Quickies (Very, Very Brief Parodies or Fragments)

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I'm dreaming of a white mistress...
**
Oh how we danced, on the night we were wed
We danced, and we danced, 'cause the room had no bed.
**
I'll be seizing you, in all the old familiar places...
**
(To Colonel Bogie march)
Bulls***! That's all the band could play
Bulls***! They played it ev'ry day
Bulls***! Tarara buls***!
Tarara Bulls***! Bulls***! Bulls***!
**
(To The Billboard march)
There is a brown ring around his nose
And every day it grows and grows.
**
On top of a sofa, all covered with Joe
I lost my true lover, 'cause my name was Moe.
**
To be continued. And continued and continued. RG

RG