

Poisoning Pigeons In The Park

artist:Tom Lehrer , writer:Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, sp-ring is here.
Life is skittles and life is beer.
I think the loveliest time of the year is the spring.
I do, dont you? - Course you do.
But there's one thing that makes spring complete for me,
And makes every Sunday a treat for me.

All the world seems in tune
On a spring after-noon,
When were poisoning pigeons in the park.
Every Sunday youll see my sweetheart and me,
As we poison the pigeons in the park.

When they see us coming, the birdies all try and hide,
But they still go for peanuts when coated with cya-nide.
The suns shining bright,
Everything seems all right,
When were poisoning pigeons in the park.

We've gained notoriety, and caused much anxiety
In the Audubon Society with our games.
They call it impiety, and lack of propriety,
And quite a variety of unpleasant names.
But its not against any reli-gion
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

So if Sunday youre free, why dont you come with me,
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.

And maybe well do in a squirrel or two,
While were poisoning pigeons in the park.

We'll murder them all amid laughter and merriment,
Ex-cept for the few we take home to ex-periment.
My pulse will be quickening with each drop of strych-nine
We feed to a pigeon.
It just takes a smidgen!
To poison A pigeon in the park.