

LOVE UNDER PROTEST

Song by T-Bone Slim.

If you and I were lost at sea,
Dear Boss—now, don't you think;
Both you and I quite safe would be—
With you . . . too fat to sink.

Suppose we two were swept ashore—
To some uncharted beach,
Where fruit grew on the trees, gal-
lore;
And yet—too high to reach.

Would you, I wonder, "pay me well"
To pick this juicy freight;
Or, would you wait until it fell—
I'm thinking—you would wait.

I'm thinking—you would wait, my
lord,
And . . . while-away your girth—
For if I furnished you with board—
You'd soon demand the earth.
