

LOCAL LYRICS

PROUD AND PESTY PAPPAS

He used to be a social hit—one of the very best;
His range of topics and his wit were listened to with zest—
But now he is a father and, I grieve to say, a pest.

Yes, he who was a likely guy, is now a human blot;
His friends, perceiving him drawn nigh, move quickly from the spot,
Lest he should tell them once again the marvels of his tot.

He lectures on it's several teeth and on it's cunning ways;
He says it is the perfect child and loudly sings it's praise—
And if you'd listen he would rave along such lines for days.

It's tough enough to have to hark concerning brats of others,
But if we must, we'd rather get the broadcast from the mothers—
The new-made father always is a pain unto his brothers.



BOYS, TAKE YOUR TIME

Sweet May has gone and now 'tis June, when lads grab blushing brides
And bravely fare on matrimony's waters;
While happy fathers laugh with joy until they pain their sides.
At being thus rid of expensive daughters.

Oh boys, before you sign them up to honor and obey,
I beg you heed self-preservation's law—
Because the price they ask for rent and groceries today
Is something to be spoken of with awe.

Reflect my sons upon the joys attending single life—
With days and nights and thoughts and actions free;
List to those poor saps saying, "I will have to ask the wife"—
Be strong and do not sell your liberty.