

## Talking Pop Art

Tom Paxton

Well I went out for a walk last week,  
I passed a shop they call a boutique.  
Fancy Dresses of every size, fancy wigs to pop your eyes.  
Bracelets, diamond rings, stuff for women too.

Well I didn't want to see no more,  
I slipped inside the grocery store.  
I took down a can of beans, I pulled a dollar out of my jeans.  
A fella said "Hold it, that'll be three hundred dollars"

Well a feather could've knocked me down,  
I mean, I knew this was a high priced town.  
But this was getting hard to take, I said "What the hell do you  
get for steak?"  
He looked surprised, said "It isn't just a can of beans, It's a  
work of art"

Now I see what the poor man means,  
He's proud of that little can of beans.  
I didn't hear what else he said, I had my eyes on a loaf of bread.  
"White bread four-hundred dollars; Three for a thousand"

Well just about then a crowd came in,  
And pickin's must've been pretty slim.  
Because in just a minute, or three, or four,  
They'd cleaned out that whole grocery store.  
They bought brooms,  
Fought over watermelons,  
One fella put down a pickle. Said "I don't know much about art,  
But I know what I like"

Well as I stood there wonderin' why,  
Two little fellas came cruising by.  
Little tight suits, little black ties,  
One of them looked at me and said "My how rustic, I bid a thousand  
and"  
I said "I beg your pardon"  
"It speaks, I bid five thousand"

So here I stand in a Superman suit,  
And everybody says I'm cute.  
I tried to tell them but they would not see,  
So they hang their hats and coats on me.  
Well a job's a job.  
Still if I had my preference, I'd rather be Batman