

Mutants

Words by Julia H. West and the Shakercon Filk Group
To the tune of "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean," traditional
Scottish folk song

C C G
The kids played outside in the fallout,
G A7 D
They ran through the stuff as a lark.
G C G
The kids played outside in the fallout,
C D7 G
And now they all glow in the dark.

Chorus (after every verse but 4th):

G C Am D7 G
Mutants, mutants, that is the reason our kids are weird.
G C Am D7 G
Mutants, mutants, that is the reason we're weird.

Our Johnny came home from school crying,
Ashamed of his shiny green scales.
He doesn't fit in with the kids there
'Cause most of the others have tails.

Now Susie has twenty-four fingers,
That's eight of them on every hand.
There's webbing between all those fingers--
In softball as catcher she's grand.

The cat went in heat last September,
Escaped to the crater to play.
The cat went in heat last September,
Just look what the cat had today!

Alternate chorus:

Fallout, fallout, that is the reason the cat is weird.
Fallout, fallout, that is the reason we're weird.

Our dog is dark blue with green feelers,
The cat has twelve legs and two heads.
Our parakeet's fur's soft and shiny,
His claws, though, could tear you to shreds.

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