

# Kevin Gilbert, Joytown

Fathers they have big hands and they pat gently on your head  
Mothers always make sure everyone is happy and well fed  
And everything is instant, no one has to wait to long  
And Lennon never has to sing a Paul McCartney song

We're living here in Joytown, the City of the Sun  
And everyone loves everyone loves every single one

No one sells his roommate's stuff so he can get a fix  
And no one fears the darkness, no one fears the number six  
Everyone talks openly of great things they have read  
And no one ever says the things that are better left unsaid  
And everyone has someone they can share their sadness with  
No one leaves the slightest doubt, no one takes the fifth

Jesus and Muhammed and Buddha live in town  
Zoraster and Ba'h'aula and Moses hangs around  
And when they get together they are quite a noisy crew  
They laugh about their legacies over cigarettes and brew

Senator McCarthy enjoys a book by Marx  
And people tear down parking lots  
So they can build more parks  
And Jimi plays the perfect note that never seems to end  
and Martin Luther King has got a blond white girlfriend

We're singing here in Joytown  
Won't you come and sing along?  
We'll never tell you that you ain't singing the right notes,  
Never criticize your song.