

Ahmet Agbey

Above the school in old Talas
There lived a mean old man
His name was Ahmet Agbey
And he could surely plan
His place was full of cats and dogs
And little mice a few
So Ahmet Aga he made a machine
To grind them into stew

Oh Ahmet Agbey how could you be so mean
I told you you'd be sorry for inventing that machine
For all the neighbors cats and dogs will never more be seen
They've all been made in to pastirma in Ahmet Aga's machine

One day a boy came walking
Walking into the store
He bought a pound of pastirma
And laid it on the floor
The boy began to whistle
He whistled upto a tune
And the little pastirma
Went dancing round the room

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One day the darned thing busted
The blame thing wouldn't go
So Ahmet Aga he climbed inside
To see what made it so
His wife, she had a nightmare,
A walking in her sleep
She gave the crank
A great big yank
And Ahmet Aga was meat

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