

## **Klaus Flouride** **"Ships Upon The Bay"**

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The bridges are all closed  
The cars both ways are stalled  
If the wrong voice answers the question  
The parole board gets a call  
The operator's lucky  
A very lucky girl  
The welfare's rising steadily  
And housing starts are down  
Auto sales, dismal  
This is a shrinking town  
The police are oh so busy  
And why not  
Well the crisis wasn't the Gulf  
Or the lack of steady heat  
But unfolded in the canyons  
And the pits of old Wall Street  
It happened on a Sunday  
Do\*Do\*Run\*Run  
An orchestra continued  
To perform Pete's Pathetique  
It's too bad that the museum  
Well it up and died last week  
I saw a lovely painting  
"Ships Upon the Bay"  
It sent a chill through the system  
I sent a letter through the mail  
I sent some kids to foreign places  
I sent a mother off to jail  
It was such a silly notion  
It surely had to fail  
The last one called  
In the middle of the night...

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