



**Putting Sophy to Bed
It Must Have Been That Bottle of Wine
Edith and Elmer**

Putting Sophy to Bed

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I will trade one sweet for another
hour of daylight

Sophy throws her licorice stick into
the pot

And peers at her parents, jacks and
queens in her camp

The stakes are getting kind of high
for a friendly game of cards

And Sophy's starting to wilt under
the low-hanging lamp

It's the time of the evening for high-
wire negotiations

For wheeling and dealing in talcum-
powder-filled rooms

Poker faces melt into desperate
solicitations

And the darkened spectre of the
mattress looms

Sophy's going to be an international
gambler

Sophy's going to be a diplomatic
attache

She'll win with a bluff and a promise
Or perhaps with a tantrum instead

But Sophy ain't going to waver
And Sophy ain't going to bed

I wanna eat my milk and cookies in
the evening breeze

I wanna run, I wanna jump, I wanna
dance, I wanna sing

I wanna laugh, I wanna play, I
wanna stay up

Pleeeeeeeaaaase

Sophy's in her kitchen stirring up a
hypnotic brew

To mesmerize and paralyze her

parents

She needs to stay up past her
bedtime to achieve worldwide
domination

And she's grown tired of their
constant interference

She's a four year old Lex Luthor,
with her sinister plans

And designs on the household
water supply

The cartoon bubbles above her head
will tell you what she's thinking,
and they say

"Superman doesn't have to go to
bed, so why do I?"

Sophy's going to be an evil genius

Sophy's going to be a devilish
mastermind

She'll win with the power of logic

Or perhaps with a tantrum instead

But Sophy ain't going to waver

And Sophy ain't going to bed

I wanna eat my milk and cookies in
the evening breeze

I wanna run, I wanna jump, I wanna
dance, I wanna sing

I wanna laugh, I wanna play, I
wanna stay up

Pleeeeeeeaaaase

Sophy paces in her tent, miles from
the front

The scouts are reporting in and the
news isn't good

Mom and Dad have cut off access
to the stairs in the kitchen

And they're waiting in the hall, just
like they said they would

It's a desperate plan, she's a
miniature Mata Hari

Sneaking across the border in her
wide-brimmed hat

She asks the help of a friendly
native in her very best Spanish

And Mom scoops her up and scolds
her and it isn't supposed to end
like that

Sophy's going to be a military
commander
Sophy's going to be an undercover
spy
She'll win with force and deception
Or perhaps with a tantrum instead
But Sophy ain't going to waver
And Sophy ain't going to bed

Sophy's going to be an evil genius
Sophy's going to be a devilish
mastermind
Sophy's going to be a diplomatic
attache
And Sophy's going to be a big girl
who gets to stay up late someday

An international gambler
A diplomatic attache
And Sophy ain't going to bed

It Must Have Been That Bottle of Wine

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Gather round, and I'll tell you a tale
Of the sorry state of male and
female
We've got questions to ponder,
blame to assign
Thanks to a bottle of wine

She was a lovely lady, charming and
tall
She could throw back her head and
laugh at it all
It's a sound that scampers up and
down my spine
And begs for a bottle of wine

And it introduces speculation
About the source of my intoxication
So let me haul down the facts from
the shelf
And let you figure it out for
yourself

Well, she mounted my stairs, and
rang my bell
She was smiling wide and looking
swell
We strutted out on the town on our
way to dine
And we ordered a bottle of wine

I ate a little bit of everything at the
table
And I drank about as much as I
thought I was able
And though I was feeling a little
unstable
We were only halfway down the
label

And though I know she was lovely,
you can bet your ass
That she grew lovelier with every
passing glass
I was ready to open my throttle
When we got to the bottom of that
bottle

Well, I held her hand and kissed her
goodnight
And the feeling hit me like a
meteorite
Was she on her way to being my
valentine
Or should I blame that bottle of
wine?

Cuz the next time I saw her, the fire
had died
Like a birthday present with
nothing inside
I should have known better than to
use as a model
A night I watched through the
bottom of a bottle

Well, that's the end of my tale, the
end of my song
But if you think it's the end of me
and her, well, you'd be wrong
Her laugh is still lovely, her smile's
still divine
And if I had a moment of doubt,
well, it must have been that
bottle of wine

Edith and Elmer

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I was watching a commercial for
Boost or Ensure or one of those
products that keeps old people from
wetting their pants or dying of
exhaustion
And there were all these folks
thirty, forty years older than me
running round like they owned the
place
And I looked at Edith in her
sweatpants and curlers
And me in my T-shirt and ratty old
robe
And all the time the clock on the
wall was ticking, ticking, ticking

And I said,
"Edith, get your coat
Put on your hat
Forget the chicken in the oven,
there's no time for that
Death is at the door, he got my
name somehow
I think we can outrun him if we
leave right now
I'll step on the gas and you can
steer
Edith, grab your coat and let's get
out of here"

And she said,
"Elmer, have you lost your mind?
You never voluntarily leave the
house
And I am honor-bound to remind
you that your idea of the great
outdoors is being more than fifteen
feet from an electrical outlet"
But I said, "Hallelujah, woman, I
have seen the light
I have been humiliated by old
people on television

And this decade and a half we have
been vegetating together is but a
prelude to a dynamic and
invigorating life"

And I said,
"Edith, get your coat
Put on your hat
Forget the chicken in the oven,
there's no time for that
Death is at the door, he got my
name somehow
I think we can outrun him if we
leave right now
I'll step on the gas and you can
steer
Edith, grab your coat and let's get
out of here"

And she said,
"What do you think I've been doing
these last fifteen years, sitting
around listening to you fart and
watching you scratch your belly?
Instead of sitting in the kitchen
reading beauty magazines I'll have
you know I went out and won
myself the Nobel Prize in Physics
And in 1987
I invited you to the awards banquet
in Stockholm
And you said, 'Woman, you know I
hate wearing a tuxedo'

"And I said,
'Elmer, get your coat
Put on your hat
Forget the burgers on the grill,
we've got no time for that
Gotta get up on that plane and fly
across the sea
Gotta do my little two-step with
history
So put aside those Cheetos and
flush your beer
Elmer, grab your coat and let's get

out of here'

"And you said, 'Nothing doing,
woman'

And went back to watching that
goddamn TV"