

Fire Ants
Duane Hershberger

I've had it up to here, I ain't gonna take it no more
I've put up with stuff this long enough; this time I'm going to war.
Gonna get my big guns out, my camouflage shirt and pants,
When it's done there'll only be one left standing: me or these fire ants.

Fire Ants, you've all gotta go,
go play on the beach near an undertow,
or with a stampeding herd of buffalo,
Fire Ants you've all gotta go.

I thought I would be safe at home quietly gettin' work done,
Outside on my hands and knees planting flowers in my front lawn.
About seven hundred fire ants crawled up my legs, and quietly took their place;
The leader said "go" and I could've beat Deion Sanders in a hundred yard race.

Fire Ants, you've all gotta go,
go build your tunnels in the Artic snow,
or on the Mississippi Delta when it overflows,
or on the very top of a volcano,
Fire Ants you've all gotta go.

They must be dumber than dumb can be, ain't got a lick of sense.
pickin' on a big guy like me, no thought of the consequence.
Well I've had it up to here, its time they get the news,
I'm gonna start an anti-ant revolution, singing these Fire Ant blues.

Fire Ants, you've all gotta go,
Joe Camel, hook your kids on tobacco,
in a big nuclear tipped torpedo,
on Three Mile Island when a south wind blows
right in the middle of Ground Zero,
Fire Ants, you've gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta gotta go.

Man - here's a copy of the song. I've had a lot of
fun with it since I wrote it last summer.
Hope the festival goes well.
Duane

① Mrs. Healy

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