

LOCAL LYRICS

ONE OF THE PENALTIES

She was a back-seat driver, when first he bought his car,
With good advice and otherwise she'd persecute the man.
She'd pan his mode of steering; his style of shifting gears,
And move him to profanity and hot, unmanly tears.

At last, in desperation, he taught her how to drive,
And now he often wishes that he were not alive.
She drives with such abandon in traffic or on curves,
That he is just a bundle of bent and rusty nerves.

Which proves that when a guy is married,
There's no escaping being harried.



WHAT'S THE USE

He brushed his teeth three times a day; he slept his full eight hours.
He bathed his trunk with frequency and doted on cold showers.
With exercises, day and night, he limbered up the frame.
He chewed his fodder thirty chews, before he swallowed same.
He did not smoke. His only drinks were milk and Adam's ale;
No tea or coffee passed his lips; no rum e'er made him pale.
He followed every rule of health, but he forgot the Fates—
And yesterday a truck slapped him right through the Pearly Gates.

'Twas ever thus—A lad will try to better his life's chances,
And then his pains are gummed for fair by outside circumstances.