Pumpkin Pie

Lemon Demon

There lived a merchant in the days of old
who is remembered for the things he sold.
No silly trinkets silver, bronze or gold.
So I'm told, so I'm told.He made a most delicious pumpkin pie,
which he presented to the passersby.
Before the sun set he'd be all but dry.
Folks would buy the whole supply.He lived alone (he lived alone)
and every night he sat upon a throne of pumpkin pie.
I do not know his name (he'd never say his name).
He never wanted all the fame that came with pumpkin pie.Before you knew it he was in full swing.
His pumpkin pies became the next big thing.
Soon he was called upon to feed the King.
And they'd sing, feed the KingThe pie of pumpkin filled the King with glee.
He offered a castle for the recipe, but...
the merchant wouldn't even give it up for three.
No not he, no not he.He lived alone (he lived alone)
and every night he sat upon a throne of pumpkin pie.
I do not know his name (he'd never say his name).
He never wanted all the fame that came with pumpkin pie.The King was angry and he came unwound.
He called his men, and soon the merchant found
himself in a torture chamber underground.
Tied and bound, he sighed and frowned.And so they tortured him for night and day.
They made him scream so much his hair turned gray, but--
as for the recipe, he would not say.
They could not flay his pride away.He lived alone (he lived alone)
and every night he sat upon a throne of pumpkin pie.
I do not know his name (he'd never say his name).
He never wanted all the pain that came with pumpkin pie.

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