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Geez, How Come I Ain't Cultured, Pearl?

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“GEEZ, HOW COME I AIN'T CULTURED, PEARL?”

My mouth'wash didn't work today,
I sat on the bus alone.
My deodorant didn't keep me dry,
So I went and got good and stoned.
The girls didn't like my hair at all,
And I used the clear stuff too.
'Chewed candy mints and vitamins,
And the whole damn day fell through.

'Wore saddle shoes, they're in y'know,
And a double-breasted suit.
'Used Hai Karate and swaggered by,
And did anyone call me cute?!
Combed my hair like it says in Time,
Whistled nine of the top ten tunes.
'Tipped the waitress a buck at lunch,
And the whole day lies in ruins.

'Made sure my book stuck out a bit,
A best-seller with lots of sex.
'Bought a pin-striped shirt at the campus shop,
And paid with a kodak check.
'Didn't even notice the high school girls,
pretended I didn't see.
And the rotten day was a pitiful waste,
Not a damn soul looked at me!

And so I sit in this cut-rate bar,
Drinkin' domestic beer,
Eatin' pretzels and hard-boiled eggs,
And arguin with this queer.
Wearin's a tie that ain't too wide,
And pants where the cuffs don't flare.
I figure when I get square enough,
It'll make them bastards stare.

B. Ballou