

The Swamps of Home

Carol Burnett & Joe Bova

[WINNIFRED, spoken]

You see, where I come from, we don't have any dry land. Oh, some of the poorer people do, but the nobility all live right in the swamp.

[LADY, spoken]

Oh, tell us about it Princess.

[WINNIFRED, spoken]

Oh, I don't like to brag.

[DAUNTLESS, spoken]

No, please.

[WINNIFRED]

I come from the land of the foggy, foggy dew

Ooh-ooh-ooh

Where walking through the meadow in the morning

Is like walking through glue

(Ooh-ooh-ooh)

The swamps of home

Are brushed with green and gold

At break of day...

[LADIES]

At break of day...

[WINNIFRED]

The swamps of home

Are lovely to behold

From far away...

[LADIES]

From far away...

[WINNIFRED]

In my soul is the beauty of th? bog

In my mem'ry the magic of the mud

[LADIES]

Mu-uh-ud

[WINNIFRED]

I know that blood is thick?r than water

But the swamps of home

Are thicker than blood!

[DAUNTLESS]

Bluh-uh-ud

[WINNIFRED]

Where e'er I roam

My heart grows dank and cold

My face grows grey--

When shadows fall and I hear the call

Of the swamps of home

I hear them calling me now, calling me back

Calling me: "Winnifred! Winnifred! Winnifred! Winnifred!

Who do you think you are?

Girl of the swamp, you've gone too far

Maid of the marshland, give up the struggle

Listen to the voice of the swamp:

Gluggle uzzle uzzle!"

[LADIES]

"Gluggle uzzle uzzle!"

[WINNIFRED]

Where e'er I roam

The whips of fate may smart

But deep down in my heart

One thought will abide

And will ne'er be forgotten

Though I search far and wide--

There is no land as rotten--

[LADIES]

Rotten rotten rotten rotten rotten rotten rotten rotten rotten

[WINNIFRED]

As the swamps of home

[ALL]

The swamps of home

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