

Sesame Street "Swamp Mushy Muddy"

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Swamp Mushy Muddy
Swamp Mushy Muddy
Swamp Mushy Muddy
For a more pleasant spot
A grouch could never wish
Swamp Mushy Muddy
Swamp Mushy Muddy
Swamp Mushy Muddy
Is where grouches love to fish

When I throw my pole in
Or when I go trollin'
I always catch a rubber tire or a pan
It's ugly and smelly
And awful
And fishing is unlawful
And the air is like my garbage can

Oh, it's littered and crummy there
Filth and ooze and debris
So I lay on my tummy there
In the slime is where I'm gonna be

Swamp Mushy Muddy
Swamp Mushy Muddy
Where I can fish for trash
That floats upon the foam

Swamp Mushy Muddy, you're icky
You're tacky, blach and yicky
Mushy Muddy, disgusting and cruddy
Swamp Mushy Muddy, you're my second home

You can see the dead flies falling
From a poison ivy bud
It's revolting and appalling
How I love my Mushy Mud!
Mmmm

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