

The Salting Of The Slug

Words & Music:
Too Slim - Riders In The Sky

This is sung a capella, but you can strum an A5 chord underneath to get your bearings.

When first I came to Joleton,
My fortune there to find.
I met some jolly countrymen,
On bar-b-que we dined.
The talk soon turned to manly sport
While the olde style we chugged.
But they said, "Lad, you ha'nna lived,
'Til you have salt the slug."

They rais-ed high their shakers full
Of Morton's finest grain.
We crept out to the garden damp
To there begin the game.
I watched each creature swell and pop.
Did thrill me to the core.
And every slug did learn that night
That when it rains it pours.

So if you're e're in Joleton,
Quaffin' chilly brew.
And hearty lads and lassies fair
Do salt a slug or two.
Pray join the sport and company
Forsakin' sex or drugs.
God bless us jolly salters and
Take pity on the slugs.