

## LOCAL LYRICS

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### DISILLUSIONMENT

I saw her on the street, today, a girl with wide, blue eyes  
In piquant face, that seemed to gaze in innocent surprise;  
She stopped to greet some chaps she knew—I felt my envy rise.

At sight, she captivated me; I sought another glance,  
But when she spoke, I sadly snapped from out my sudden trance;  
Her language placed the skids beneath the Spirit of Romance.

Her voice was as a rusty saw upon a hard-pine knot;  
She spoke those fellows, saying: "How's she goin'—Ain't it hot?"  
And I shook the old head, sadly, as I ambled from the spot.



### YOU'RE NOT THE MAN YOUR DADDY WAS

In days gone by the marriage-tie was honored and exalted;  
A wedded pair would share and share—face Life and not default it;  
They'd stick through years of joy and tears—they'd take the sweets and bitters—  
As one they'd wend to journey's end—those old folks were no quitters.

But modern folk in marriage-yolk can seldom see much beauty;  
They're long on play and ease today, but very short on duty;  
Their union's tight while things are bright, but they have no resources—  
When cares arrive they take a dive and holler for divorces.

Let wise guys sneer at yesterday-year, with lack of veneration.  
Those folks they pan were squarer than this pampered generation.