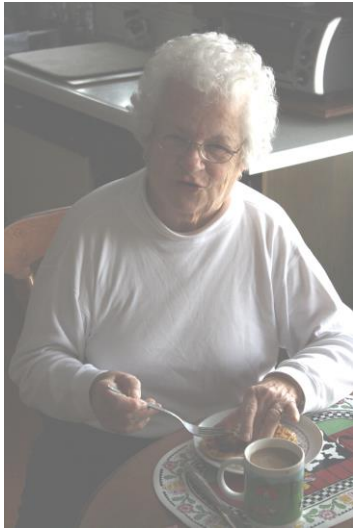


Who Let the Barnflies Into Mrs. Murphy's Kitchen?

(To the tune of Who Threw the Overalls in Mrs. Murphy's Chowder)

*Chorus: Who let the barnflies into Mrs. Murphy's kitchen?
Nobody spoke, but her children started bitchin'
It's a farmer's trick, that's true, we'll blame Bobby for that too
Those darn barnflies in Mrs. Murphy's kitchen*



Helen Murphy had a birthday, each year at the farm
Those little buggers flew about, but they never did much harm
She treated us like family, we tried to act the same
Only for what happened, oh it was an awful shame
Aunt Helen cut her cake from Ro, and fainted on the spot
It seems vanilla thick with flies, resembles an ink blot
Rosemary she got rippin' made, her eyes were bulging out
She wiped away some tiny turds and loudly she did shout

*Chorus: Who let the barnflies into Mrs. Murphy's kitchen?
Nobody spoke, but her sibling started bitchin'*

*It's a farmer's trick, that's true, we'll blame Bobby for that too
Those darn barnflies in Mrs. Murphy's kitchen*

The shooed the flies from off the cake, picked Helen off the floor
Each Murphy swore upon his grave that he had barred the door
Ro, Jo and Pat and Karen had been flaunting Eileen's shirt
And Bill John, Bern and Jim said they'd been toiling in the dirt
When Helen Murphy she came to, she remembered her great sin
These tragedies they happen when you marry your cousin
Rosemary she excused herself for what she said in spite
And we put music to the words and sung with all our might

*Chorus: Who let the barnflies into Mrs. Murphy's kitchen?
Nobody spoke, but her siblings started bitchin'
It's a farmer's trick, that's true, we'll blame Bobby for that too
Those darn barnflies in Mrs. Murphy's kitchen*