

That Old Back Scratcher

Allan Sherman

That old back scratcher has me in its spell,
That old back scratcher like the Chinese sell.
Your plastic fingers up and down my spine,
The same old itchcraft when your touch meets mine.
You tame that tingle when I'm all alone;
For I am single, so, to itch his own.
So down and down you go,
Around and around and around you go;
Scratching my unreachable zone.
I should throw you away,
But I never do;
I must give in to itchy skin.
A skin with such a burning desire;
When I'm scratching low,
The itching gets higher.
Oh, you're the scrubber that placated me,
That chased each place that irritated me;
And then, last night, you broke my heart.
Because I sat down on you,
Two hundred pounds on you,
Then, snap, crack,
Everything just went black
My wonderful old back scratcher fell apart.
Yes, you broke in half,
And now you're too short;
I tried Scotch tape as a last resort.
But with Scotch tape it wasn't the same;
The thrill that was wild is suddenly tame.
But, Old Man Sorrow will not get me down;
I leave tomorrow night for Chinatown.
For I must follow Heaven's plan:
Around and around I'll go,
Through Chinatown I'll go,
Hoping to find another one just like you,
An old Chinese back scratcher made in Japan!