

Dead Milkmen

"Dead Milkmen"

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You know what Stuart?
I like you. You're not like the other people here in the
trailer park.
Oh, don't get me wrong.
They're fine people.
Good Americans.
But, they're content to sit back, maybe watch a little
Mork and Mindy on channel 57.
Maybe kick back a cool Coors 16-ouncer.
They're good fine people, Stuart but they don't know,
what
the queers are doing to the soil.
You know that Johnny Wurster kid, the kid who delivers
papers in the neighborhood?
He's a foreign kid.
Some of the neighbors say he smokes crack, but I don't
believe it.
Anyway, for his 10th birthday, all he wanted was a
burrough owl
"Dad, get me a burrough owl. I'll never ask for anything
else as long as I live".
So the guy breaks down and buys him a burrough owl.
Anyway, 10:30, the other night, I go out into my yard.
And there's the Wurster kid looking up in the tree. I
said, "What are you looking for?"
He said, "I'm looking for my burrough owl".
I said, "Jumping Jesus on a pogo stick.
Everyone knows that a burrough owl lives in a hole in
the ground.
Why the hell do you think they call it a burrough owl,
anyway?"
Now Stuart, do you think a kid like that is gonna
know what the queers are doing to the soil?
I first became aware of this, about 10 years ago.
The summer my oldest boy Bill Jr. died.
You know that carnival that comes to town every year?
Well that year it came with a ride called the Mixer.
The man said, keep your head and arms inside the
mixer at all times.
But Bill Jr., he was a daredevil.
Just like his old man. He was leaning out saying, "Hey
everybody, look at me, look at me".

Oh, he was decapitated.
They found his head over by the snowcone concession.
A few days after that, I open up the mail and there's a
pamphlet in there, from Pueblo, Colorado.
And it's addressed to Bill Jr.
And it's entitled, "Do you know what the queers are
doing to our soil!"
Now Stuart, if you look at the soil around any large U.S.
city with a big underground homosexual population.
Des Moines, Iowa, for example. Look at the soil around
Des Moines, Stuart. You can't build on it, you can't grow
anything in it.
The government says it's due to poor farming.
But I know what's really going on, Stuart.
I know it's the queers. They're in it with the aliens.
They're building landing strips for gay Martians. I swear
to God. You know what Stuart, I like you.
You're not like the other people, here in the trailer park.

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