

Sherman Allan, Heres To The Crabgrass

+Here's To The Crabgrass
Here's to the crabgrass,
Here's to the mortgage,
In fact, here's to Suburbia.
Lay down your briefcase,
Far from the rat race,
Where nothing can disturb ya.
Uncomplicated,
It's what we waited
For so long in this city.
Come let us go there,
Live like Thoreau there,
A life of sweet simplicity.
Did you set the thermostat?
No, I don't know where it's at.
Tuesday the Cub Scouts meet again.
Walk the dog and cut the grass,
Take the kids to dancing class,
Jim's Little League got beat again.
Can't keep a maid here,
No matter what they're paid here,
The place has bad publicity.
Why did we move here?
Don't you remember?
To live in sweet simplicity.
Here's to mosquitos,
Clam dip and Fritos,
To golf and bridge and scuba there.
Men wearing knee pants,
Women in Capri pants,
Discussing what's with Cuba there.
Each big appliance
Treats you with defiance,
Until it finally falls apart.
Call the repairman,
In a week he's there, man,
To knock your kitchen walls apart.
Tommy's got a bloody nose,
Gotta fix the garden hose.
Book Of The Month Club came today.
Didn't read the last one yet.
Yes you did, but you forget.
Oh well, they're all the same today.
Here's Mrs. Ritter,
She's the baby sitter.
Tonight we're going joyously
Back to the city,
Where life is gay and witty,
Back to the noise there,
That everyone enjoys there.
Back to the crush there,
Hurry let us rush there,
Back to the rat race,
Don't forget your briefcase,
Back in the groove there,
Say why don't we move there.
Away from all of this
Sweet simplicity.