

## The Dead Milkmen

### "Bitchin' Camaro"

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I want everybody to raise your right or left hand. Now,  
repeat after  
me... No fuckin' way...

Crowd: No fuckin' way...

Am I gonna die...

Crowd: Am I gonna die...

In Exxon's war.

Crowd: In Exxon's war. (cheering)

Thank you, I'm holding you all to that. Since you all took  
that pledge,  
I'll tell you a story. This is the story of the best  
Thanksgiving EVER!

Crowd: (cheering)

Once upon a time, in the land of Thorndale  
Pennsylvania, which is about 30  
miles from here, there lived a little boy named Timmy.  
And Timmy was very  
sad. Aww!

Crowd: Aww!

Why was Timmy sad you might ask?

Crowd: Why?

I had a feeling you might ask that. Timmy was said  
because every  
Thanksgiving the adults would get to eat at the big  
adult table, and Timmy  
had to eat at a crappy little card table with his asshole  
cousins George  
and Georgette. Boo!

Crowd: Boo!

George and Georgette would drool constantly, oh that's beautiful, would drool constantly and they would wear their New Kids On The Block t-shirts.

Crowd: Boo!

Timmy went in to wash his hands, for he was very cleanly like all of us. Show me your hands. Keith don't show me your hands, keep them on the boards, there we go. Good, these are very clean hands, very nice. You need to scrape behind down this one finger, but other than that, very clean, very clean, all of you, very good.

Timmy washed his hands for half an hour. His asshole family couldn't wait, so they started to eat Thanksgiving dinner without him! Boo!

Crowd: Boo!

(to keyboard player presumably) What are you doing?

When Timmy came out from washing his hands, he found every member of his family rolling on the floor in great pain and agony. Mom and Dad were on the floor in agony, Grandpa, Grandma, Aunts, Uncles, even George and Georgette, they were all vomiting and cleaning out their noses and their ears and they were saying, "Oh, help us, Timmy, help us. Dial 911." But Timmy knew two things. First, he knew that 911 was a joke, for Timmy had been a member of Public Enemy!

Crowd: (cheering)

No, you're too white to interpret Public Enemy.

He also knew that they were all suffering from salmonella poisoning, because the family turkey had been kept in the trunk of the family car for two weeks. Let us hear it for the salmonella

bacteria.

Crowd: (cheering)

Invisible - Invisible to the human eye, yet it is the hero of our story.

Timmy watched them all die one by one. First, Mom and Dad died, then Grandpa, Grandma, Aunts and Uncles died, and finally his dweeb cousins George and Georgette died. Yay!

Crowd: Yay!

Timmy went to the adult table. He sat down at the head of the adult table.

And although he could not eat any turkey because it was tainted with food poisoning, he was able to have candied yams, he was able to have corn on the cob, he was able to have butter beans (fix some for me now?), he was able to have all that stuff. And for Timmy this was truly the best Thanksgiving ever!

What can we learn from Timmy? Absolutely nothing, I can't - I can't think of a damn thing. But it was a good story wasn't it? And it had a car in it. The family car, if you remember, where the turkey was kept for two weeks, was a bitchin' Camaro!

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