

HIKER'S SCOURGE [10-98]

**When your friends are hikin' slow,
And movin' sorta funny.
'tis monkeybutt they're sufferin',
I'll bet you any money.**

**Oh, what a dreadful malady,
A scourge upon our masses.
Raspberries are for eatin',
Not for 'round our cheeks and arses!**

**A little chafing we'll endure,
We'll tuff it with the best.
But monkeybutt will bust your nut,
A brutal acid test.**

**Should this remain a chronic pain,
There is a cure, you know;
Toss out your toidy paper,
And go straight to melted snow.**

**So, don't dismay...soon comes the day,
You'll feel both spry and fit.
'tho monkeybutt will wrench your gut,
Each time you think of it.**