

Lit**"Somewhere That's Green"**

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I know Seymour's the greatest,
But I'm dating a semi-sadist.
So I got a black eye,
and my arm's in a cast.

Still that Semour's a cutie.
Well, if not, he's got inner beauty.
And I dream of a place,
Where we can be together, at last.

A matchbox of our own.
A fence of real chainlink.
A grill out on the patio.
Disposal in the sink.
A washer and a dryer,
And an ironing-machine.
In a tract house that we share,
Somewhere that's green.

He rakes and trims the grass.
He loves to mow and weed.
I cook like Betty Crocker,
And I look like Donna Reed.
There's plastic on the furniture
To keep it neat and clean.
In the Pine-Sol scented air,
Somewhere that's green.

Between our frozen dinner,
and our bed-time nine-fifteen.
We snuggle watching Lucy,
On a big, enormous, twelve-inch screen.

Oh, his December bride,
He's father, he knows best.
The kids play Howdy-Doody,
As the Sun sets in the West.
A picture out of Better Homes
And Gardens magazine.
Far from Skid Row,
I dream we'll go...

Somewhere that's Green.

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