't smash open clams on their bellies with stones  
They have neither whiskers nor paws  
And the furry old lobster's so easily crushed  
In the grip of their terrible claws

Sing hey hidey ho, where'd the old lobster go?  
And his body so furry and brown?  
Sing ho hidey hey, have they all gone away?  
For we haven't seen many around  
No we haven't seen many around  
No we haven't seen many around

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