

STINKY FEET

Words & Music by Judy Pancoast © 2003

The whole family's sittin' down to watch TV;
Daddy stretches out on the couch next to me.
He slips off his shoes and I smell that perfume
Suddenly everybody up and leaves the room!

CHORUS:

He's got stinky feet, stinky pickle juice feet;
Stinky toes, baby that ain't no rose;
Stinky feet, stinky pickle juice...Stinky, stinky pickle juice feet.
My sister lost her baby bottle Saturday night;
By Monday when we found it...Man! That sucker was ripe!
Well, let me tell you brother that it couldn't compare
To the one-of-a-kind aroma of Dad's feet in the air!

REPEAT CHORUS

BRIDGE:

Daddy's got a pair of sandals...They could cause a neighborhood scandal!
He could evacuate our whole town
Just by waving them shoes around

REPEAT CHORUS

Now you may think I'm naughty, you may think I'm bad
Talking disrespectfully about dear old dad;
But please believe I wouldn't be complaining like this
If he hadn't passed on his stinky feet to my little sis!

REPEAT CHORUS
