

The Anti-Garden Song

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(Eric Kilburn)

CHO: Slug by slug, weed by weed,
My garden's got me really teed
All the insects love to feed upon my tomato plants
Sunburned face, scratched-up knees
My kitchen's choked with zucchinis
I'm shopping at the A & P next time I get a chance.

The crabgrass grows, the ragweed thrives,
The broccoli has long since died.
The only things left still alive are some radishes and beans.
My carrot plants are dead and gone,
Hear the rabbits sing a happy song
Until you've weeded all day long
You don't know what boredom means
Chorus

You get up early, work till late
Watch moles and mice get overweight
They eat their dinners on a plate from the hard work you have done
As ye sow so shall ye reap,
But I smell like a compost heap
I'm gonna get that lousy creep
who said gardening was fun
Chorus

(Parody of Dave Mallet's "The Garden Song")

((c)1982, Eric Kilburn)

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