

POISONING PIGEONS IN THE PARK

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Spring is here, spring is here.
Life is skittles, and life is beer.
I think the loveliest time of the year
Is the spring, I do, don't 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 afternoon
When we're poisoning pigeons in the park.
Every Sunday you'll see
My sweetheart and me
As we poison the pigeons in the park

When they see us coming
The birdies all try an' hide,
But they still go for peanuts
When coated with cyan-hide.
The sun's shining bright,
Everything seems all right
When we're 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 it's not against any religion
To want to dispose of a pigeon.

So, if Sunday you're free,
Why don't you come with me,
And we'll poison the pigeons in the park.
And maybe we'll do
In a squirrel or two
While we're poisoning pigeons in the park.

We'll murder them all amid laughter and merriment,
Except for the few we take home to experiment.
My pulse will be quickenin'
With each drop of strychnine
We feed to a pigeon
(It just takes a smidgin)
To poison a pigeon in the park.