

## Putting Ups With The Joneses

Spirit of the West

Mr. jones has a little problem  
If i had eyes i'd see that it was me  
He's the size of a man with the potential of a boy  
Not what god had meant a child of it's to be  
I'm afraid that he'll amount to all of nothing  
The joy of reading Yeats he'll never know  
And in the rat race twirl  
Of our computer guided world  
He stands no chance of winning  
Let alone to place or show so  
Lock him up and throw away the key boys  
Mr. jones is not like you or me  
Luck him up tight  
Cause if he had the chance he might  
Show us that we're wrong  
And that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no  
Mr. jones wanted to be married  
It seemed like such a cute thing at the time  
Two peas in a pod, two of a kind  
Who never have to ask each other  
"what's on your mind?"  
It seemed a simple way to make them happy  
And happy is such a simple way to be  
And if the kept to themselves  
Like two books upon a shelf  
The kind you judge by the cover  
And never take the time to read  
Lock him up and throw away the key boys  
Mr. jones is not like you or me  
Luck him up tight  
Cause if he had the chance he might  
Show us that we're wrong  
And that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no  
Mr. jones and mrs. jones we're elated to inform you  
Though you've failed to meet the standards  
We've a place where we'll reform you  
It's a ways outside of town  
But the distance has it's uses  
Close enough to make the effort  
Far enough to make excuses  
Lock him up and throw away the key boys  
Mr. jones is not like you or me  
Luck him up tight  
Cause if he had the chance he might  
Show us that we're wrong  
And that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no  
Mrs. jones wants to have a baby  
She says that as a woman it's her right  
Yes we tried to tell her i guess that she forgot  
When she and mr. jones were wed  
The doctors tied the knot  
Why can't she just be happy in her own world  
Then we could all be happy here in ours  
We could still help out

Even go as far as to stop off  
At teh safeway, and drop some pennies in the jar  
Lock her up and throw away the key boys  
Mrs. jones is not like you or me  
Luck him up tight  
Cause if she had the chance she might  
Show us that we're wrong  
And that's the one thing we can't be  
Lock them up and throw away the key boys  
The joneses are not like you or me  
Luck them up tight  
Cause if they had the chance they might  
Show us that we're wrong  
And that's the one thing we can't be  
Oh no