

Fletcher Honorama won't you rally 'round  
the man who's on a limb?  
Sing the songs that please him very softly  
while we jolt him with a hymn

Please, go easy now with him  
Because this is his final whim  
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn

Fletcher Honorama shall we justify the eighty Junes  
you've seen?  
Since that might be stretching things  
we'll merely sing the songs that made you scream

Please, go easy now with him  
Because this is his final whim  
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn

Intakes and mistakes and lunch pails  
and headaches were willed to your one living twin  
I think that maybe you should have kept half  
of them, after all you worked for them  
After all you worked for them

Telecast in fifty states and brought to you  
by Anti-Wrinkle Dew  
That's Fletcher Honorama see the world  
now from a different point of view

You, go easy now with him  
Because this is his final whim  
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn  
So be sure that the boy don't die before the morn