

Furry Old Lobster

Jonathan Coulton

When I was a young boy I'd follow the path
Down past the dunes to the sea
And there on the warm sandy beaches we'd lie
The furry old lobsters and me
They'd whistle and squeal as they ran through the waves
So sleek, so furry and fair
But now when I go down to see my old friends
The beaches are empty and bare

Sing hey hidey ho, where'd the old lobster go?
And his body so furry and brown?
Sing ho hidey hey, have they all gone away?
For we haven't seen many around

New York sends a monster to darken our seas
Cursed be the day that it came
They are ugly and small and not tasty at all
They are lobsters in nothing but name
They don't smash open clams on their bellies with stones
They have neither whiskers nor paws
And the furry old lobster's so easily crushed
In the grip of their terrible claws

Sing hey hidey ho, where'd the old lobster go?
And his body so furry and brown?
Sing ho hidey hey, have they all gone away?
For we haven't seen many around
No, we haven't seen many around
No, we haven't seen many around