My Raccoon Tune

My raccoon tune is playing tonight. There's wild things going on here that's right. New England Wildlife Center's here. Let's all stand up and give a cheer. For Rockin Raccoon is playing tonight. He's clawing all his way to the spot light. He's a bandit on the banjo. And he tickles his Ivories fast or slow. He whiskers his way with all his might. His tail is wagging left and right. He's out of sight.

My raccoon tune is fighting the fight.

There's help here needed when money is tight.

Our furry friends keep wailing this song. A band of mask critters can't be wrong. Rockin Raccoon has takin the stage. He's left all his troubles back in his cage.

He's gnawing his way through notes of wood

He's rambling like his name was Johnny B Good

He has groupies here and there. The fur is flying everywhere.

He's on a tare.

Rockin Raccoon and his band are tired. After tonight they're all retired. Years on the road have takin its toll.

All they want to do is just lie down and eat from a bowl.

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Now Rockin Raccoon has left the stage. He's now on his way back to his cage. He was a bandit on the banjo. And he tickled his Ivories fast or slow. He whiskered his way with all his might. His tail keeps wagging left and right. He's gone tonight.