

Georgie Porgie's Rebuttal

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Georgie Porgie, puddin' and pie,
Kissed the girls and made 'em cry,
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Now, you know, my name is George,
And I never ate no Porge,
All the girls I kiss don't cry,
So, you know that poem's a lie.

I have come to hate that rhyme,
Kids'd tease me all the time,
Till it could not get no worse,
So I wrote this second verse.

Georgie Porgie, gristle and bone,
Made arrangements on the phone,
Now the news is comin' down,
Georgie Porgie's back in town.