

Talking Watergate

Tom Paxton

I was coming home pretty late one night, singing a song and about half-tight, I was young and my friend and I had me a pretty good date. I was fiddling around with the front door key, when a weird looking fellow stepped up to me and said: "Tell me buddy, if this ain't the Watergate."

I said it was, and with a grin on his face, he said, "I always wanted to see this place. I hear it's just the nicest place in town. And me and my friends are dying to see if it's all that it's cracked up to be." So I said, "Come on in, and I'll show you around." They seemed to love my guided tour 'til we stopped outside of a certain door and one of my new-found friends said, "Lookie here."

"'T is the Democratic office, if I ain't wrong, to help to keep our country strong." And he blinked his eye to hold back a heartfelt tear. He looked kinda shy and shuffled his feet and said no tour would be complete if we didn't go in and have a look around.

I don't know how but the door swung wide and we were all sneaking inside, laughing and giggling and trying not to make a sound.

We all split up and I was on my own. A couple of the boys were playing round with the phones and I saw somebody; he was fiddling at a big shot's desk. They were opening drawers, going through files, made me happy just to see their smiles 'til somebody new said, "Hold it, you're under arrest."

It took all night to make my bail and as I left the D.C. jail a man stepped out of a long black limousine. He said, "Get in son, and if you do, we're gonna take good care of you," and he flashed the biggest roll of bills I ever seen. He said, "Get in son, and if you do, we're gonna take good care of you. Hey, we're gonna stick with you through thick and thin." He drove through traffic like a scalded bird, throwing money out the window to the common herd. We pulled up to the White House door and walked right in.

Well gosh, I couldn't believe my luck, this fellow says I can call him Chuck. He says that I am to stick with him wherever he went. I took off my hat to make a bow and he said there wasn't any time for that now and he opened the door and there stood the President.

I started shaking around the knees but he threw me a football to put me at ease. I threw it back and he threw it back again. A tape recorder was playing real loud the sound of a cheering football crowd 'til he turned it off, took off his helmet and said amen.

He smiled at me and he said Bob just told me you're doing a real fine job and I wanna put an end to all your fears.

You've got some friends and that's worth knowing, when the goin

g gets tough the tough get going, and we'll stick with you if they put you away for years.

I said it made me feel so proud, just to hang around with this great crowd, with John and Bob and Mitch and all the rest. And even though no jail was fun, I knew that justice would be done. And they laughed so hard the tears rolled down their chest. Oh, ain't it great what friends can do, they say I'll be out in a year or two and they'll get me a real nice job that

pays real well. Yeah, they taught some useful things to me and now that I'm going on TV, they taught me how to smile and lie like hell.