

# 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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