

# Sherman Allan, Green Stamps

+Green Stamps

Thrill me with your Green Stamps.

I love your little Green Stamps.

I took collecting Green Stamps.

I love the way they look.

Oh how I love to pick them.

I pick them up, and lick them.

I lick them, then I stick them

In my brown Green Stamp book.

All day and night I'm dreaming.

I'm dreaming of redeeming

My Green Stamps for a toaster,

So gleaming and deluxe.

Oh how it will thrill me,

And please me and fulfill me,

To know my toaster only cost me

Fourteen hundred bucks.

I drive up to the market.

I stop my car and park it.

I buy a lot of strange things

Of which I've never heard.

I buy, though it's not urgent,

Two truckloads of detergent,

Three hundred pounds of bird seed,

Though I don't have a bird.

Some extract of vanilla,

Enough to feed Godzilla.

Then I'll trade all my Green Stamps

For something I can drive.

A car is what I hope for,

What I bought all that soap for.

They promise me the first Studebaker

Made in 1965.