

Song Of The Shrimp

Frank Black

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(Words & music by Bennett - Tepper)

I saw three shrimp in the water, two were old and gray

I swam a little bit closer and .. I heard the third one say

Goodbye mama shrimp, papa shake my hand

Here come the shrimper for to take me to Louisian'

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He showed his mama and papa, the shrimp newspaper he read

An invitation to all the shrimp and this is what it said

Free ride, New Orleans, stay in grand hotel

Big Creole gal who help you come out of your shell

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If I should live to be ninety, I will never forget

The little shrimp and the song he sang as he jumped into the net

Goodbye mama shrimp, papa shake my hand

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