

Ole' Margret was just a bit quirky.
She ate nothing but field peas and jerky.
But come once a year,
On Thanksgiving for sure.
She'd eat candied yams and some turkey.

There once was a cowboy name Bill.
Skinny dipping was his kind of thrill.
But his conviction got dicey when the water turned icy,
Cause he couldn't get used to the chill.

The young solider was ordered to picket.
Staying awake until dawn was his ticket
But the young man did doze,
And three Indians rose,
Scalped him bald, and then ran to a thicket.

Young Horace was an aspiring actor.
Yet remembering his lines was a factor.
Because try as he might, neath the footlights each night,
He ended up driving a tractor.

On the back streets of old Pocatello
Lived a horny, yet hard working fellow.
When his wages were paid he was most easily swayed
By the girls at Sweet Lulu's Bordello.

A rancher who lived in Las Cruces,
Instead of fat cattle, raised geese.
His cowboys all quit,
'Cause they just couldn't git
The geese to stay in their nooses.'