Suite for Greenwich Dave

While inhaling marijuana
In athe basement of Giles Dorm,
A suburban dude named David
appeared looking weak and worn
In his hand was a guitar
a harp glued to his lips
Said, "I"ve got to write a paper,
But, you see, I"m on a trip."

And his guitar playing didn't get him
straight A's on all exams
so college was interrupted
for a trip to Vietnam
But Jesus don't like weenies
and he loves to sing the blues
so David got through Dartmouth
But a future had to choose

He was sitting on the Porch of Sargent Place
Contemplating his career
is plastics really the answer
can I make kites all my years:
Could Lonnie of the Lube Jobs
support a family?
Does Neal need a partmen?
Could I sell homes like Mary:

But his guitar playin won't get him
into Greenwich any more
its already overcroweded
with funky post grads by the score
Neal and Mary don't like hippies
and business is a dragg
so law school is the answer
Jurisprudence is his bag

So he went to Indiana
and studeied all the laws
like abbot v.Costello
and about effect and cause
But a hip diva named Karen
turned his head around
so they packed thier bags and took off
on the road to New Yokr Town

But his guitar playin didn't get him
passed tha bar on his first try!
he bottlenecked and boogied
but the judge didn't bat an eye
But now he's finally made it
and Rodney did it too
So we come down to Greenwich
to celebrate with you

He once was lost in sin
But Karen took him in
and that's what we're here to celebrate
she's going to be hitched
to a lawyer from Greenwich
They each seem to have found a perfect mate.

Now may they
    Never have to sing the blues
may thier
    operas all be happy
may his
    cases all be won
and may her
    stockings never run
But if you feel an alternative yearnin
as your
    hamburgers are turnin
you will
    find a little coca cola makes it right.

They;re going to the chapel
and their going to be married

gee, we really love them and
they're going to get married
going to the chapel of love

Winter's here
the sky is gray
no birds sigg
they've flown away
but we're still here
our throats are clear
and they're going to the chapel of love