

I'm Walking Wth My Iguana

by Brian Moses

I'm walking
with my iguana

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with my iguana

When the temperature rises
to above eighty-five,
my iguana is looking
like he's coming alive.

So we make it to the beach,
my iguana and me,
then he sits on my shoulder
as we stroll by the sea. . .

and I'm walking
with my iguana

Well if anyone sees us
we're a big surprise,
my iguana and me
on our daily exercise,

till somebody phones
the local police
says I've got an alligator
tied to a leash.

when I'm walking
with my iguana

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with my iguana

It's the spines on his back
that make him look grim,
but he just loves to be tickled
under his chin.

And I know that my iguana
is ready for bed
when he puts on his pyjamas
and lays down his sleepy head.

And I'm walking

with my iguana

still walking
with my iguana

With my iguana
with my iguana
and my piranha
and my Chihuahua
and my chinchilla,
with my gorilla,
my caterpillar...
and I'm walking...
with my iguana...
with my iguana...
with my iguana...