

## Up In Fox Island

Stan Rogers

It's up in Fox Island prosperity lies,  
Mackerel are plenty, but not many flies;  
Business is booming, starvation's unknown,  
Bananas, and oranges, and peaches are grown.

It's in this big city great people do dwell,  
Ten story houses, you all know them well;  
There's Dailys, and Reinholds, McDuffs by the score,  
The Fogarty boys have their huts by the shore.

There's railway stations, hotels, and cafes,  
Churches, cathedrals where George Reinhold prays;  
Radio stations, art galleries a few,  
And you come through the subway on the six-thirty-two.

One night we decided to have us some fun,  
We're all feelin' frisky with plenty of rum;  
To Reinhold's back doorstep we goes on the drunk,  
And the rum in our bellies was sure gettin' hot.

There's dancin', and singin', and sittin' on chairs,  
When suddenly we hears a queer noise on the stairs;  
The door it flies open and Abbie comes down,  
In a big woolen night dress she looks like a clown.

Says, George can't make that dollar if he don't get his sleep,  
There is too much singin' and stampin' of feet;  
The party's all over, it sure was a fright,  
Now we won't get to Abbie's till next Sunday night.

So, it's up in Fox Island prosperity lies,  
Mackerel are plenty, but not many flies;  
Business is booming, starvation's unknown,  
Bananas, and oranges, and peaches are grown.