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The Cockroach that Ate Cincinatti

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I must offer to you a confession,
I like movies that give me a fright.
If the subject is horror,
I've got to see more or
I won't be contented all night.

You may call it my ghoulish obsession. It's a subject on which I get chatty. But the worst one it seems, Haunting all of my dreams, The "The Cockroach that Ate Cincinatti."

I've seen ghouls and hobgoblins and witches,
And some moth-eaten werewolves with bangs.
I've seen creatures that chattered,
And others that clattered,
And Japanese monsters with fangs. (ah-so)
Frankenstein gives me that shivers,
And Count Dracula's driving me batty.
But they're not quite as bad,
As the worst scare I've had:
"The Cockroach that Ate Cincinatti."

Well, he must have needed a seltzer.

It's amazing how much he got down.

For lunch he'd just chew,

Up a suburb or two.

For dinner he ate the whole town. (belch)

"Willard" just sent me out laughing.
I thought "Ben" looked a little bit ratty.
But they're not quite on par,
With the worst one by far:
"The Cockroach that Ate Cincinatti!"
Ole!

JY