

## LOCAL LYRICS

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### BLESS YOUR SWEET VOICES

They mumble, as with mouths packed tight with bread, or page you with uncouth,  
ear-splitting roar;  
And then, because you can't get what they said, they pan your service, saying  
it is poor;  
They knock you and they say that you are dense; they say wrong numbers are  
your stock-in-trade,  
But, girlies, you have loads and loads more sense than those dim-wits by whom  
such kicks are made.

I oft-times think that switch-board girl's control of tongue and temper is a thing  
of note;  
I know your job would sear me to the soul and I might slit some dumb sub-  
scriber's throat—  
So, let the self-important birds condemn your works and cast reflections on your  
skill;  
Don't fret your pretty heads concerning them—just treat them as a necessary ill.



### THESE THIRSTY TIMES

When I was young and in the pink, no decent lad would ever think  
Of hoisting strong and raging drink, at house-parties or dinners;  
And if he did, his goose was cooked; such conduct was not overlooked—  
A man who acted thus was booked 'mongst publicans and sinners.

But now when youths awash with beer, invade our homes we do not care—  
As long as they don't drink our share, we never raise objection.  
"A freer, finer youth today"—"The modern youngster is O.K."—  
But as I look them o'er, I'd say, "A pretty bum collection."