

Bach, Beethoven, Mozart & Me

Phil Ochs

Every morning at the dawn dust is in the air
Karen rises early, runs brushes through her hair
Then she buys the paper, I lay on my back
Then she feeds the monkey, then she feeds the cat

I'll talk, I'll talk they live by the sea
Surrounded by a cemetery
If you get tired come up for some tea
With Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and me
Frances is the next to rise
Powders up her nose
She's working for the tailor

Makes the western clothes
Andy drives a sports car
To the Warner Brothers ghost
He used to live in England
Now he loves the coast (chorus)
Some times a friend comes by
To sing the latest song

But David fights with Susan
Nobody gets along
Every other Sunday
It's time to make a call
Judy has a barbecue
Play the volleyball
In the evening When the sun goes down
The streets are all aglow

We walk out on the hillside
City shines below
We sit down for our supper
The news begins to play
Walter he is speechless
Eric speaks cliches
Andy plays a cricket game

Frances holds a glass
Karen reads and darns a dress
I dream of the past
Dark is spreading up now
Good evening, good night
Karen turns the bed sheet
She's turning out the light
Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and me