

Fifi the Microwave Pup

Words and Music by Roger Deitz

Copyright 1983, Roger Deitz

Fifi, poor Fifi the microwave pup

When she pressed the button, you were on your way up
Where all doggies go, when their owners don't know
That microwave cooking don't leave dogs good-looking

She primped and she coddled and pampered you so

The trouble was she was a little bit slow
And didn't react when you started to glow
Poor Fifi the microwave pup

Although she loved poodles just oodles and oodles

They ain't salmon croquettes or cheese casserole noodles
And all she was doing was drying your hair
But when you were done, you were medium rare

Now you are gone, what a terrible loss

You were buried with honors, and barbeque sauce
And although you're our hero, the moral is clear, oh
Technology won, and the rest of us zero . . .

So it's to you we are raising our cup

Poor Fifi the microwave pup