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Music: To the tune of "Little Fuzzy Animals" by Frank Hayes

Am Dm
When you go to a convention you may not like what you hear
Am Em
There are Dorsai toting blasters which they discharge in your ear
Am Dm
There are Neos asking questions, filkers try to harmonize
Am Em Am
And there's little tiny babies making big loud cries.

Am
Little tiny babies, little teeny babies
Am Em Am
Little tiny babies making big loud cries.

Now not all of the noise you hear should fill you with despair
For the Dorsai all drink Tully, and might have a drop to spare.
The neos all are horney and some even like to filk
But the little tiny babies only want more milk.

Now when morning hits the con-suite blessed silence fills the air.
There are whiskey-sodden Dorsai fast asleep in every chair.
The Neos all have gone to bed (*not necessarily their own*)
the filkers close their eyes—
Then the little tiny babies think it's time to rise.

When you go to a convention now you'll know what lies in store:
There are lots of raucous parties where there's booze and sex galore,
But when it comes to babies now you'll know what you must do:
Better use a contraceptive or you'll have one too!

No refrain after last verse

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