

Shady Acres

Janis Ian

I think of who's to blame
and I bow my head in shame...
So you've grown tired of your parents always hanging around
They spoil your children, and having grandparents is out
Yes, and they raised you well, but you wished to hell they'd go
away
So you wouldn't have to pay for their food
Forget all the years when they paid for you
Send your mother to Shady Acres
Send your father to Shady Acres
We'll take good care of them - you won't be aware of them
Send them to Shady Acres
Well, if one of them's dead, don't worry your head, 'cause we have
a matchmaker
They can sit down and kvetch on the rest home steps while watching
Green Acres
If you don't want to visit, well, there's no requisite
We have foster sons and daughters to help all our boarders stop
feeling blue
Keep the checks coming and we won't bother you
Send your mother to Shady Acres
Send your father to Shady Acres
We'll take good care of them - you won't be aware of them
Send them to Shady Acres
Our rooms are so peaceful. They'll die while they're sleeping
Yes, right in their beds
Now there's no need for worry. We have our own mortuary
And a beautiful cemetery
Yes, we are good people. We care for the feeble
We've devoted our lives to the husbands and wives
who don't want their fathers around to be bothered,
So send them!
We're respectable and tax deductible
Send your mother to Shady Acres
Send your father to Shady Acres
We'll take good care of them
You won't be aware of them
Send them to Shady Acres
The Freudian doctors they tell me - "Have no fear, it's not your
fault."
"You're growing up bad 'cause your parents did you wrong"
And I blame it on my parents, and the teachers in the schools
'Til I remember once upon a time, they had parents too
I think of who's to blame
And I bow my head in shame