

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 highwire negotiations

For wheeling and dealing in talcumpowder-filled rooms

Poker faces melt into desperate solicitations

And the darkened spectre of the mattress looms

gambler

Sophy's going to be a diplomatic attache

She'll win with a bluff and a promise Pleeeeeaaaase 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

Pleeeeeaaaase

Sophy's in her kitchen stirring up a hypnotic brew

To mezmerize 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

Sophy's going to be an international I wanna run, I wanna jump, I wanna dance, I wanna sing

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

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 Or should I blame that bottle of 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 A night I watched through the 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

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

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

But I said, "Hallelujah, woman, 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,
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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"