

AUNT SARAH'S BLOWIN' ALL THAT WIND

(Tune: The Answer is Blowing in the Wind)

Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman

How many loads of Ex-Lax must one woman take,
before she can go to the John?
And how many times must we all turn our heads,
pretending that nothing is wrong?
And how much longer must we live in fear,
that soon she'll be dropping the bomb? (The A-Bomb)

It's Aunt Sarah, my friend, that's blowin' all that wind.
It's Aunt Sarah's blowin' all that wind.

How many times must the guests roll their eyes,
and ask who's been cutting the cheese?
And how many windows must we open up,
to let in a fresh little breeze?
Oh, how much longer must we live in fear
of that fragrance we'd rather not breathe?

It's Aunt Sarah, my friend, that's blowin' all that wind.
It's Aunt Sarah's blowin' all that wind.

How many dogs can one woman have
on whom she can pass all the blame?
How many spider-barks, skirt coughs, tush trumpets, bum burps,
until people say it's a shame?
Tell me, how much methane can one house endure,
before it will burst into flame?

It's Aunt Sarah, my friend, that's blowin' all that wind.
It's Aunt Sarah's blowin' all that wind.