

Fragmentary March of Green

Ultimate Spinach

I am in a cookie jar
Playing on a pebble horn
And waiting for a horse drawn trolley car

I have a very fine job
I count all the frying fish
And make them pat amusements chance
And send their children off to school

You mus do good
You must do well
You must do good
You must do well
You must do good
You must do well
Because
because

You are the emperor's new cloths
And no one knows that you are full of holes
And so is he for keeping you around
I guess we better take him back to the lost and found

I don't care they'll never catch me
I don't care they'll never catch me
Let me be
let me be
let me be

I don't play with balloons
Because they always explode
And get gum stuck in my hair

His wife hangs him all the time
And tells her bridge book friends he's weak
His children kick him in the shins
This is his reward for cutting throats
So he'd succeed
and have his own desk
So he'd succeed

