

Moxy Fruvous "Beware the Killer Tents"

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Beware the killer tents
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The tents are coming, over the hill
We thought they were inanimate
But now they're set to kill
At Falcon Ridge this summer
Somehow we've enraged the Falcon Gods
Tents have turned to creeping, crawling, body-
snatching pods

It was time for the big hoedown, it was Hillsdale '99
Susan Werner saw a tent pole grow like an ivy vine
Eddie from Ohio through his rear view mirror saw
How with reckless abandon they were eatin' people raw
(Tents, that is)

The Kennedy's tore Greg Brown
From his soul food bowl
Said surely nothing good can come from
Such a grassy knoll

Time to cut the mustard
And beat a fast retreat
Cause Vance Gilbert's looking tasty
And those tents they gotta eat
(They like the dark meat)

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Roger the Jester wasn't joshing when he said, "They'll
kill us all"
And an unharmonious wail announced the end of Ellis
Paul
Cry, cry, cry as they devoured, run, run, run as they
hurl

The undigested flesh of LJ Booth and Stacey Earle

They'll execute a Hudson crossing
As the mother tent commands
Slithering all the way from Utah Phillips
Screwdrivers in hand

To dismantle the machinery
From where folk feasts are flowing
So this time next year this field will just be
Wild Asparagus growing

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Tony Trischka's hallowed banjo
The hungry tents will sup
And even Ani will be swallowed
Up, up, up, up, up

From Ferron they'll exact
Their macabre vendetta
And the Nields will never have the chance
To get over that slut Greta

No Falcon Ridge performer will escape this ghastly
crime
Except for those who weren't invited
And those whose names are hard to rhyme
What of Fruvous, you may ask

Listen up, let me explain
We joined forces with the tents
And turned them into the King of Spain

Yes, with this terrifying army
Fruvous futures have been coupled
We've pissed off the folkies
But our ticket prices have been doubled

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