

## **Dead Milkmen "Stuart"**

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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 go get me wrong  
They're fine people  
They're good Americans  
But they're content to sit back

Maybe watch a little Mork & 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 Jonny Wurster kid?  
The kid that 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 tenth birthday  
All he wanted was a burrow owl  
Kept bugging his old man  
"Dad, get me a burrow owl"

"I'll never ask for anything else  
As long as I live"  
So the guy breaks down  
And buys him a burrow owl

Anyway, ten thirty, the other night  
I go out in my yard

And there's the Wurster kid  
Looking up in the tree

I say, "What are you looking for?"  
He says "I'm looking for my burrow owl"  
I say, "Jumping Jesus  
On a Pogo Stick"

"Everybody knows the burrow owl lives  
In a hole, in the ground  
Why the hell do you think  
They call it a burrow owl, anyway?"

Now Stuart, do you think  
A kid like that is going  
To know what the queers  
Are doing to the soil?

I first became aware  
Of this about ten years ago  
The summer my oldest boy  
Bill Jr. died

You know that carnival comes  
Into town every year?  
Well, this year they came  
Through 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"  
Pow, he was decapitated

They found his head over  
By the snow cone 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 US city  
There's a big underground  
Homosexual population

Des Moines, Iowa, for an 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 this trailer park

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