

Walking A Midget

Cretin

I own a happy midget—I walk him in the yard
He's tethered to a leash—we don't go very far
Stumpy arms and legs—prancing by my side
He trains so hard—I promised him—one day we'd go outside

Oh, my proud little man
Summersaults and handstands
Show me those silly midget tricks
When I clap my hands—he jumps and does a flip

I tell him that it's time—he shrieks and wets the floor
When I attach his leash—he drags me to the door
We will show the people—who used to laugh at you
Just what a special midget—can be trained to do

Oh, stubby dwarven friend
My companion till the end
Runs just as fast as he can
Don't forget to flip—when I clap my hands

Strutting down the street—he's on his brand new leash
He tries to jump on people—I keep him out of reach
All the people ask me—why I treat him wrong
I tell them they did worse—then we sing our song

"Happy little midget, running down the street
Happy little midget, skip on stunted feet
Walk my funny midget, watch him do his tricks"

Then I clap my hands—he jumps and does a flip