

Now I met me a girl and her name was Frutch
And she liked dirt and me very much
She said if she'd met me during the war
And she found me hiding underneath the door
Even if she was German and I was Dutch
She wouldn't shoot me
She was a fine girl, Frutch
Shot me last Tuesday

Now I met me a girl and her name was Scrot
She kept a notebook with many a jot
About how to turn a banknote into a cat
And many such things just as useful as that
But I told her she wouldn't dig it if she turned
Into a piece of gunshot
She didn't listen
She was a fine girl, Scrot
I got her right here in my shoulder now
Thanks to Frutch

Now I met me a girl and her name was Blit
And she bought a do-it-yourself submarine kit
She tried it in the bath and it went down the plug
And she was inside it, she was making it chug
When she found there wasn't no place at all for
Her to sit
She didn't worry none
She was a fine girl, Blit
She was still standing when she passed Norroway
For the fourth time

Now I met me a girl and her name was Twing
She looked like a yoyo without a string
She rolled up and down like a solid hoop
Right round the block and right through the soup
And right through the stew and the chicken stuffing
She was a fine girl, Twing
She was a good cook as cooks go...she went!

Now I met me a girl and her name was Plof
She had a car with a nasty cough
She fed it with aspirins and vitamin pills
Lotions and potions for to cure all ills
'Til you couldn't see the car for three miles of froth
Big Claimsville
She was a fine girl, Plof

Car don't cough no more
Just sits in the garage all day long
And screams for the doctor
Hypochondriac!