My Home Town

My Home Town
(Tom Lehrer)

I really have a yen to go back once again,
Back to the place where no one wears a frown,
To see once more those super-special
Just plain folks in my home town.

No fellow could ignore the little girl next door,
She sure looked sweet in her first evening gown.
Now there's a charge for what she used to give
For free in my home town.

I remember Dan, the druggist on the corner, he
Was never mean or ornery, he was swell.
He killed his mother-in-law and ground her up real well,
And sprinkled just a bit over each banana split.

The guy that taught us math, who never took a bath,
Acquired a certain measure of renown,
And after school he sold the most amazing
Pictures in my home town.

That fellow was no fool who taught our Sunday School,
And neither was our kindly Parson Brown ---
We're recording tonight, so I'll have to leave this line out ---
in my home town.

I remember Sam, he was the village idiot,
And though it seems a pity, it was so.
He loved to burn down houses just to watch the glow,
And nothing could be done, because he was the mayor's son.

The guy that took a knife and monogrammed his wife,
Then dropped her in the pond and watched her drown.
Oh, yes indeed, the people there are just
Plain folks in my home town.

RG