

All of My Facebook Friends Are Gonna Be Strangers

by Con Chapman

(with apologies to Merle Haggard)

I once knew a guy named Ian from Manhattan
Who liked looking at New Yorker fey cartoons.
When he held one out so I could share the laughter
I sang him this little out-of-tempo tune.



“Did you know that Evelyn Waugh didn't find it funny?”
I told him as I read my dog-eared *Scoop*
“And I wouldn't trade a single word of *Brideshead*
To read this week's dump of Simon Rich's poop.”



From now on, my Facebook Friends are gonna be strangers
When they learn the tacky details of my life
I have "liked" some things I didn't really care for
Just to have some friends besides my cats and wife.



We were talking how we all loved Edward Hopper,
"He's so noirly," said the woman next to me.
"Did you know," I asked her ever-so-politely,
"He was a stalwart member of the GOP?"



From now on, my Facebook Friends are gonna be strangers
When they learn I don't say "awesome," "ciao" or "dudes."
I'm afraid that I'm deficient in my hipness,
Since I don't like *quinoa* that comes from Whole Foods.



When they told me that I had to live in Cambridge
If I wanted to be truly *au courant*,
I recalled that T.S. Eliot couldn't stand it,

This despite all of the third-world restaurants.



From now on, my Facebook Friends are gonna be stangers,
When they finally learn I know what “bump-draft” means.
I can't help it, I like demolition derby,
And I don't “get” wearing hundred dollar jeans.

