

## Mayor Zee Dotes--Solution

This puzzle will have you singing non-stop--it's an earworm! Each of the strange phrases is a "Mad Gab" lyric from a song (hinted at in the flavortext by Agent Sylvia "Syl" Ehbull listening to notes on her radio from Monty Greene, or mondegreen); the songs in question are frustratingly catchy. Solvers must sound out the true lyrics to discover the right melody. The tuneful task's made tricky by the fact that each phrase contains one extraneous word, and help is given as the songs are arranged by artist's last name, with enumerations given. Reading the extraneous words--ED WIN AIM HER DIRT THIN GRUNT SOFT MICE SHAWL DOORS--as one final Mad Gab creates the line "And when I'm hurt, hurting runs off my shoulders," a lyric from the answer to this puzzle: **SWEET CAROLINE!**

The song lyrics, alphabetical by artist and with brackets around the extra word, are:

1. Ike connect, lie, cast tar--Ike, [Ed], con begin mine, he's.  
-I can act like a star, I can beg on my knees--Barbie Girl, Aqua

2. Old [win], meet Ty. Hurt, then? Might dare! Here (raunchy) ins.

-Hold me tighter than my Deréon jeans...--*Single Ladies*, Beyonce

3. Lie, keg. Aim, Shogun Tess. [Aim], tent width apart, ink iffed.

-Like a game show contestant with a parting gift...--*Run-Around*, Blues Traveler

4. Heed rings! A log heard [her] ring--keyed ring aside herd rink.

--He drinks a lager drink, he drinks a cider drink...--*Tubthumping*, Chumbawumba

5. Cozy ingot? Nope! Odd, the [dirt] tool is in, tool is in.

-'Cause he ain't got nobody to listen, to listen...-*Blue*, Eiffel 65

6. Pin knees? [Thin] end times four? Ack! His!

-Pennies and dimes for a kiss...-*Call Me Maybe?*, Carly Rae Jepsen

7. Ood ad, heed ear. Ewe? No, ewe worst! Hill, numb (brrr)...[grunt] won.

-Ooh, daddy dear, you know you're still number one! --*Girls Just Wanna Have Fun*, Cyndi Lauper

8. [Soft]--Hef ewer relay bog meat. Hten aisle. SEGA?  
Hood buy!

-If you really bug me, then I'll say goodbye!--Wannabe, Spice  
Girls

9. Whiff, salmon, direct horde at [mice]. Smooch, coo, alert,  
then Mayan.

-With some indie record that's much cooler than mine...--We  
Are Never Ever Ever Getting Back Together, Taylor Swift

10. Sly, dip her [shawl] 'round a bell. He, Fay, Sid? Ow! None,  
duh. Matt? Trish?

-Slide up around the belly, face down on the  
mattress...--Semi-Charmed Life, Third Eye Blind

11. Got bliss? Ma Thorne ate, sure...cheese, sassin' gull, whom  
in [doors] two.

-God bless Mother Nature! She's a single woman too!--It's  
Raining Men, the Weather Girls