

Professor Nutbutter's House Of Treats

Primus

C'mon kiddies gather round.
Who's your foremost friend in town?
From main to maple the name resounds,
Professor Nutbutter.
He's the one, the humble one,
the Barkley County prodigal son.
Here to serve only you, Professor Nutbutter.
At old Nutbutter's house of treats
from jellied jams to sacks of sweets,
There's creamy and nutatious spreads for all.
Chemist, master of entomology the professor for a modest fee
Will cure what ails you, guaranteed Professor Nutbutter.
It's alright, don't fear the worm.
C'mon kiddies don't be shy
be youthful til the day you die.
The man the myth, the magic of Professor Nutbutter.

He's the one the only one the Meeklybville prodigal son.
Here to help us with ourselves, Professor Nutbutter
It's alright to fear the worm.
[It's all right to fear the worm. The worm, the worm is our friend.
Um, but not all of the properties of the worm can be, uh, fully, fully,
well, appreciated by the, uh, the human body itself, but, um it's,
it's, it's, it's ok to, to fear the worm. Um, I, myself, have had no,
uh, problems with the worm but in a certain situation, uh, I would
feel like, what, what, uh, ramifications, um, could occur? Uh, there's,
there's really no need to, uh, to fear much of anything, you know.
Fear of the, fear of the temptation is a, more, probably, more, more,
appropriate word in this particular scenario. Um, the, uh, well, It,
depends on what you want, I suppose. It really depends on, on
what you want.]

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