

But Wait, There's More

by Jerry Ratch

A rock group named Stuck Gas Pedal. Another named Tweezer. A group of young punk-rockers wearing neckerchiefs named Mein Kampfire. But wait, there's more.

A song called "We Were Being Facetious," co-written by them all.

Lost Flyswatter. That's hard to say. No one knows why. But wait, there's more.

An all-girls rock band named Smoldering Vaginas singing "We Love Sex," and the flip side, "We Love Sex and We Can't Say No."

But wait, wait, there's more.

"Rock In My Shoe," by Tollhouse Cookies. "Just Rubbing Twigs," by Something Between My Legs. Also "The Heat of Creation," by the same group.

Sex Cowards. Big Ass Dawn. (sic) Humor. All of them great bands, as well as One Song Wonders.

But wait, there's more. All You Can Eat. The list goes on.

How about Computer Glue, and Chicken Chips, and Running Your Warhol? Crying Lobsters, who can forget them?

I've become a groupie for the following bands:

Staying Up Late, Doofus, National Puppet Radio — aka NPR.

I'm trying out for: Booby Traps, Writer's Block, Great Danes, Goose Bump City, and Okay Snake. I guess that oughta keep you busy.

Oh, yeah, almost forgot Pecker Squeezers, and 98.6. Apparently, We're All Hot.

