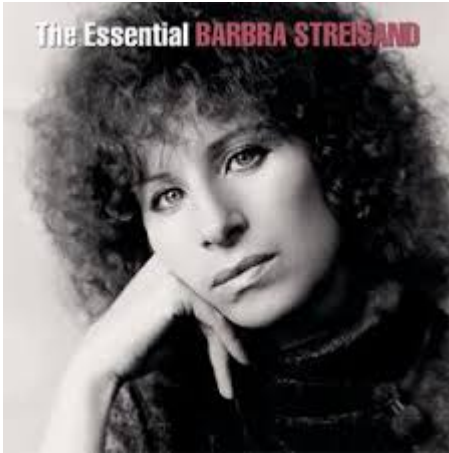


The First Time Ever I Saw Your Place

by Con Chapman

Her:

The first time ever I saw your place
With furnishings of orange and blue, oo oo oo.
I thought perhaps, this guy likes the Mets,
Or he hasn't got a clue, my love—
Or he hasn't got a clue.



Him:

The first time ever I saw your place
With pastel pillows all around—ow ow ound.
And a Streisand album on the turntable
That produced such maudlin sounds, my love—
That produced such maudlin sounds.

Together:

Now we live together, in a joint-owned space,
Where the work is split in two—oo oo oo.
Her decision rules as to furnishings
And the music he doth choose, my love—
And the music he doth choose.

