

# Strange Things In My Soup

Allan Sherman

Soupy doopy doop,  
Oh soupy doopy.  
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Strange things in my soup,  
That's what I found there.  
Little tiny things  
That move around there.  
Looking down I see,  
They're looking up at me.

Strange things can be seen,  
They're scattered sparsely.  
Strange things that are green,  
But are not parsely.  
In my bowl they've made  
Their little aquacade.

Soup was meant to be  
Completely free of all extraneous debris  
Except for now and then a noodle or some rice  
But these things aren't nice.  
See them swimming, splashing, thriving,  
Holy smoke, they're scuba diving.

In my bouillabaisse  
I looked and then I  
Saw a tiny face  
With large antennae  
And I heard him say,  
"Ooh, the soup is good today."

I let out a whoop,  
I hollered, "Waiter, there are Strangers in my soup!"  
And when he came I said, "Now I'm a connoisseur,  
I ordered soup de jour."  
He said, "Look, I'm just a waiter,  
You need an exterminator.

You ordered soup de jour,  
I knew you dug soup.  
I brought the soup de jour,  
Today it's bug soup.  
That explains the group  
Of strangers in your soup."

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