

Ellen Greene**"Somewhere That's Green"**

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

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

A matchbox of our own
A fence of real chain link
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 our big, enormous
Twelve-inch screen

I'm his December Bride
He's father, he knows best
The kids watch 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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