

# Rick Moranis, Bonus Track

I'm wearing fifty ex-chinchillas  
And a gator each per boot  
Hog-tied around my waste-line  
Suede trimming on my suit  
Got a bear-skin rug and leather couch  
And antlers on the walls  
Goose-neck lamps and decoys make  
Impeccable duck calls  
Had a mixed grill fry for breakfast  
Pair of mutton chops for lunch  
Rare sirloin tips for supper  
George Foreman'd by the bunch  
A nightcap chaw of jerky  
And a cup of ox tail soup  
A swig of wild turkey  
Makes a happier coop.  
And I say Oh so bucco  
What the heck's the big old deal  
Was I away the day that someone said  
A monkee invented the wheel?  
My after-shave's been tested  
On a thousand stubbled rats  
My hearing aid's derived from tech  
Discovered from trained bats  
My (L)ipitor cured countless chimps  
Before it could save me  
No that ain't me tap dancin'  
Those are new titanium knees  
And I say Oh so Bucco  
What the hell's the big kaboo  
For some of us to have a fine old time  
We've got to sacrifice a few.  
I didn't see the Prius turn  
I honked the Hummer's horn  
The moose, the rack, the rods and guns  
The whole front end was shorn  
They flew me to Bethesda  
Choppered me in DOA  
Left behind the liver  
Rushed my kidneys to L.A.  
My hair wound up in transplant  
My lips were wrapped and sealed  
Tongue tied up in customs  
My skin was dried and peeled  
Corneas went Fedex  
Eardrums next day ground  
Took whatever's workin'  
Left the rest in lost and found  
Now I am Oh so Bucco  
Eventually you crash and burn  
To everything there's open season