

# Lenny Llama

by Erin Crowley

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Notes: This was downright fun to write, and yes it is a true story. Not mine, but one told by a pack llama trainer I met at the Fryeburg Fair a few years ago. I love the story—mostly because I just love the llama. I'd like to dedicate this song to my father: a man with stories about llama lugies.

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Lenny is a llama  
Who is learning not to spit  
When he expectorates  
I will make him sit  
*(Now not many people know this about llamas,  
but llamas hate being made to sit. It's like being  
told to go to their rooms when they've been  
naughty, and not come out til they're very VERY  
sorry. But Lenny's a good llama. Right Lenny?  
Lenny?)*

CHORUS:  
Lenny looks at me with face all askew  
He says: (chhhhock-toooooey!) (EEEW!)  
So I'm taking Lenny's reins and  
I am forcing him to kneel  
Cuz he's been a bad llama  
And now he has to deal

Lenny looks disgruntled  
He looks downright sad  
Should I let him stand back up?  
*(What do you think? Does he know he's been  
bad?  
Ok, Lenny, let's try this again. You can stand up  
now.)*

Now I'm a llama trainer  
And I know llamas are smart  
But when he bats those long luxurious lovable  
little llama lashes  
He knows it'll melt my llama loving heart.  
*(I can't help myself. Alright, Lenny, let's try this  
one more time. You can stand up again.)*

*(How much spit can a llama hold? Is that a  
llama lugee in my hair?)*  
Lenny's looking mischievous  
His face is full of glee  
I let him stand up anyway--  
*(He just knelt back down and spit on me!)*

CHORUS2:  
(chhhhock-toooooey!) (EEEW!)  
I can't take Lenny's reins  
And I can't make him kneel  
He knows he's a bad llama  
Now I just have to deal!  
  
Now I am dripping yucky  
In this nasty llama goo  
And I'm left here wondering  
Just who is training whom?  
(chhhhock-toooooey!) *(Was that really  
necessary?)*

CHORUS3:  
The moral of this story  
Is for you to decide  
But I would wear a raincoat  
On my next llama ride