

Fiery Furnaces, The "1917"

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Going down Morgan with Janko, Jerko, and Jerry
We downed our Pils, and over at the South Shore, they
sipped their sherry
I opened my Kaiserized speller to learn what they know
Nurse killers, annexers-executioners, waouh!

Hey Slavonians, be ye mindful
That our 'tis tongue dies never
The happy Hun Felsch sure likes his blond beer
And I like his doubles so much I might even cheer

Last year he had enough and got fixed on the cardinal
Who'd pardon all
The riff-raff and all their sinister ways and halves and he
laughs
Over on fifty-sixth, and he's got the arsenic on his left
White Sock
And he sees the chicken stock in a big black pot
And he pours in the lot, but what ruined or saved the
day
Was that the soup then turned gray, and a hundred
higher-ups came
Back safe from the hospital to keep getting wafers
from Mundelein
But now the Gigantics are getting the tar taken out of
their pine
By my hero Red Faber and I'm ready
To get rapprochement with my neighbor
As part of the healthy back and forth
But not if he's from up north.

So I ask Dad, Why can't we ever win, ever win, once
Go ask Dad, why you can't ever win, ever win, once

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