

Small Fred, A Modest Proposal (The Long Underwear Song)

I remember well when I was but a child of tender years
The day that I discovered the catalog from Sears
The people in the pictures they made me stop and stare
Who'd have guessed that they'd be dressed in thermal underwear?
Underwear! Long underwear!
It makes the foulest weather feel like fair!
It's ten below and icy winds blow whistling through the air
Let it storm, I'm toasty warm inside my underwear.
Prudence says to set our thermostats at sixty-five
In skimpy briefs and brassieres you will not survive
The Lord in all her wisdom gave us more than skin and hair
She gave us wit, ourselves to fit with thermal underwear.
Underwear! Long underwear!
Beneath our clothes, without it we are bare
Plutonium is perilous and coal pollutes the air
The energy source that's best, of course, is thermal underwear.
Paul Newman wears it all the time and Redford he does, too
Barbra Streisand swears that it's the only thing to do
Lovers, if you think that taking off your clothes is nice
Do not miss the greater bliss of taking them off twice!
Underwear! Long underwear!
Slip inside and leave behind your cares
The oil and gas kingpins will rant and tear their hair
Who needs them? We've got a friend in thermal underwear.