Barbara's Rhubarb Bar

Text: Bodo Wartke / Übersetzung: Uta Schlott
Musik: Marti Fischer
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Once upon a time, in a small town, there
lived a girl called Barbara.
And this Barbara was known throughout the country
for her incredibly good rhubarb pie.

Yes, you could say that Barbara's
rhubarb pie without any ifs and buts
was an almost magical experience …
Abracadabra!

Well, this cake was downright bombastic!
And the demand for it increased dramatically.
Barbara opened a bar that same year
and called it "Barbara's Rhubarb Bar".

There were also a few barbarians in the town,
who had heard about Barbara's rhubarb bar.
And as they went to Barbara's every day from then on,
they were soon known as the rhubarb barbarians.

In the years that followed, the barbarians
gradually abandoned their barbaric behaviour.
They were, Barbara claimed,
almost more likeable than Barbapapa.

But the barbarians were very hairy
and all had a shaggy barbarian beard. – Not appealing at all!
Barbara then sent her
barbarian friends to the barbarian barber.

He even styled the barbarians' entire heads
in his barbarian barber shop.
He was a terrible blabbermouth,
but the beard was totally tip-top afterwards!

The barbarians then invited their bearded barber back to
to the rhubarb bar after his work was done.
They then had a beer together at the bar,
the rhubarb barbarians and the bearded barber,

and ate without any barbarism
a piece of rhubarb pie. – I think it was two pieces.
Yes, even very tough men became approachable,
and all thanks to Barbara's rhubarb!

Three barbarians and the bearded barber
were sitting in the bar one evening having a beer.
The police arrived: "But, where have you been?"
Three barbarians and the bearded barber!