

My Hometown

Words & Music:
Tom Lehrer

C Am Dm7 G7
I really have a yen to go back once again
Back to the place where no one wears a frown.
G7 F B7 C D7 G7 C C#dim Dm7 G13
To see once more those super-special just plain folks in my hometown.
No fellow could ignore the little girl next door.
She sure looked sweet in her first evening gown.
G7 F B7 C D7 G7 C7 Cdim Fm6/C C
Now there's a charge for what she used to give for free in my hometown.

C7 F9
I remember Dan, the druggist on the corner,
C9 C
He was never mean or ornery, he was swell.
C F9 Am
He killed his mother-in-law and ground her up real well.
C A7+ D9 G7
And sprinkled just a bit over each banana split.

The guy that taught us math, who never took a bath,
Acquired a certain measure of renown.
And after school he sold the most amazing pictures in my hometown.
That fellow was no fool who taught our Sunday school,
And neither was our kindly Parson Brown.
[spoken: I guess I'd better leave this line out just to be on the safe side]
In my hometown.

I remember Sam, he was the village idiot and though it seems a pity, it was so.
He loved to burn down houses just to watch the glow.
And nothing could be done because he was the mayor's son.

The guy that took a knife and monogrammed his wife,
Then dropped her in the pond and watched her drown.
Oh, yes indeed, the people there are just plain folks in my hometown.