

McGrupp and the Watchful Hosemasters

Phish

I've alternated my meager flock
To the shores of the Baltic Sea
The teeth of time have stowed the rhyme
Of how things should be My cave, my house, my turning wheel
My little docking pup
The march of Colonel Forbin
And his fleet hound called McGrupp The grime of countless workdogs
Has collected in my sink
I tie my nose with spandex hose
Before I get a drink While on frozen warthogs
With its poison in our minds
The ferns that spot our children
Are encased in orange rinds All times and seasons are the reasons
That people and their clans
Have stowed the Famous Mockingbird
With glue and rubber bands They writhe and cry in agony
As Rutherford the Brave
Chokes Tela and the Unit Monster
Managing to save The spotted striper's multi-beast
And there by cheat his grave
I'd like to get his autograph
But he looks too much like Dave

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>