

Lay, Lady!

Words by Julia H. West

To the tune of "Lay, Lady, Lay" by Bob Dylan

Lay, lady, lay; lay another mystery egg.
Lay, lady, lay; I want another mystery egg.
They come in colors I have never seen
Except in Easter eggs or jelly beans.

Lay, lady, lay; lay another mystery egg.
Gold or Scots Grey, Dorking or Rhode Island Red.
White, brown, or black, Silkie or Rainbow instead.
You find the eggs, and then post them with pride,
But never know what you will find inside.

Gold or Scots Grey, Dorking or Rhode Island Red:
What comes from the eggs you'd think would be like mom.
But some hatch out different kinds of hens
Or even weirder things beyond belief--
Can't even be explained with mutagens.

Lay, lady, lay; lay another mystery egg.
Gold or Scots Grey, Clover or Party hen instead.
How can eggs hatch twenty fuel refills?
Barns, post offices or water mills?
Lay, lady, lay--FarmVille eggs are awfully, awfully strange.

For some reason when I was writing songs for 50/90 in 2011 I
got obsessed with FarmVille, the Facebook game. So when I
decided to make fun of the incorrect grammar in "Lady, Lady,
Lay," this happened in my mind.

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