

Muffin In Your Pants January 28, 2026 (A Parody of The Doors song "Riders On The Storm")

I put a muffin in your pants.
You'll be eaten by the ants.
You might need a snack
and poetry you lack.
You seemed bored and hungry.
You seemed rather lonely.
Like a dessert without a picnic
A S'more without a stick
Muffin in your pants.

There's a fish in your bed.
Perhaps you were expecting Ned.
Hide your money in your socks.
Quickly change your locks.
It'll do no good.
Did you really think it would?
Fish in your bed, yeah.

Give the muffin crumbs to Stan.
Find the right size fish can.
These lyrics sound so trite.
Yet you take another bite.
Jim went bloated and unshaven.
But you're the one feeling craven
Give the muffin crumbs to Stan, yeah.

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"Yet another poor dumb farce" says a person interviewed in a convenience store line.
"Outstanding!" - his 9th grade English teacher heard during a seance