

Yuppies In The Sky

Tom Paxton

One night as I was walking down Columbus Avenue
The sushi bars were shuttered, and the dark cantina too
I stood there in the darkness as an empty cab rolled by
When all at once I heard the sound of yuppies in the sky

The herd came down Columbus for as far as I could see
The men were wearing polo and the women wore esprit
Each yuppie had a Walkman, and as each one passed me by
I saw their sad expressions and I heard their mournful cry

Condos for sale, Condos to buy, Oh Yuppies in the sky
Condos for sale, Condos to buy, Oh Yuppies in the sky

Each one was wearing running shoes upon the ghostly deck
And each one had a cotton sweater wrapped around his neck
They all held out their credit cards and tried in vain to buy
But all the stores were shuttered to the yuppies in the sky

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I'd seen them in commercials sailing boats and playing ball
Pouring beer for one another, crying, "Why not have it all"
Now I saw their ghostly progress down Columbus Avenue
I heard their cries for mercy and it chilled me through and through

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All the salad bars were empty, all the quiche Lorraine was gone
I heard the yuppies crying as they vanished in the dawn
Calling brand names to each other, they faded from my view
They'd be networking forever down Columbus Avenue

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