

Cole Porter Song Parody

by Richard Melo

Lafferty and McKenna step into view from the other side of the fire.
Both are
wearing necklaces made from flowers, Hawaiian-style shirts, and are
holding
ukuleles. They begin strumming in unison, getting as much sound as
they can out of the tiny instruments and drawing everyone's
attention. On the beat, the two of them break out in song:

*At words hysteric, I'm apoplectic
I'd rather not let them all burst
That's why I keep my lips pursed
Play 'em off as unrehearsed
I hate charading and masquerading
Play pretend I know the whole plot
But my two cents about both of us, dear
is I'm the dearest friend you ever got
You're the hat
A pill-box topper
You're the cat
Now that Fido's got ya
Oh dear me, you're a symphony for timpani
A well sung trill, my thrill
You're a daffodil
I'm the bumble bee.
You're a pie
Florentino pizza
I'm a fly on the Mona Lisa
I stutter, flutter in the gutter, I pop
Baby driver, I'm you're putter, chop-ty chop!
I'm a pill
Shakespeare's ass named Bottom
I'm the shill
for Gomor & Sodom*

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*You're Lotte Lenya
Keeping ol' Macheath at bay
I'm H.L. Menken
You're Mary Lincoln
Notta lotta like Doris Day
Marmalade
Duncan Hines' choc'late cake
Marinade
for a Heinz sauce beef-steak
With friends so fickle you're in a pickle
Better think up something quick
My heart beats frantic
at your cartoon antic
and bounces around on a pogo stick
Legionnaire
I'm Mortie Adler
Evening air
I'm Little Abner
Live crabs, they hurt
Where did you lose your nerve?
You're a seafood mama
A Chekhov drama
A Chevrolet with verve
You're my Valentine
A thrill divine runs down my spine
Arabian knights dance sheikh to sheikh
My old bones may start to creak
The chair I broke was granny's antique
Lose your shirt
Lose your mind
Drop me a line
'Cause if baby I'm the roof then you're the house!
'Cause if baby I'm on the loose you broke me out!
'Cause if baby I'm the hoof then you're the mouth!
'Cause if baby I'm the woof then you're the howl!*

'Cause if baby, I'm a goof, you're Mickey Mouse!

'Cause if baby I'm the wolf then you've flown south!

The song ends not so much because it reaches its end as they have given up on thinking up new lines. As happens in the tropics, the sun sets quickly leaving them on the beach in the dark, the fire their only light.

—That was a nice tune. You guys make that up?

—Yeah.

—On the spot, just like that, all those words?

—Yeah.

—The music?

—Yeah.

—We practiced a little bit.

—That song was all right. You two guys are all right.

