

KNIGHTS OF THE CREAM CHEESE

Words by Doug Berger, 2/81

He came upon the castle walls, tin-foiled in armor as he calls:

"Hail! The dairiest knight of them all!"

And over the Rye Bread Bridge did he fall.

Swallowed captive as quick as the breeze,,

knives threaten slices with sharpened ease.

"Unhand me, you poor knave if you please! I am a Knight sir of the Cream cheese."

And the Knights of the Cream Cheese have come to save,

Green Stamps and coupons from registers's grave.

And three-suited lilly-livered knaves. Armed with yogurt, their
hands do they wave. Are no match for the Cream Cheese Crusade.

"All hail the Knights of the Cream Cheese! They sail across the
Parmesan seas. In quest of pumpernickel grail.

No buttered-toast can cause them to fail.