

"Oh, Father. What's that building there,
Where lights shine out so late?"
"That's where the City Fathers, child,
Discuss affairs of state.

Such weighty matters they decide
As garbage and taxation,
And whether we in cars shall ride,
And who'll have vaccination."

"It seems to me, if I'd my choice
I'd do a little paving."

"Tis well, my son, you have no voice,
The Council is more saving.

I greatly fear we'll have to go
Without such new inventions,
Unless, like some place else we know,
We pave with good intentions."