

Blue Streak

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Rated: G

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Summary: This is a songfic to a familiar oldie.

Story Size: 508 words (3Kb as text)

Notes: This idea was inspired by D8a's mention of the song on the "Bet you can't do *this* song" thread under FoLC Productions. Notice how many lines I didn't have to change.

Disclaimers: The lyrics and song belong to Ray Stevens, I just borrowed them to play with.

Archive EIC's Note: Please note that any errors in punctuation and spelling have been deliberately included by the author to reflect the way in which the song is sung by the recording artist.

Hello, everybody, this is your action news reporter
With all the news that is news across the nation.
On the scene at the supermarket,
There seems to have been some disturbance here.
Pardon me sir, did you see what happened?
Yeh, I did...I was standing over there by the tomatoes
And here he come
Flying o'er the pole beans, o'er the fruits and vegetables
Flying like a bluebird
And I hollered over at Ethel...I said hey, look, Ethel.
It was too late; she'd been looking at incense...

(Chorus)

Here he comes, boogie-dy, boogie-dy
There he goes, boogie-dy, boogie-dy
And he ain't wearin' much clothes

Oh yes, they call him Blue Streak
Fastest thing on two feet (maybe)
He's just as proud as he can be
Of his killer body
He's gonna give us a peek
Oh yes, they call him Blue Streak
He likes to show off his physique
If there's a rescue to be found
He'll be streakin' around
Providin' public relief...

This is your action news reporter once again
And we're here at the gas station.
Pardon me sir, did you see what happened?
Yeh, I did...I was just in here gettin' my tires checked
And he just appeared over the traffic
Come streakin' around the grease rack there
Didn't stay very long, but he smiled.
I looked in there and Ethel was gettin' her a cold drink
I hollered...Hey, look, Ethel.
It was too late...She'd already missed the dude.
Saw a flash of blue from in front of the shock absorbers.

(Chorus)

He ain't rude, boogie-dy, boogie-dy

He ain't lewd, boogie-dy, boogie-dy
He's just in the mood to fly for some food.

Oh yes, they call him Blue Streak
He wears a cape to hide his cheeks
He's always making the news
Wearin' just his suit of blue
Guess you could call him unique...

Once again, your action news reporter in the booth at the gym
Covering the disturbance at the basketball playoffs
Pardon me sir, did you see what happened?
Yeh, I did...half-time, I was just going down there
To get Ethel a snow cone.
Here he come right out of the cheap seats
Flying'...right down the middle of the court
Didn't have on nothin' but his suit
Rescued a bird and flew over the concession stand
I hollered up at Ethel, I said hey, look, Ethel.
It was too late...She'd missed a free shot.
Profiled...Right there in front of the home team.