

Dean Friedman, Ariel

Way on the other side of the Hudson,
deep in the bosom of suburbia,
I met a young girl, she sang mighty fine,
Tears on My Pillow and Ave Maria.
Standing by the waterfall in Paramus Park
she was working for the Friends-of-BAI
She was collecting quarters in a paper cup.
She was looking for change and so was I.

She was a Jewish girl. I fell in love with her.
She wrote her number on the back of my hand.
I called her up, I was all out of breath, I said,
"Come hear me play in my rock and roll band.
I took a shower and I put on my best blue jeans.
I picked her up in my new VW van.
She wore a peasant blouse with nothing underneath.
I said, "Hi". She said, "Yeah, I guess I am."

Ariel'

We had a little time, we were real hungry.
We went to Dairy Queen for something to eat.
She had some onion rings. She had a pickle.
She forgot to tell me that she didn't eat meat.
I had a gig in the American Legion Hall.
It was a dance for the Volunteer Ambulance Corp.
She was sitting in a corner against the wall.
She would smile and I melted all over the floor.

Ariel'

I took her home with me. We watched some TV,
Annette Funicello and some guy going steady.
I started fooling around with the vertical hold.
We got the munchies and I made some spaghetti.
We sat and we talked into the night,
while channel 2 was signing off the air.
I found the softness of her mouth.
We made love to bombs bursting in Arrrrriell'.

Ariel'