

Those More Innocent Days

Remember Rip Van Winkle
That amiable chap
Who woke up one day
After a twenty-year nap?

He was often surprised
And also distressed
By the way people acted
And the way people dressed.

Well, sometimes I feel
The same as he
I look in wonderment
At the *strange things* I see.

I walk down the street
And what do you suppose?
There's a girl walking toward me
With a ring in her nose.

There's a boy with blue hair
Wearing pants that hang low
I ask - *Is this for real*
Or just for show?

I see a kid in a car
The music blaring
He's bobbing and weaving
Not looking - not caring.

It is then I look back
On *Those More Innocent Days*
When we all dressed
In more conservative ways.

Girls in loose-fitting sweaters
And colorful plaid skirts
Boys in well-fitting cords
And checkered shirts.

No one I knew wore a ring in her nose
No one would be seen with his bottom exposed
Rarely did one drive with the music blaring
To be sure - we had fun
But we weren't THAT DARING!

Nowadays, MELODY is OUT!
RAP is THE THING!
But who can follow it -
Let alone...sing?

I'm so glad I was around
When melody was king -
Frank Sinatra, Glenn Miller
And Oh...*that* swing!

It seems that each generation
Has its *very own* ways
As for me, I'm glad I grew up
In *Those More Innocent Days*.