

What Made Me.....Me

Long ago and far away In a land that time forgot,
Before the days of Dylan Or the dawn of Camelot.
There lived a race of innocents And they were you and me,
Long ago and far away In the Land That Made Me Me.

For Ike was in the White House In that land where we were born,
Where navels were for oranges And Peyton Place was porn.
We learned to gut a muffler We washed our hair at dawn,
We spread our crinolines to dry In circles on the lawn.
We longed for love and romance And waited for our Prince,
And Eddie Fisher married Liz And no one's seen him since.
We danced to "Little Darlin" And Sang to "Stagger Lee"
And cried for Buddy Holly In the Land That Made Me Me.

Only girls wore earrings then And 3 was one too many,
And only boys wore flat-top cuts Except for Jean McKinney.
And only in our wildest dreams Did we expect to see
A boy named George with lipstick In the Land That Made Me Me

We fell for Frankie Avalon Annette was oh, so nice,
And when they made a movie They never made it twice.
We didn't have a Star Trek Five..... Or Psycho Two and Three,
Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty In the Land That Made Me Me.

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold And Chester had a limp,
And Reagan was a Movie Star Whose co-star was a chimp.
We had a Mr. Wizard But not a Mr. T,
And Oprah couldn't talk yet In the Land That Made Me Me.

We had our share of heroes We never thought they'd go,
At least not Bobby Darin Or Marilyn Monroe.
For youth was still eternal And life was yet to be
And Elvis was forever In the Land That Made Me Me.

We'd never seen the rock band That was Grateful to be Dead,
And Airplanes weren't named Jefferson And Zeppelins were not Led.
And Beatles lived in gardens then And Monkees lived in trees,
Madonna was a virgin In the Land That Made Me Me.

We'd never heard of microwaves Or telephones in cars,
And babies might be bottle-fed But they weren't grown in jars.
And pumping iron got wrinkles out And "gay" meant fancy-free,
And dorms were never coed In the Land That Made Me Me.

We hadn't seen enough of jets To talk about the lag,
And microchips were what was left At the bottom of the bag.
And hardware was a box of nails And bytes came from a flea,
And rocket ships were fiction In the Land That Made Me Me.

Buick's came with portholes And side shows came with freaks,
And bathing suits came big enough To cover both your cheeks.
And Coke came just in bottles And skirts came to the knee,
And Castro came to power In the Land That Made Me Me.

We had no Crest with fluoride We had no Hill Street Blues,
We all wore superstructure bras Designed by Howard Hughes.
We had no patterned pantyhose Or Lipton herbal tea
Or prime-time ads for condoms In the Land That Made Me Me.

There were no golden arches No Perrier to chill,
And fish were not called Wanda And cats were not called Bill.
And middle-aged was 35 And old was 43,
And ancient were our parents In the Land That Made Me Me.

But all things have a season Or so we've heard them say,
And now instead of Maybelline We swear by Retin-A.
And they send us invitations To join AARP,
We've come a long way, baby From the Land That Made Me Me.

So now we face a brave new world In slightly larger jeans,
And wonder why they're using Smaller print in magazines.
And we tell our children's children..... Of the way it used to be
Long ago and far away In the Land That Made Me **Me**.