

Chad Mitchell Trio, Rhymes For The Irreverent

"I'm not afraid of atom bombs, said Kruscev
And they know it, I'm not afraid of anything
Except perhaps a poet

A recitation

No matter how high or great the throne
What sits on it is the same as your own

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Climbing high into the sun
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder
At'em boys, giv'er the gun
Down we dive spouting our flaming from under
Off with one helluva roar
We live in fame or go down in flame
Nothing'll stop the Us Air Corps

Hammacher Schlemmer is selling a shelter
worthy of Kubla Kahn's Xanadu dome
Plushy and swanky with posh hanky-panky
that affluent yankees can really call home

Hammacher Schlemmer is selling a shelter
a push-button palace, florescent repose
electric devices for facing a crisis
with frozen fruit ices and cinema shows

Hammacher Schlemmer is selling a shelter
of chromium kitchens and rubber tile dorms
with waterproof portals to echo the chortles
of weatherproof mortals in hydrogen storms

What a great come-to-glory emporium
To enjoy a deluxe moratorium
Where nuclear heat can beguile the elite
In a crme de la crme crematorium

Achtung
The Nazi, whom we did abhor
Is now gemtlichkeit
For when he isn't making war
No one could be politer
He woos Miss Liberty with zeal
He bows with grace and rigor
To kiss the hand and click the heel
Before he clicks the trigger

You're paid to stop a bullet
It's a soldier's job they say
And so you stop the bullet
And then they stop your pay
Should I write a letter to my congressman?

Each congressman has got two ends
A sitting and a thinking end
And since his whole success depend upon on his seat
Why bother friend?

God made the World in six days flat
On the seventh he said, I'll rest
So he let the thing into orbit swing
To give it a dry run test
A billion years went by

Then he took a look at the whirling blob
His spirits fell as he shrugged
Oh well, it was only a six-day job"