

A FLYING SAUCER DID IT

It flew right down outta the nighttime stars
I darn near saw it with ma own two eyes,
'Cept I was fussin' with the orn'ry back door knob
And stumblin' over them drunkard guys.

Ya see, we was havin' ourselves a party
Just some moonshine, nothin' big
When all-of-a-sudden it came a'whooshin' and a'swooshin'
Nearly scared us outta our jigs.

The green and red lights, they was a'flashin'
The parful wind nearly laid us flat.
And them there aliens was down right evil
'Cause I think they squwarshed ma cat.

Whin I finally drug ma plaster'd self to the yard,
I's blinded so's I couldn't see,
But I heered them aliens a'talkin'
Hollerin' "Flatten 'er right down, J.D."

Golly dirn it, they was eatin' ma carn,
I's madder dan a ol' wet hen.
Then I saw they'd only mashed ma crops flat;
You can imagine I feeled better then.

Big g'gantic circles was all they made
With l'il fingers and flags and such
It right tickled my toenails to have me a carnfield
With an alien artist's touch.

Now, I heered from them papers it ain't aliens
But don't b'lieve a word they's a'sayin'
'Cause ma carn's darn near flat, and Buford's missin'
I think it was him they's fillayin'

Well, I don't rightly know what to do next
I 'spose Mr. Prasideent deserves a call.
He'd be happy as a wart on a toad
T' know them aliens had a ball.

Christina Smith