I Took Him Back to WalMart

My ex-husband and I fought constantly, Why I married him, I'll never know. For all those miserable years I said My hubby has got to go!

Tried poisoning cakes, stripping his brakes, Salting his pork chops with lime. Wiring his chair, igniting his hair Even though playing with fire is a crime.

But I failed at each plot 'til I suddenly thought Of a way that would set me free! I got rid of him for good and, know what? They couldn't do a thing to me!

I took him back to WalMart! They'll take anything back you know! They said they couldn't recall selling him, But they must have if I said so.

They just credited him to my Visa and said, "Ya'll come back now, 'ya hear?" They were so nice, polite, pleasant and insistent, I'll take back his mother next year!

They'll take anything back at WalMart, Though it's broken or rotten or sweet. And know what else? This time of year You don't even need a receipt!