

# Ozzie Guillen

## Serengeti

I feel like Alonzo Spellman when he went crazy  
Hitchhiking in a hospital gown  
Until Samurai Mike came and cooled him down  
Man, Maureen made a real nice spread  
Cole slaw, kabobs, noodles and deviled eggs  
I feel like The Fridge when he met Reagan  
Filet mignon, baked potato, sour cream and bacon  
I haven't felt this way since Superbowl Twenty  
Or that time I met the Beringers outside of Ricobene's  
I swear O'Douls never made me feel like this  
Dancing to Phil Collins, loose by the hips  
I feel like Willie Gault, normally I'm Steve Fuller  
It's not my fault that I knocked over the cooler  
The meat's from Moo and Oinks in the dirt, wash it off  
Raise up your flame and put on some extra 'que sauce  
I keep whizzing, I keep eating all the chicken  
I jumped in the pool with Maureen's dog Mittens  
My Brooks are so heavy  
Man, O'Douls is making me tired  
My Craig Hodges jersey is dirty  
My shorts are in the dryer  
I feel like Mongo in '86 in his suite  
Hanging out with McMahon after the Bears got beat  
Or Lee Smith when they lost to the Padres  
Or when "Hawk" Dawson got hit in the face and got dazed  
I still don't forgive Eric Show to this day  
Or Scottie Pippen when told Phil he wouldn't play, like  
Ozzie Guillen  
Oh, you gonna let Toni Kucoc take the last shot?  
I lost to a kid in checkers  
And if I drive home this way call  
Victory Auto Wreckers  
Now it's night and I'm sleeping on Maureen's hood  
Sleeping on a Thunderbird with no shorts don't feel good  
Jueles has my keys and folded up my dry shorts  
She opens up the Fiero and I hop in head first  
Juelie, my Brooks are soaking wet  
My O'Douls just didn't taste right  
Jueles said "Hey Kenny," I said "Yeah"

She said "Kenny baby, you know you were drinking Bud Light?"

(Good job with the noodles, Maureen.)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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