

The Dutch Boy

The Handsome Family

My heart it goes out to that poor little Dutch boy
Who stopped a great flood with the tip of his thumb.
Through parades and medals he felt no joy
And took to his bed with a bottle of rum.

The queen she arrived in her motorcade to give
The good Dutch boy a commemorative pen,
But he watched as the milkmaids all withered
And grayed and he knew that the waters must rise again.

Because the world is made up of milk and scissors,
Milk and scissors in a spiraling chain.
Milk and scissors like a cheap squirting flower,
Milk and scissors like worms when it rains.