



We're Sick of the Sand and the Sun

*to the tune of "You Can't Get a Man With
a Gun" from Annie Get Your Gun*

These days of exploring have gotten old and boring.
We are not having any fun.
Though our old life was terrible,
it might have been "pre-ferrible."
We are sick of the sand and the sun.

At least in Mitzrayim, we all had lots of mayim.
There was water for everyone.
But out here where it's drier, we feel like we're on fire.
We are sick of the sand and the sun.

Sand and sun! Sand and sun!
We are sick of the sand and the sun!

When we're reminiscing about the things we're missing,
We regret that we chose to run.
Cause we all hate to wander to God knows where out yonder.
Though we're no longer bossed,
There's a cost to being lost,
We are sick of the sand and the sun!

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