Dora Goes to Town

She's got a ham in her handbag, a pig in her purse She's got two-ply no-fly baby buggers She's got a burlap sack, she's on a voter parade She's gonna get some carob cigars and some lemonade No need to put your ear to the ground Dora Munch is coming to town

She puts eggs in her orange juice, coffee in her tea Puts olives in her jelly, says that's the way it's gonna be Ashes and mashes and dust and mustard Creamed spinach sandwich and she cuts the crusts off Don't let it show that you wanted some Dora Munch is coming to town

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Andrew Bird