

## LOCAL LYRICS

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### MAN TEACHING THE WIFE

You step upon the starter first—that button on the floor—  
Don't keep your foot on it so long! What do you think it's for?  
Now push that pedal in and haul the lever back to low  
And let your foot out slowly—Oh, Good Heavens! I said slow;  
All right then—use your foot again and shift to second gear;  
Don't step so heavy on the gas and don't forget to steer;  
Woman, that foot should come out slow! Oh, there you go again!  
This car is doomed! no rear-end made would ever stand such strain;  
Look out! Look out! I wish that you'd be careful where you're going;  
Pull in and let that fellow pass—he must be tired of blowing;  
Not so much gas! Oh, what's the use! G'wan then shift to high—  
I won't shut up! no wonder I—now, that's right, start to cry.



### JUST A SUGGESTION

I watched a bridal pair embark on matrimony's stormy seas:  
I waited till the tumult died and then I thought such thoughts as these—  
Why must folks pelt a bride and groom with rice, confetti, boots and such?  
It is an ancient custom but it's one that does not please me much;  
When friends and kin raise lusty cheer to mingle with the wedding chimes  
And feel the urge for throwing things, why not throw dollars, quarters, dimes?  
The friendly spirit they convey, by tossing boots on wedded necks  
Could be as well expressed, I say, if they would toss some bonds and checks.  
Now this suggestion's new, you see, and being thus, it will be ditched,  
But it sounds rather good to me—try it on us when I get hitched.