

I am a pheasant plucker,
I pluck mother pheasants,
I am the most pleasant mother pheasant plucker
to ever pluck, a mother pheasant,
I am not a pheasant plucker,
Nor am I a pheasant plucker's son,
But I will pluck the pheasant feather,
Until the pheasant plucker comes...

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck
If a woodchuck could chuck wood?
He would chuck, he would, as much as he could,
And chuck as much wood as a woodchuck would
If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

To sit in solemn silence in a dull, dark dock
In a pestilential prison with a life-long lock,
Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock
From a cheap and chippy chopper with a big, black block.

She sells seashells by the seashore.
The shells she sells are surely seashells.
So if she sells shells on the seashore,
I'm sure she sells seashore shells.

Ms. See owned a saw.
And Mrs. Soar owned a seesaw.
Now, See's saw sawed Soar's seesaw
Before Soar saw See,
Which made So

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers.
Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pickled peppers?
If Peter Piper Picked a peck of pickled peppers,
Where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

A tree-toad loved a she-toad
Who lived up in a tree.
He was a two-toed tree-toad,
But a three-toed toad was she.
The two-toed tree-toad tried to win
The three-toed she-toad's heart,
For the two-toed tree-toad loved the ground
That the three-toed tree-toad trod.
But the two-toed tree-toad tried in vain;
He couldn't please her whim.
From her tree-toad bower,
With her three-toed power,
The she-toad vetoed him.

Ned Nott was shot and Sam Shott was not.
So it is better to be Shott than Nott.
Some say Nott was not shot.
But Shott says he shot Nott.
Either the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot,
Or Nott was shot.
If the shot Shott shot shot Nott, Nott was shot.
But if the shot Shott shot shot Shott,
Then Shott was shot, not Nott.
However, the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott.

Betty Botter had some butter,
“But,” she said, “this butter’s bitter.
If I bake this bitter butter, it would make my batter bitter.
But a bit of better butter
That would make my batter better.”
So she bought a bit of butter,
Better than her bitter butter,
And she baked it in her batter,
And the better was not bitter.
So it was better Betty Botter bought a bit of better butter.

All I want is a proper cup of coffee,
Made in a proper copper coffee pot
I may be off my dot
But I want a cup of coffee
From a proper coffee pot.
Tin coffee pots and iron coffee pots
They’re no use to me –
If I can’t have a proper cup of coffee
In a proper copper coffee pot
I’ll have a cup of tea.

I thought a thought.
But the thought I thought wasn’t the thought I thought I thought.
If the thought I thought I thought had been the thought I thought,
I wouldn’t have thought so much.

When a doctor doctors a doctor,
Does the doctor doing the doctoring
Doctor as the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored
Or does the doctor doing the doctoring
doctor as he wants to doctor?

There was a fisherman named Fisher,
Who fished from some fish in a fissure.
‘Till a fish with a grin,
Pulled the fisherman in.
Now they’re fishing the fissure for Fisher.

One-One was a racehorse.
Two-Two was one, too.
When One-One won one race,
Two-Two won one, too.

Unique New York,
Unique New York,
You know you need
Unique New York.

Fuzzy Wuzzy was a bear,
Fuzzy Wuzzy had no hair,
Fuzzy Wuzzy wasn't fuzzy, was he?

Rubber Baby Buggy Bumpers

Red Leather Yellow Leather