

Strange Day

The Kingston Trio

I remember when I rode into town that morning in December of forty-eight. Oh, bitter cold. I had on my parka, my sheepskin coat and my brown and white spectator pumps. Cut quite a figure if

I do say so. Huh, cute. First thing I spied was a poster. There's going to be a dance. The second Hogsville dandy-steppin' ball and frog happin; contest. Drag.

Strange day. Strange day. Strange day in Hogsville, U. S. A.

I'm goin' to start off but there weren't no lady folk in sight.

I figured they was all up a-primpin' for the dance and, being a man of no small charms with the ladies myself, I decided to park Old Paint and change my socks -- from him to me. (I find that extremely offensive!) So did Old Paint.

But there were no gals for miles around, not one gal in the whole darn town.

So, if you want to go dancin', just look around for the next best thing that can be found.

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That's right. I soon found there wasn't no women nowhere. Fellow goin' to the dance was takin' some of the strangest things. One was takin' a broom, all dressed up in a pinafore, bleached straws, looked kinda cheap to me. Another was totin' a picture of a girl. He'd been goin' with that picture so long he thought real girls folded in the middle. Now I was getting depressed, but then I spied the cutest little thing you ever saw, givin' me the eye from underneath the waterin' trough. Had little eyes, curly tail, and the dearest little pointed ears you ever seen.

I grabbed her paw (What'd her paw have to say? Shut up when he's a-talkin'!) and we wobbled into the dance. The minute we get into the dance the music stopped and a feller said, "Wait a minute! That's the sheriff's gal!" (You mean?)

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