

Bright College Days

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For my first encore, I'd like to turn to a type of song...laughter to a type of song that people like myself find ourselves subjected to with increasing frequency as time goes on, and that is the College Alma Mater. You find yourself at a reunion of old grads and old undergrads... and somebody will start croaking out one of these things and everyone will gradually join in, each in his own key of course, until the place is just soggy with nostalgia.

Well, a typical such song might be called Bright College Days*, and might go like this:

Bright college days, oh, carefree days that fly,
To thee we sing with our glasses raised on high. Let's drink a
toast as each of us recalls
Ivy-covered professors in ivy-covered halls.

Turn on the spigot,
Pour the beer and swig it,
And gaudeamus igit-itur.**

Here's to parties we tossed,
To the games that we lost
(We shall claim that we won them someday).
To the girls, young and sweet,
To the spacious back seat
Of our roommate's beat up Chevrolet.
To the beer and benzedrine,
To the way that the dean
Tried so hard to be pals with us all.
To excuses we fibbed,
To the papers we cribbed
From the genius who lived down the hall.

To the tables down at Mory's***
(Wherever that may be),
Let us drink a toast to all we love the best.
We will sleep through all the lectures,
And cheat on the exams,
And we'll pass, and be forgotten with the rest.

Oh, soon we'll be out amid the cold world's strife.
Soon we'll be sliding down the razor blade of life. (Oooh!)
(laughter) ... Ready? ...
But as we go our sordid separate ways,
We shall ne'er forget thee, thou golden college days.

Hearts full of youth,

Hearts full of truth,
Six parts gin to one part vermouth.