

## Stick Stickly

Lemon Demon

I remember when I was just a boy  
Summer afternoons would fill me up with joy  
I'd sit right down, turn on the TV  
Everyday I'd giggle mischeviously

I remember laughing like a buffoon  
When I'd watch him on Nick in the Afternoon  
He was my favorite thing about Nick  
Yes, that little popsicle Stick Stickly

And he'd sing

Write to me  
Stick Stickly  
P.O. Box 963  
New York City,  
New York State  
10108  
10108

It's been years, now, since his show has aired  
We sent a letter, it got returned, and now we're scared  
Where'd he go? What did they do with him  
When they decided they were through with him?

Did they break him, or burn him down for heat?  
Were his googly eyes thrown out in the street?  
Or is he fine? That's what I'm praying  
I recall he was always saying  
Simmer down, simmer down, simmer down

And he'd say

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