

Green Stamps

Allan Sherman

You thrill me with your Green Stamps.
I love your little Green Stamps.
I like collecting Green Stamps.
I love the way they look.
Oh how I love to pick them.
I pick them up, and lick them.
I lick them, then I stick them
In my brown Green Stamp book.
All day and night I'm dreaming.
I'm dreaming of redeeming
My Green Stamps for a toaster,
So gleaming and deluxe.
Oh how it's gonna thrill me,
And please me and fulfill me,
To know my toaster only cost me
Fourteen hundred bucks.
I drive up to the market.
I stop my car and park it.
I buy a lot of strange things
Of which I've never heard.
I buy, though it's not urgent,
Two truckloads of detergent,
Three hundred pounds of bird seed,
Though I don't have a bird.
Some extract of vanilla,
Enough to feed Godzilla.
Then I'll trade all my Green Stamps
For something I can drive.
A car is what I hope for,
What I bought all that soap for.
They promised me the first Studebaker
Made in 1965.