yet another round on
the subject of tofurkey

Celebratorily

(solo: with vegan indignance)

People scoff, and jeer. (We eat it every year!). They think it’s gross but even so say: “bring it over here!”

pp

Tofurkey tofurkey tofurkey
Tofurkey tofurkey tofurkey.

(sweetly)

Anna says: “It’s just a tasteless mound of junk.” Tofurkey.

Tofurkey.
Tofurkey.

(sing as a part of the round, at any time, or as a ground bass)

doesn’t look like tur-key. It doesn’t smell like tur-key. It doesn’t taste like tur-key. ’cause it’s not tur-key it’s tofur-key.

Polansky

alt.thanksgiving, 2006