

Ork, Wubber Ducky, Oink Oink & the Grommits

All of the Grommits gathered
Down at Wubber Ducky's pier
They threw an enourmous party
With lots of grape vodka and beer.
Sittin' round and scratchin'
And sippin' Ork's grape bottled tears.

When down came Wubber Ducky
And his brother Oink Oink Dick.
And started gronking grommits
With Brother Oink Oink's phalic stick.
When a Grommit grunted
Oink Oink kissed him with a brick.

Wubber Ducky and Oink Oink
Smiled and looked around.
And split a dog log 'twixt them
That they found on the ground.
Then they licked their chops and belched twice
And left the pier without a sound.

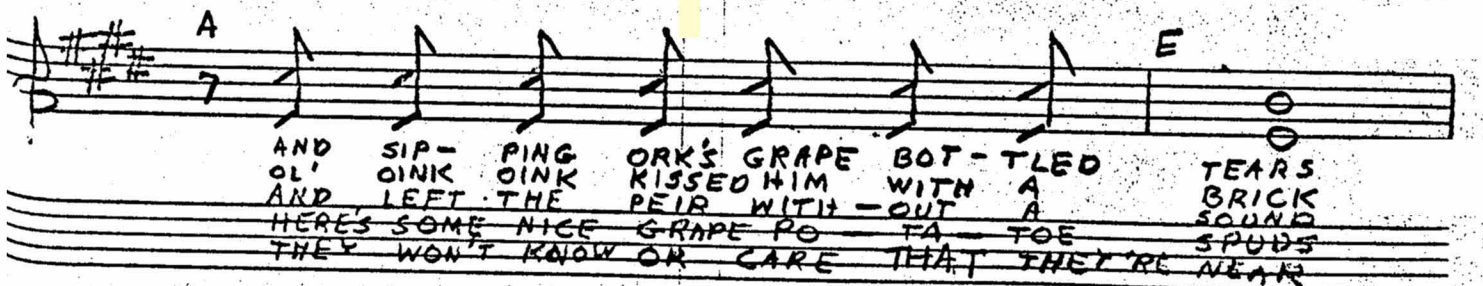
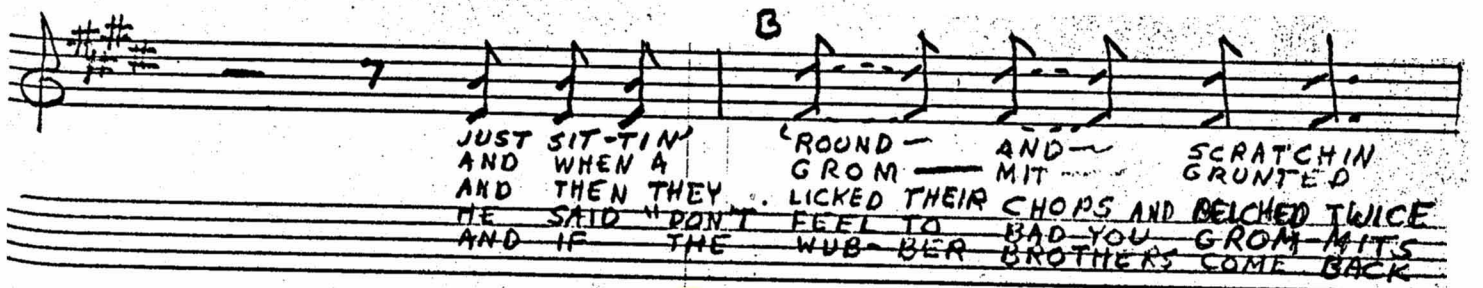
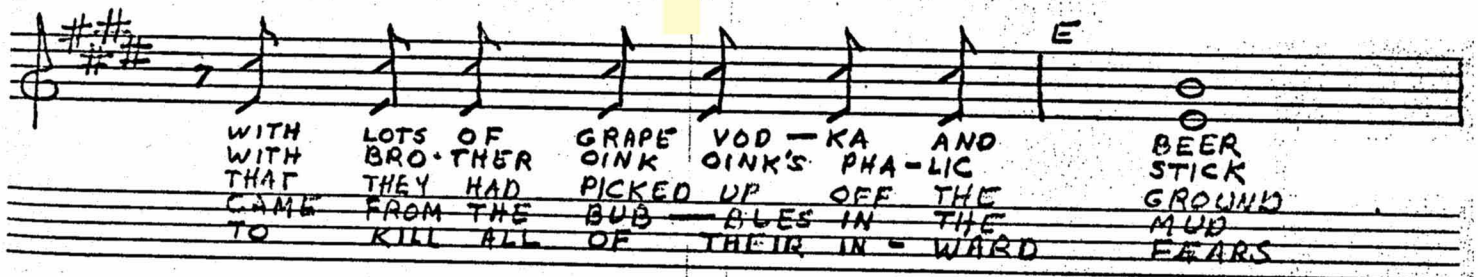
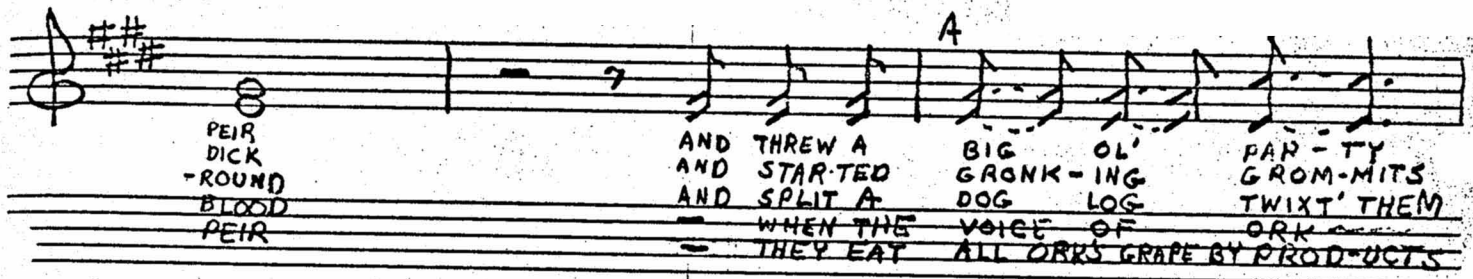
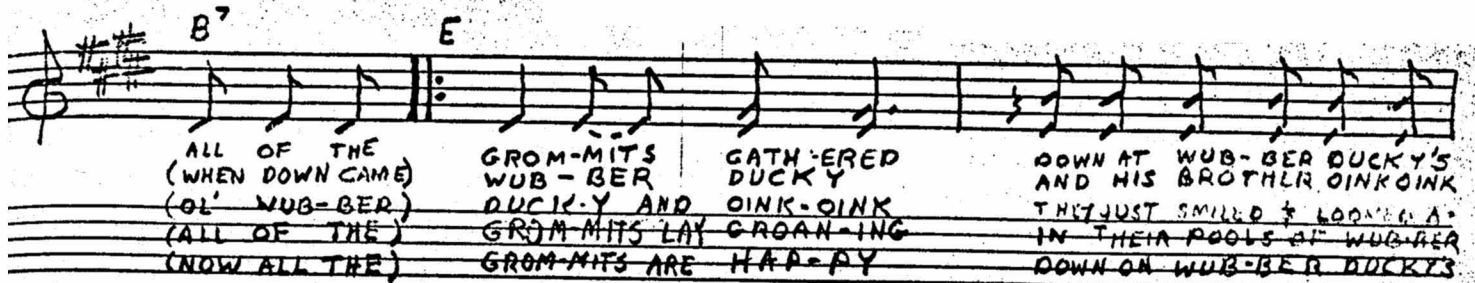
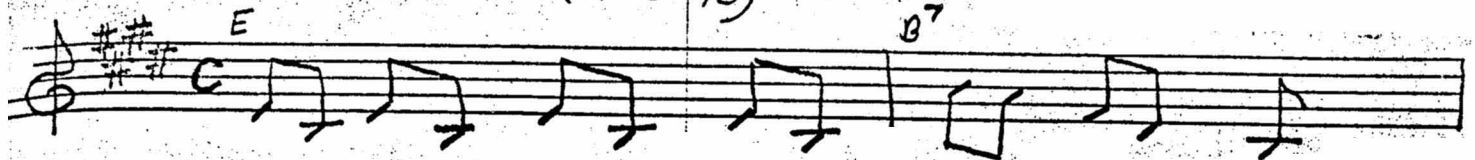
All of the Grommits lay groaning
In their pools of wubber blood
When the voice of Ork
Came through the bubbles in the mud.
He said 'Don't feel to bad you Grommits'
'Here's some nice grape potatoe spuds'.

Now all the Grommits are happy
Down at Wubber Ducky's pier.
They eat all Ork's grape byproducts
To kill all of their inward fears
And if the Wubber brothers come back
They won't know or care that they're near.

ORK WUBBER DUCKY, OINK OINK AND THE GROMMITS

(OPUS 43)

MUSIC BY
ROBERT J.
MARKS II



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