

Talking Pop Art

Tom Paxton

Well I went out for a walk last week,
I passed a shop they call a boutique.
Fancy Dresses of every size, fancy wigs to pop your eyes.
Bracelets, diamond rings, stuff for women too.

Well I didn't want to see no more,
I slipped inside the grocery store.
I took down a can of beans, I pulled a dollar out of my jeans.
A fella said "Hold it, that'll be three hundred dollars"

Well a feather could've knocked me down,
I mean, I knew this was a high priced town.
But this was getting hard to take, I said "What the hell do you
get for steak?"
He looked surprised, said "It isn't just a can of beans, It's a
work of art"

Now I see what the poor man means,
He's proud of that little can of beans.
I didn't hear what else he said, I had my eyes on a loaf of bread.
"White bread four-hundred dollars; Three for a thousand"

Well just about then a crowd came in,
And pickin's must've been pretty slim.
Because in just a minute, or three, or four,
They'd cleaned out that whole grocery store.
They bought brooms,
Fought over watermelons,
One fella put down a pickle. Said "I don't know much about art,
But I know what I like"

Well as I stood there wonderin' why,
Two little fellas came cruising by.
Little tight suits, little black ties,
One of them looked at me and said "My how rustic, I bid a thousand
and"
I said "I beg your pardon"
"It speaks, I bid five thousand"

So here I stand in a Superman suit,
And everybody says I'm cute.
I tried to tell them but they would not see,
So they hang their hats and coats on me.
Well a job's a job.
Still if I had my preference, I'd rather be Batman