## **Bald-headed Baby**

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 kn ow 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

## The dB's