

At the 'Quarium

Tom Paxton

At the 'Quarium, the 'Quarium
All the fishes make the googlie eyes and stare-ium
And the other little fishes come and marry 'em
At the 'Quarium, where we can go.

Oh, the shark, shark, shark goes a-swimming in the dark
He's ferocious and he's hungry every day
In the foaming ocean tide, little fishes run and hide
'Till the great big shark will swim away.

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There's a little, bitty clam, and he's sitting on the sand,
and sits there every single day
And he doesn't wink an eye at the fishes swimming by,
and he doesn't have a single thing to say (Imagine that!)

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Oh, the octopus's charms are its long and slender arms
They're as long and they're as sticky as can be
And the octopus's fun is to hug its honey-bun,
but I don't believe I'd like it done to me (Yuck!)

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Oh, the swordfish has a sword that would stick right through a board
So he swims just about wherever he pleases
Who would ever have supposed, he'd have a sword instead of a nose?
Makes you wonder what he does whenever he sneezes (Ahh-choo!)

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