Crispy Critters

C.W. McCall

One day about four or five years ago
We is settin' at the Conoco station
Kickin' tires, and swattin' flies
And discussin' the state of the UnionWhen right out in front of the Baptist church
Come a big old purple school bus
Had astrological signs upon it
And thirty-five hippies and dogs insideAbout half of 'em went for the courthouse lawn
And them dogs commenced on the fireplug
Rest of 'em set there starin' at us
And I says, "Roy, go get your flit gun"He says, "Which is the hippies?"
And which is the dogs?"
I says, "Beats the hell out of me, Roy"
What they was, was a bunch a' them crispy critters
And their leader was a space cadetHe says, "Sagittarius, we has arrived
Prepare to disembark, men
Get the incense goin' and the sitar out
We gonna camp in the city park, man"I says, "Boys, let me explain the situation to ya
A, you're gettin' me down
And B, we got us a leash law here
And C, you in the wrong town""You drop one string a' beads in that there park
And you gonna see a whole lot of stars
You got fifteen seconds to get out of town, boys
Or we gonna blow ya to Mars"Well, they all got back in the purple bus
And proceeded to the city limits
Then the telephone rang, was the swimmin' pool
Says a mess a' wild critters was in itSo we all got in the Marshal's Plymouth
Which is always at the Conoco station
Went flashin' on down to the swimmin' pool
To give them critters a citationBy the time we arrived, it was too damn late
Them critters is all had their pants down
Them dogs was tearin' the bathhouse apart
And they's after the fish in the fish pondI says, "Roy, you get the one in the silver T-shirt
And I'll get the rest with a net"
We gonna have a jail full of naked crispy critters
And a drip-dry space cadet"Well, we gave 'em hell, but we lost the war
'Cause them critters outnumbered us
So they moved in and set up camp
And they lived in that purple school busSix weeks later, there was nothin' in town
But eighty-four dogs and a head shop

Sellin' dried up weeds, and sunflower seeds
And astrological postcardsYeah, critters took over the City Council
And the dogs all barked their brains out
And the whole damn town was crispy critters
And the mayor was a space cadet

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