

John Calvi

"French Fries"

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FRENCH FRIES

by John Calvi, c. 1982

This old world has troubles, everyone knows
there's garbage in all of our lives

We try to get through it, each our own way,
And for me, I just eat french fries.

Some they take vitamins, A B and C

Tofu, granola, brown rice.

They all give me wheat germ and brewers yeast

And I put it on my french fries.

Some got religion, devotion and guilt

Charity and grace are divine

I hear things are hotter than ever in Hell

But in Heaven do they have french fries?

Some watch the stars, and have their charts done

And read all about every sign

I wonder if Taurians every full moon

Pig out like me on french fries.

Some think the army, the bombs and the guns

Will one day save all of our lives,

I don't believe it--heat up your pans

Make peace, and lots of french fries.

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