Small Fred

"The Marine's Lament Or The Pink Peril"

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From the halls of Montezuma To the shores of Tripoli I have fought my country's battles I have faced every enemy

I ain't scared of no Iraqi missiles I ain't scared of no Russian tanks If I'm captured and tortured all they'll get Is my serial number name and rank

You know I'd storm Baghdad to kick Saddam's butt Swim to Havana bring home Castro's beard For my buddies throw my body on a live grenade I guess I just don't know the meaning of fear

But please Please Please please please please Don't make me shower with a fairy Not a fairy--fairies scare me Cause a fairy might look at my weewee My weewee--it's so teeny

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