

## Perry Como Gold

Aloha

A boy prefers a crowd of older folks  
He will bow  
Holds a snow cane parallel to the stone  
To the boardwalking elders, it's a magic microphone  
Sing a warning song  
He sounds just like Perry Como  
Tie a sweater to his hips  
And hang tight to the flagpole  
His feet kick out to the threatening sky  
Too young for prediction, they're ignoring his signs  
He was just for decoration, just a little entertainment

We've gotta go back to the beach  
before we hear the halt of summer screech

Every one has something that they'd like to see torn down  
Oh, but not this small house that has walked upon stilts  
Nor the roller rink or bakeries that have shuttered up since  
Oh, Isabel, as I make my way home my baritone, is guaranteed go  
ld  
But it was just an aberration, just the wind at my throat  
I rode into a car door  
Into the bushes I was thrown  
They were just for decoration  
How was I to know?