Crisis In the Thin Yard

Tim Moore

Major scramble â€” in the dark
Gooch and Gino just missed the mark
Everyone is feeling hot to fade
Moose is on his way to freeze the braid
Oh no â€” someone better snuff the fuse
Thereâ€™s a crisis in the thin yard
Nobodyâ€™s getting through

See the brothers walkinâ€™ down the hall
to the last three hundred mail calls
Walkinâ€™ outside on the noonday break
with a pound of dirt in every leg
Oh no â€” hope they all got the news
Thereâ€™s a crisis in the thin yard
Nobodyâ€™s getting through

The Boston Spider just got popped
They found his piece in the laundry drop
And I guess weâ€™ll have to give up hope
The whole thingâ€™s turned into one big joke
Weâ€™re still a hundred feet from the slope

In the tower sits the shady screw
with his Thompson waitinâ€™ for the move
Anybody breakinâ€™ for the care
Will hit the spotlight like a movie star
Oh no â€” tell my wife in San Bardoo
Thereâ€™s a crisis in the thin yard
Nobodyâ€™s getting through
Thereâ€™s a crisis in the thin yard
Nobodyâ€™s getting through

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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