

Hazell Dean

"Ariel"

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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."

ArielÂiÂ

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.

ArielÂiÂ

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 arrrrriellÂiÂ.

ArielÂiÂ

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