

## VICTOR'S JAMBALAYA

Lyrics by Tim O'Toole, embedded tenor

Won't you mix up, won't you fix up  
Victor's Jambalaya?  
Don't be spiteful – it's delightful!  
Or I am a laya (liar).

He stirs it with an old baton,  
'til the handle's nearly gone.  
Here is what's in  
Victor's Jambalaya:

Road kill, pig swill  
Duck bill, landfill  
Fish gill, door sill  
Floating in a brine.

Pork rind, duck blind,  
Sheep's hind, never mind  
Where it's from  
The taste is fine.

Won't you mix up, won't you fix up  
Victor's Jambalaya?  
Don't be spiteful – it's delightful!  
Or I am a laya (liar).

You can't buy it in a store.  
It will make your spirits soar.  
Take a ladle, and you'll pour  
Victor's Jambalaya:

Dead meat, pig's feet  
Dirty rice, "very nice"  
Red wine, turpentine  
Jumbled in a stew.

Something raunchy,  
from the Français  
Not even Nancy  
Knows what Victor next will do.

Every year he makes some more  
Then he sends it off to war  
Folks are flocking to his door  
For Victor's Jambalaya!

(to the tune of [Mrs. Murphy's Chowder](#))