

THE TIJUANA PIG-DOG (1 of 5)

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Come and listen to the tragic tale
Of Wech-A-Sooey-Wee
Before the days of Stonehenge
Or the beach at Normandy
A tale of woe and evil
Sure to paralyze with dread
Ev'ry heart that hears the message:
"Wech-A-Sooey-Wee is dead."

In a place they called Tijuana
Lived a people of the land
Stout of heart and strong of spirit
Clear of mind and skilled of hand
From the dawn until the twilight
Ev'ry worker plied his trade
Weaving spirit, wind and storm
Into each deerskin shoe he made

To this peaceful tribe there rose a chief
Named Wech-A-Sooey-Wee
And he ruled the great Tijuans
With a calm proclivity
To work beside his countrymen
In rain or snow or shine
To herd the deer of Mexico
With a sturdy drift of swine

In those days, the winter snows would blow
For all that they were worth
In the days 'ere global warming
Came to microwave the earth
But the pigs of Wech-A-Sooey-Wee
Would herd in any clime
So that brave Tijuana tribe
Could make the moccasins in time

With their sturdy snouts and vicious tusks
The swine would plow the ground
Digging furrow after furrow
With a savage, snorting sound
As the tireless, strong Tijuans
Walked behind and planted crops
Of frijoles, jalapeños, maize
To sell from all their shops

THE TIJUANA PIG-DOG (2 of 5)

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At harvest time, the crops were heaped
In piles upon the sleds
In the early morning hours
All would rise up from their beds
And hitch the pigs in teams
To drive the sleds along their route
Full of jalapeños, maize, frijoles
And the deerskin boot

All the tribes of southern Mexico
Would long to see the day
Wech-a-Soo-Ee-Wee's provision sleds
Would finally come their way
For they lived in squalid poverty
Neglected and confused
By the evil Silas Pompadour
By whom they were abused

In the town of Rosarito
Lived this cruel and brutal man
The rank and rotten ruler
Of the Poodle-Wa-Kee clan
In the hills of Rosarito
Lived the poodles of the wild
And he treated them
As if each poodle was his only child

King Silas was a hateful soul
A nasty, rancid king
Vile, vampiric, villainous
But oh, how he could sing!
The Rosarito poodles came
In rain or sun or sleet
As he charmed them with his velvet voice
They'd gather at his feet

The poodles howled in ecstasy
As Silas sang his songs
Songs of anger and revenge
For all injustices and wrongs
That the chief of Rosarito
Said that Sooey-Wee had done
But the truth is, he just made it up
To have a little fun

THE TIJUANA PIG-DOG (3 of 5)

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When the sun would fall
King Silas rounded all the poodles up
From the strongest alpha male
Down to the weakest, runty pup
He'd file their fangs to wicked points
And teach them special barks
As they frolicked on the sand
Attracting unsuspecting sharks

The poodles slept all day
And at the setting of the sun
King Silas took them to the beach
Where they would play and run
Luring sharks a little closer
Till they swam within their reach
Then they'd bite them with their steely fangs
And drag them to the beach

It was on an evening such as this
That fate just fell asleep
As the brave Tijuana sled-pigs
Tried to pass without a peep
Through the Poodle-Wa-Kee territory
Safe and undetected
Little knowing they would soon be faced
With what they least expected

As they traveled on the Rosarito beaches
They were met
By a foe of fierce ferocity
They'd not encountered yet
There before them on the shoreline
An eviscerated shark
And a chilling sound upon the wind—
A Poodle-Wa-Kee bark

It was many weeks before the pigs
Returned with ruined sleds
Covered up with blood
And filled with stacks of severed heads
I hesitate to tell the rest
Because I know your food'll
Want to come up if I tell you
How the wounds were caused by poodle

THE TIJUANA PIG-DOG (4 of 5)

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When the pigs returned to camp
They broke their harnesses and squealed
And the tribe of Wech-a-Sooy-Wee
Knew all their fates were sealed
Before the sun had set upon that blood-besotted day
Seven thousand brave Tijuans
Soaked the desert where they lay

As the fat Tijuana sled pigs
Filled their stomachs to capacity
A truth emerged to test
The very limits of veracity
For in due course, the sows would soon
Spawn legions of cayoodles
For their wombs were heavy with the spawn
Of Rosarito poodles

In the months to come
The southern tribes of Mexico set forth
To inquire about their lavish benefactors
From the north
They arrived to find a dry and dreary
Baked and barren land
Why Tijuana was abandoned
They just could not understand

That night, they made the sad mistake
Of setting up a camp
And they pondered 'round the fire
Till someone quenched the final lamp
From the desert in the stillness
Came a low and deadly growl
As the moon came up
The offspring of the pigs began to howl

As the unsuspecting Mexicans
Slept soundly in their dorms
The pig-dogs crept with foul intent
Upon their placid forms
The ending of this tragic tale
Is just too sad to sing
With the only mercy being
That they never felt a thing

THE TIJUANA PIG-DOG (5 of 5)

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Some will say the pig-dog
Is a story meant to scare
And that howling in the desert
Doesn't mean that something's there
But I have known of children
Who would disobey and whine
And smirk and scowl at mom and dad
Then, thinking all was fine,

Would go to bed self-satisfied
Expecting pleasant dreams
Then wake right up to jowls and fangs
While horrifying screams
Escaped their throats mere moments
Ere the pig-dog closed its jaws
By now I hope this sordid saga
Serves to give you pause

And remember on some starless night
You may just hear the cry
Of the vile Tijuana pig-dog
'Neath the black Tijuana sky
And if you do, stay in your tent
Don't take a midnight stroll
Lest the pig-dogs tear you limb from limb
And steal your wretched soul