

# American Zen

When bamboo's in shoes in socks  
In grabm at the pie  
We depressed then got undressed  
And let some years go by  
Man in robes he took us in  
and never told us why  
Then a lady whispered to me  
as a peacocks goin by

Ch. { That's American Zen my friend  
That's " " "  
" " " "  
" " " "

There once were walkin' stiffs that jangled past  
at an easy rate.

In graveyard rags, no home no Jags  
The Biter watched in waits

Now we're sellin' tickets to the baths  
all at the M.T. Gate

Zen double O then flashes by  
Upon a license plate

Ch.

Buddhigosa, Badrapala, Nagarjuna too  
Names befitting Arbats

The names their masters choose

Now its Dick in Jane in Claude  
and we just can't get used

It was quaint when it was foreign

Now its funky and in shoes  
what we'd feared and fought in fled

Is askin' us for Dues

Ch. > you can take it you can leave it or hope another try

There are endless versions if you really care to pry

Ch. > Oh our nature's pure as wind but our bodies drag <sup>and die</sup>

When we stop to think about it we may laugh or we may cry