

Call it Canaveral  
I won't say his name  
Could have had anyone, he didn't  
What do you think could make him stoop so low?  
What do you think could make him  
Stick his hands in my life  
What on Earth could make him stoop so low?  
What do you think could make him  
Stick his cock in my wife  
What on Earth could make him stoop so low?  
I'd like to put him up there in one  
I'd like to see his face  
I'd like to put him up there in one  
Blow him up into space  
He'll fertilize the rice in China  
With the cinders of his remains  
Want to start a country somewhere  
On an island or an archipelago  
Or a peninsula, or an isthmus, or a fjord or  
An inlet, or even a mountain  
Print up stamps and money there  
And they'll all have Oswalds face \*Puric Mizra