War!

It's war! It's war! The lust y state of

war! That love ly game of armed con flict that ev 'ry knight waits

for. It's here! It's here! That bash ing time of

year! When clouds of wick ed ar rows in/flight Sud den ly ap

pear. It's war! It's war! So blow the horn of

boar And charge the West. See them re treat

Is n't it neat - Just watch/the Hippo's feet. It's

time to do a sneak y thing or two.

And we'll make each count er at tack some thing the West will rue.