

# Crispy Critters

## The Nightriders

One day about four or five years ago  
We is settin' at the Conoco station  
Kickin' tires, and swattin' flies  
And discussin' the state of the Union  
When right out in front of the Baptist church  
Come a big old purple school bus  
Had astrological signs upon it  
And thirty-five hippies and dogs inside  
About half of 'em went for the courthouse lawn  
And them dogs commenced on the fireplug  
Rest of 'em set there starin' at us  
And I says, "Roy, go get your flit gun"  
He says, "Which is the hippies?"  
And which is the dogs?"  
I says, "Beats the hell out of me, Roy"  
What they was, was a bunch a' them crispy critters  
And their leader was a space cadet  
He says, "Sagittarius, we has arrived  
Prepare to disembark, men  
Get the incense goin' and the sitar out  
We gonna camp in the city park, man"  
I says, "Boys, let me explain the situation to ya  
A, you're gettin' me down  
And B, we got us a leash law here  
And C, you in the wrong town"  
"You drop one string a' beads in that there park  
And you gonna see a whole lot of stars  
You got fifteen seconds to get out of town, boys  
Or we gonna blow ya to Mars"  
Well, they all got back in the purple bus  
And proceeded to the city limits  
Then the telephone rang, was the swimmin' pool  
Says a mess a' wild critters was in it  
So we all got in the Marshal's Plymouth  
Which is always at the Conoco station  
Went flashin' on down to the swimmin' pool  
To give them critters a citation  
By the time we arrived, it was too damn late  
Them critters is all had their pants down  
Them dogs was tearin' the bathhouse apart  
And they's after the fish in the fish pond  
I says, "Roy, you get the one in the silver T-shirt  
And I'll get the rest with a net"  
We gonna have a jail full of naked crispy critters  
And a drip-dry space cadet  
Well, we gave 'em hell, but we lost the war  
'Cause them critters outnumbered us  
So they moved in and set up camp  
And they lived in that purple school bus  
Six weeks later, there was nothin' in town  
But eighty-four dogs and a head shop

Sellin' dried up weeds, and sunflower seeds  
And astrological postcards Yeah, critters took over the City Council  
And the dogs all barked their brains out  
And the whole damn town was crispy critters  
And the mayor was a space cadet

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