

LOCAL LYRICS

SUGGESTION FOR MORAL IMPROVEMENT OF RACE

Which I harked a lad bemoaning; "I'm reforming," he was moaning,
I'm a sick man; ah, I could not be much sicker.
I will make whoopee no more, and I'm very very sure
That I'll never hoist another slug of liquor.

When a fellow's not so well, then his moral sense is swell
And he follows the Commandments to the letter.
Yes, when guys are off their feed, they're angelic things indeed—
But their conscience jumps it's timing when they're better.

So, to keep us at our best, I respectfully suggest
That we ruin our health and welcome pains and ills.
We can tread the narrow way and we see sin does not pay,
When we're full of patent medicines and pills.



PICTURE OF MECHANIC AT LABOR

Stands at distance and surveys the work he's been assigned.
Scratches head and looks at watch and fixes time in mind.
Wipes off hands on piece of waste; throws waste upon the floor.
Picks up wrench and lays it down then picks it up once more.

Wrench too big. Crawls fifty feet to bench and gets a smaller.
(How slow those birds can amble, too, when earning honest dollar.)
Loosens nut; heaves weary sigh; wipes non-existent sweat.
Sits heavily on running-board and lights a cigarette.

Up again; resumes his task; finds trouble; 'nother rest.
Short of tools; goes back to bench and rummages in chest.
Makes small repairs. Replaces parts. Slants at his watch and smiles.
One hour for ten minute job. We drivers have our trials!