

# Sherman Allan, Pop Hates The Beatles

+Pop Hates The Beatles

My daughter needs a new phonograph.

She wore out all the needles.

Besides, I broke the old one in half.

I hate the Beatles.

She says they have a Liverpool beat.

She says they used to play there.

Four nice kids from offa the street.

Why didn't they stay there?

What is all the screaming about?

Fainting and swooning.

Sounds to me like their guitars

Could use a little tuning.

The boys are from the British Empire.

The British think they're keen.

If that is what the British desire,

God Save The Queen.

No daughter of mine can push me around.

In my home I'm the master.

But when the British come into town,

Gad, what a disaster.

Little girls in sneakers and jeans.

Destroyed the territory.

'Twas like some of the gorier scenes

From West Side Story.

Of course my daughter had to go there.

The tickets are cheap, she hollers.

I was able to pick up a pair

For forty-seven dollars.

When the Beatles come on the stage,

They scream and shriek and cheer them.

Now I know why they're such a rage,

It's impossible to hear them.

Ringo is the one with the drum,

The others all play with him.

It shows you what a boy can become

Without a sense of rhythm.

There's Beatle books and T-shirts and rings,

And one thing and another.

To buy my daughter all of these things,

I had to sell her brother.

Back in 1776

We fought the British then, folks.

Parents of America,

It's time to do it again, folks.

When they come back, here's how we'll begin,

We'll throw 'em in Boston harbor.

But please, before we toss 'em all in,

Let's take 'em to a barber.