Inca Rag / Name Game

The Fiery Furnaces

In the cracker barrel dumpster I found a bag:
Red-white striped, I opened it - gag:
Mummy day Pizarro dressed in a Inca rag
Call on in to work quick
Tell 'em that I'm sea sick.
Uncle Ricky's schooner's docked at Pampano Beach:
Weigh anchor and me and him each
Need some extra sunblock, do it for 'em he can't reach.
San Juan by next Sunday
Mummy, mummy, mummy.
Walking through the market, stop buy some rum and coke:
Plantains please, my mummy man spoke,
But you have to pay 'cos you know dude, I'm broke.
Sitting outside the sunset, are we in Cadiz yet?
Over to Majorca for few audience fit
Juan Carlos, his throne he go sit,
Throw the Mummy in the dungeon bottomless pit.
Appealing in The Hague say,
Mummy, mummy, mummy.
I was listening to Classic VH when I pulled an H. Singh
Drank myself to a stupor, ears started to ring
And I'll go to Finally Al's and type my brains away
Let's play Bacci and Horseshoes and Croquet
But no, not cricket 'cause I can't say their names
And I'll go to Finally Al's and type my brains away
Penguin, Moe, Sal, Chris
Penguin, Moe, Sal, Chrisssss

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

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