

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Roadkill Cafe

Roadkill Cafe

(John Flynn)

Don't touch that brake, don't turn that wheel,
The life you save could be our next meal.
Four-legged critters make tasty dinners,
Went something splatters, we'll make a platter.

CHO: At the Road Kill Cafe,
We'll do it up your way.
We'll cook it fresh right from your grill to ours,
Just scrape it off the tire and we'll toss it on the fire.
Come chew the fat at the Road Kill Cafe.

A gentle swerve makes a squirrel h'ors dourves,
You just can't beat a - fresh racoon pita.
That mangled Chevy parked by the door,
Meant Bambi Parmesean for thirty-four.

We love it when you run down our menu,
Come chew the fat at the Road Kill Cafe.

RH

APR99