

Fruvous Moxy

"The Ballad Of Marion Fruvous"

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{spoken}

In days of yore this quaint locale

Was thought by its people more fair than foul

Their lives the stuff of simple propriety

But for a mild case of garbage anxiety

With stories and songs the long hours were filled in

And one was the stand-alone fave of the children:

"Tell us the fable of waste that will move us;

Tell us the story of Marion FrÃ¼vous".

The folks of Toronto, they had it all

Paper thick as New York's and sushi on call

Disposable cans of aerosol

And no one in town seemed to mind at all

Except for Marion FrÃ¼vous.

Somewhere along the dawn she creeps

Where yuppies they drive Cherokee jeeps

By PCB stashes and styrofoam heaps

Hiding by walls where asbestos seeps

Thus spake our FrÃ¼vous:

"Thrive as you may with extravagant ways

Toronto, enjoy your disposable days

One day you'll rot in your urban malaise"

Said Marion FrÃ¼vous, then she rode off again.

Citizens cowered at Marion's threats

Politicians lost votes and folks had regrets

'Cause the longer we wait the worser it gets

And the Leafs' top defencemen has gone to the Jets

"Whoa! Hey!" said Fruvous.

"Thrive as you may with extravagant ways

Toronto, enjoy your disposable days

One day you'll rot in your urban malaise"

Said Marion Fruvous, then she rode off again.

My colleage and I have been talking this over for about
a week and

we think we have

come up with a plan that is going to takecare of the
garbage

problem. That's right,

with our plan, Toronto will become the world-class,
cosmopolitain

city we keep

calling it.

We have got a plan, we have had some talks

Have to put the garbage in a small blue box

Fill it up with glass or fill it up with tin

We'll recycle everything that they put in

Take it to the curb on Wednesday

Rest assured you're nature's friend

People all around the world will have a blue box in the end.

What a thing to do, love the colour blue!

An end to all our troubles when the box comes through

Recycling is here! There's nothing left to fear

Etobicoke to Scarborough was set in gear

Shelter for the poor and homeless

Drugs and crime will soon be gone

Pacify the population and purify the dawn!

How peacefully Metro folk now slept

But Marion sat by a curbside and wept

Said "the program's a hoax; the stuff must be kept

In a humongus pile 'til properly prepped

'Til the industries change, 'til we become adept

At rejecting the junk that we've learned to accept"

The words of Marion FrÃ¼vous.

"Thrive as you may with extravagant ways

Toronto, enjoy your disposable days

One day you'll rot in your urban malaise"

Said Marion Fruvous, then she rode off again

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