

SNOWBIRDS

(Tune: Snowbird)

Revised lyrics © Paul Finkleman

From Canada to Florida they go,
in winter to escape the boredom of the ice and snow.
With skin a blotchy white and hair so grey,
they waddle down the streets from West Palm Beach to Tampa Bay.

They occupy the beaches in their chairs,
the men like bald gorillas, their backs thatched thick with hair.
The ladies with the liposuctioned thighs,
squwheeezing into bathing suits designed for half their size.

So take your tiny swimsuits far away,
Back to the land where people end their sentences with 'eh?'
You snowbirds may spend money here, that's true,
But if we could, you know we'd kick you back to Saskatoon.

The ladies wear sunglasses shaped like stars,
and the men stroll through the hotel lobbies puffing on cigars.
Pardon me for pointing out your flaws, but
the ladies should be wearing shirts, and men should wear the bras!

CHORUS

You ask me why it's this way that I feel?
You tip the waiters two-bits on an eighty dollar meal.
And everywhere you look, unless you're blind,
those Speedo swimsuits show your bum cracks sticking out behind.

So take your incredibly tiny swimsuits far away,
Back to the land where people end their sentences with 'eh?'
You snowbirds may spend money here, that's true,
But if we could, you know that we would
kick you all the way. . . . to Timbuktu!