

Them Folks Whut's Usin' Cellyphones—an encore

Words and music by Robert Fitt

Sometimes I hear you talkin' in a public place so loud
That you bugger-up most all the conversations in the crowd.
It makes me really wonder how your toilet trainin' went,
'Cause your thoughtless manners show us that they sure ain't heaven sent!

Now Cindy loved her cellyphone, she loved the newest 'tech';
The sexton blamed her textin' when she got into a wreck.
Saint Peter met her at the gate ... he chuckled, (truth to tell),
Then had her clone her cellyphone, and sent her down to HECK.

Them Folks abusin' cellyphone is awful rude you see
Jest wait'll ya hear the other things them folks has did to me!

I hated it when Charlie was a drivin'—goin' fast
Yet, his fingers was a flyin' on his cell phone 'til the last;
The car's a wreck—a derelict—yet, lookin' deboniar
That big galoot, in mangled boots—is textin' up a prayer!

I hate to go to movies now, it's more than I can bear
To listen to the ruckus that insults me while I'm thar.
It never fails, when actresses are whisp'rin', lovin' tones,
The feller sittin' next to me is shoutin' in his phone.

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Jest wait'll ya hear the other things them folks has did to me!

I'm sorry—awful sorry for the problem we have got
And tryin' to digest it causes me to think a lot . . .
I wonder ... could it be abusin' cell phones is a sin?
Heck, if I'm wrong, I'll join the throng ... inside the looney bin!

Now if their doggone foolishness is hard for you to see,
You must be sound asleep behind a muggleberry tree,
Or by a bolly-woggle bush, or staggerin' around,
Or as deaf as thet old doorknob that my old dog, Herbie, found.