



THE TOBIN BITCH
by George Jack

I was visiting a friend in Medford
Down from Ipswich
One day to drive into the city
I got an itch
Traffic was light, I thought that it would go
Without a hitch
Then, before my mood grew bolder
My friend, he tapped me on the shoulder
He warned me (and my spine grew colder)
Of the Tobin Bitch.

She had the bitter attitude
Of a spurned witch
Combined with all the beauty of a
Bedheaded Bill Fitch
And B.O. from a diet of
Raw garlicked sandwich
I laughed. "Such women don't exist!"
My friend, he grabbed me on the wrist,
Behind us, ugly woman pissed –
The dreaded Tobin Bitch.

I slowed down so she could pass by,
My friend yelled, "Look out, Mitch!"
Then suddenly the action reached
A fever pitch
For seemingly she tried to run me
Into a ditch
A ditch that simply wasn't there,
Once off-road, I'd be in midair
I should have been much more aware
Of this psycho, Tobin Bitch

My friend was freaking out, I screamed
"Calm down, Dmitrovich!"
Then, suddenly, her evil plans –
They hit a glitch,
A truck had dropped a large barrel
Of hydrochloric-xich
She swerved and hit the guardrail, though,
Destroyed her '88 Yugo,
Man, there was nothing left to tow, and
Naught of the Tobin Bitch.

We decided then that highway driving
Wasn't our niche,
We thought we'd go home, watch TV,
Through channels, surf and flitch,
We're lucky that we made it through
Without a stitch.
That day happened awhile back,
But still in bravery I lack
For fear she may again attack –
Beware the Tobin Bitch!