

## The Assumption Song

## The Arrogant Worms

There was an old farmer  
Who lived on a rock  
He sat in the meadow  
Just shaking his  
Fist at some boys  
Who were down by the crick  
Their feet in the water  
Their hands on their

Marbles and playthings  
And at half past four  
There came a young lady  
She looked like a

Pretty young creature  
She sat on the grass  
She pulled up her dress  
And she showed them her

Ruffles and laces  
And white fluffy duck  
She said she was learning  
A new way to

Bring up her children  
So they would not spit  
While the boys in the barnyard  
Were shoveling

Refuse and litter  
From yesterday's hunt  
While the girl in the meadow  
Was rubbing her

Eyes at the fellow  
Down by the dock  
He looked like a man  
With a sizable

Home in the country  
With a big fence out front  
And if he asked her politely  
She'd show him her

Little pet dog  
Who was subject to fits  
And maybe she'd let him  
Grab hold of her

Small tender hand  
With a movement so quick  
And then she'd bend over  
And suck on his

Candy, so tasty  
Made of butterscotch  
And then he'd spread whipped cream

All over her

Cookies that she had  
Left out on her shelf  
If you think this is dirty  
You can go fuck yourself!