

# On The Amazon

Don Mclean

There's a danger zone, not a stranger zone  
Than the little plot I walk on that I call my home  
Full of eerie sights, weird and skeery sights  
Ev'ry vicious animal that creeps and crawls and bites!! On the Amazon, the prophylactics prowl On the  
Amazon, the hypodermics howl On  
the Amazon, you'll hear a scarab scowl and sting zodiacs on the wing All the stalactites and vicious vertebrae  
Hunt the stalagmites while laryngitis slay  
All that parasites that come from Paraguay in the spring  
Hmm, hmm hmmm Snarling equinox among the rocks will seize you  
And the fahrenheit comes out at night to freeze you Wild duodenum are lurking in the trees  
And the jungle swarms with green apostrophes  
Oh, the Amazon is calling me On the Amazon, the pax vobiscum bite  
On the Amazon, the epiglottis fight  
On the Amazon, the hemispheres at night all slink where the agnostics drink All the hippodromes that lie  
concealed in mud  
Hunt the metronomes that live in swamp and flood  
Then the kodachromes run out and drink their blood, poor ginks While velocipedes among the weeds will scare  
you  
And the menopause with hungry jaws ensnares you Frenzied adenoids infest the hills and slopes  
Everyone avoids the deadly stethoscopes Oh, the Amazon is calling  
Yes, the Amazon is calling  
Oh, the Amazon is calling me-ee!!

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