

Moxy Fruvous

"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 FrÃ©fÃ¼vous".
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 FrÃ©fÃ¼vous.
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 FrÃ©fÃ¼vous:
"Thrive as you may with extravagant ways
Toronto, enjoy your disposable days
One day you'll rot in your urban malaise"
Said Marion FrÃ©fÃ¼vous, then she rode off again.
Citizens covered 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 colleague 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 take care of the
garbage
problem. That's right,
with our plan, Toronto will become the world-class,
cosmopolitan
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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