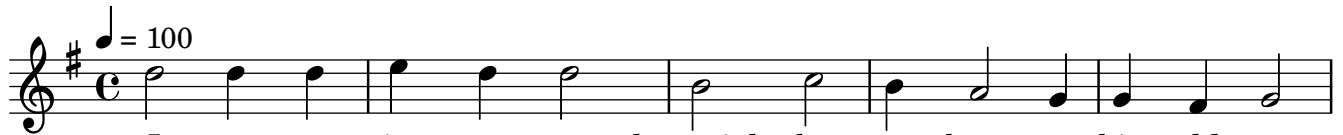


for D.B  
**A Crappity Crap-crap Song**

S.W. Black

Arranged by Michael Praetorius (1571–1621)

tune of *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming*



1. I want to sing a song that might be a - bout a big old crap.
2. I think you might not be - lieve that my crap it was so huge.
3. And, now I don't know how that corn it stayed so well with-in.
4. Per-haps be-cause I stopped eat - ing corn when I was only ten.



I think this song might be a - bout my big - gest ev - er crap. I had a  
I thought it might be big - ger than my mom's Lab - ra - dor Hugh. My big old  
I thought I once heard that corn, you di - gest it, just leaving skin. I think that  
I de - cid - ed corn was no good so I just gave it up. But why was



real big crap. I think you might not be-lieve the size of my big - est crap.  
crap it was huge. I think it was so huge that I might ne - ver poop a-gain.  
my poop, it had skin. Tru-ly, why does that corn skin feel so wrong to have with-in?  
it still within? Perhaps that corn was a time trav'-ling lit - tle piece of crap.