

The Ballad of Erethizon Dorsatum

to the tune of "Home on the Range"

Oh, give me a home
Where no young mousies roam
Where it's peaceful and quiet each day.
Where salt licks abound,
And it's far from men's town,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home in my log
Though it's stinky
And dark as a bog,
All I need is one friend,
Who'll be there 'til the end,
And trees I can eat like a hog.

