

A M B D E

Take the tickets that we have sent
Take the pleasure that we have sent
This is no warm winter garment
Take the space we hang in now
No way in and no way out
No rejoicing, no lament
For those who want to be content
Whose pockets dent in the bargain basement
Price tags dangling on the coats
People clutching at their throats
Few can hit the highest notes
Pay a penny for 30¢ for the diet
Shopping in the bargain basement

Here the people here the place
See their hungry hands and face
It is no doubt no disgrace
Just the fact of our poor race
As we stand around and gaze
On each bewilder'd phase