Them Poems
Album: Back In Town

Them Sand Pickers:

How 'bout them sand pickers, ain't they grand? Sittin' on their haunches, pickin' in the sand.
Pickin' in the wet sand. Pickin' in the dry. Pickin' it fiercely. Lookit fly.
Lookit them sand pickers, ain't they slick? Some use their fingers. Some use a stick.
Them seashore sand pickers, ain't they fine? Sittin' in the sand a-pickin' up time.
How to be a sand picker, don't need a ticket. Find a bunch of sand, stoop down and pick it!

Them Dog Kickers:

How 'bout them dog kickers, ain't they crumbs? Kickin' them doggies in their buns.
Kickin' them Afghans. Kickin' them mutts. Kickin' them puppies poor little butts.
Lookit them dog kickers, ain't they cute? Some use a shower shoe. Some use a boot.
Them dadgum dog kickers, ain't they mean? Runnin' kickin' every day that's seen.
How to be a dog kicker, don't need a ticket. Find an old dog. Haul off and kick it!

Them Tummy Gummers:

How 'bout them tummy gummers, ain't they dummies? Havin' they fun of gummen their tummies.
Gummen them haunches out of they mind. Runnin' 'round shoutin', "It's tummy gummen time!"
Lookit them tummy gummers, lurkin' in the yard, waitin' for a jelly belly, catch it off guard.
Them hell-bent tummy gummers, ain't they dummocks? Runnin' through the neighborhood, gummen them stomachs.
How to be a tummy gummer, no way to shut it. Grab an abdomen and rear off and gum it!