

## LOCAL LYRICS

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### SONG OF GARAGE-MAN OVERHAULING CAR

The hours I've spent on thee, dear heart,  
In making sure you choose to run.  
Have been a pleasure from the start:  
The work I did was gladly done.

The brakes I lined; the valves I ground;  
The carbon that I scraped away—  
In all of these such joy I found,  
As only a garage-man may.

For we who patch-up and replace  
Are well rewarded for our skill—  
I'd love to see your owner's face,  
Just after he receives my bill.



### HYPOCHONDRIA, BY MAIL

There came for me an almanac, within this sad day's mail—  
A gift from Dr. Oscar Gook, who keepeth pills for sale;  
Aghast, I read of divers ills and symptoms of the same,  
Perceiving that I'd soon be benched in Life's tempestuous game.

For now I know my heart is weak and that my lungs are gone  
My liver, once my pride, no more can be depended on;  
I know my blood is coursing slow—that soon it will congeal—  
Ah me! my friends, you wot not of the pains and aches I feel.

Yet, when I rose this morning, I was feeling really fit;  
I fell upon a hearty meal and climbed outside of it;  
I thought myself a lusty wight, with many years to go—  
'Twas only self-deception—the booklet proves it so.

Would that the kindly doctor had not made mine eyes to see;  
I was a whited sepulchre, but 'twas unknown to me;  
Now, every symptom mentioned I can feel within my frame—  
My few remaining breaths shall curse the day that pamphlet came.