

Bald-headed Baby

The dB's

The child that was born on the banks of the Seneca
Did not grow to the presidency of the USA
And someplace between then and now I grew fond of him
And I listened with interest to what he had to say:
"I remember when all this was pure virgin prairie
But the cowboys gave up for families and sedans
Take a look at it now, you can see what's become of it
And they're blaming it all on supply and demand"

He leaned back and said, "you must think I'm a relic
I have no idea why I've stuck around so long
To see young whippersnappers like you get their comeuppances
Come to think of it, you're not so awful young yourself, you know
I remember you when you were a bald-headed baby
You were so much more charming before you became a man
And now you're thirty and you've got nothing to show for it
And you're blaming it all on supply and demand"

Well that kind of ended whatever we had to say
So I picked up my coat from the chair where it lay
And I asked him if I could bring him anything
He looked back at me with a baleful eye and said:
"What I need is fifty more years
Then I could show you a thing or two I bet
They don't make 'em like me anymore in this land
And they're blaming it all on supply and demand
When I'm gone you might understand
You can't blame it all on some guys in Japan"

And you can't blame it all on supply and demand