

CLEAN SONG

warning: persons offended by adult themes -
sex, drugs, violence and excessive clean language -
are advised to give this one a miss.

by Harry Dunn
received 9/8/2013

There's too much smut around these days;
You hear it on the wireless and you see it on the telly
You hear it in the street,
And even in the school-yard,
If you go down there and dally,
You'll even hear it from the senior local cop,
Out there on his beat;
It's effing this and effing that, and all of us non-swearers
Just have to cop it sweet,
However much we hate these verbal errors.

So it's time that someone wrote
A song that's nice and clean
And free from words that some of us find coarse;
Just a little touch of wholesomeness
In a world grown vulgar and obscene:
So let us take a look at some old masters of the verse,
Like Byron, Keats and Shelley
You'd never catch *those* nice old blokes
Writing smut for screen and telly,
And making matters worse.

No way: those chaps were true romantics;
They wrote of finer things,
And noble deeds by men
Like heroes who faced fearful odds,
But lived to fight again,
And deal with some new menace.
And of gentlemen and maidens, oft' times far from home
Like the waterways of Venice,
And Padua and Rome
Where, according to Lord Tennyson, one poor sobbing maiden
Was abandoned by her lover (and may he rot in Hell)
For leaving that poor girl, adrift in ancient Venice,
Being poled along that lonely far canal.
Far canal!

Those poets and great authors of times and places past
Wrote no words or thoughts demeaning,
But one sometimes has to wonder
If they too were guilty of the occasional double-meaning -
Just for fun, a harmless little blast,
Then claim it was an unintended blunder.
To quote a small example:
A book I've just been reading was called An Ode To Martha
About a well-bred English lady; her name was Martha Bevin,

**She fell for the local vicar, Reverend Roger Farquahr,
Her family was delighted: This match was made in Heaven,
But did they stop and think of the spin-off, somewhat darker,
When poor Martha Bevin would become
The new Mrs. Martha Farquahr.**

Poor old Martha Farquahr!

**Even way down here, in the town of Inverloch,
Where folks are mannered and genteel,
You can sometimes hear a word that's coarse and rough
I've heard words like damn and hell and blast
Or dash it all - when giving vent to something that they feel.
And as for baser thoughts - even these are not unknown,
And I can quote at least one instance
Where evil thoughts intruded, and went right the bone!
Right to the bone!**

**It happened at the bowling club, the last place you'd expect
Where a group of ageing bowlers sat sipping lemonade,
Looking out the club-room window, as old bowlers often do,
When a group of half-clad maidens wandered by,
With their assets all quite wantonly displayed,
On the bike-track past that bowling club,
The one the council made,
Allowing old and harmless bowlers to observe
The daily bird and bike parade.
Bird and bike parade.**

**Those old bowlers dropped their glasses,
And got off their ageing - word that rhymes with passes
They hurried to the fence, just to get a better look,
Those teenage girls just giggled -
They were all from foreign parts
They wriggled and they jiggled as they giggled,
One said - take a look at those old bowlers,
Have you ever seen such a hopeless bunch
Of senile, silly old - word that rhymes with tarts.
Yes, a word that rhymes with tarts.**

**God knows what those old bowlers had
In their demented, febrile minds;
Perhaps they had a forlorn hope,
Of the senile old-man kind
That one at least might fancy a mature-age man - like him,
And decide to stay behind.
But if one did, and God forbid,
She would have to be completely deaf
And stupid, dumb and blind.
Yes, stupid, dumb and blind.**

**Those semi-naked beauties, they sashayed down the track,
Right past those aging bowlers -**

And then they sashayed back;
And as for those old bowlers,
Their game just went to bits:
Your older man lacks strength of will,
And is easily distracted,
By these provocative and lewd displays
Of youthful bums and tits;
Oops - it seems that *I've* now also lapsed,
And said rude words, when I promised that I'd not
Of course you can't say bums and tits,
In a song as clean as this,
Not even when it suits the rhyme, not even when it fits.
 Not even when it fits!

But to say they had full buttocks, and busts that looked sublime,
May be perfect grammar and politic'ly correct
But it doesn't suit the rhyme.
It's enough to give the poet, at the far end of his wits,
An attack of diarrhoea;
A condition that we used to call - that word that rhymes with grits.
 A word that rhymes with grits!

And you cannot help but wonder
How Lord Tennyson would render
This little Inverloch event
Would he, like me, use words that don't offend,
And phrasing heaven-sent;
And would he understand
The need to keep it clean
Yes, clean and wholesome, just like this,
And would he ever use a word that rhymes with miss
If his intention all along
Was just to take the - word that rhymes with bliss!
 A word that rhymes with bliss.