

BABY WANTS A PENGUIN

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Lyrics and Music © 2009 by Bill Roper

(Chorus) **E G D A**

When your baby wants a penguin,
It's the only thing she's got on her mind.

When your baby wants a penguin,
You know that's the thing that you'd better find.
She's crawling around and she's starting to prowl,
And if she doesn't get it, well, she's going to howl.

When your baby wants a penguin,
She is gonna drive you out of your mind.

You're looking at a problem that is fundamental.
You're looking for a toy that might be sentimental,
But everything that you might provide is elementally wrong.
That's why you're singing this song.

You know your little girl has got no reservation.
You're gonna have to do it for self-preservation.
The urges that you feel for incineration are wrong.
That's why you're singing this song.

Now she's drawing you a penguin with the syrup maple,
The sticky sort of graphic that's her latest staple,
And every other use you might have for a capo'll be wrong.
That's why you're singing this song.

(Final chorus, then spoken)

Here, dear, I got you a penguin.
What's that?
You want a doggie.

FilkOntario has an at-con songwriting contest where they give you the words you must use and you write a song containing them. The words this year: penguin, elemental, preservation, maple, graphic.

Piece of cake. :)

*And, somewhat to my surprise, I won the contest, which was the first time I've **ever** won a songwriting contest. I guess it's true when they say "Write what you know"...*