

Businessman's Lament

Clarinet in B \flat

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$\text{♩} = 140$ A

Damn the de \sharp pres sion It's as if Chi ca go, dear old Chi ca go were a

9 li ttle girl. She found her po ckets full of holes one day, when mo ther sent her out for morn ing

B

14 milk She stands in the \sharp gu tter wond' ring where mo ther's last red cent has gone.

21 This aw ful change from glut to des ti tu tion has come more

27 qui ckly than a mai den's blush. Vege ta ble ships with pro duce for Chi ca go still work the lakes with no buy ers as

C

32 such Whee ler who's been imp or ting fruit since No ah's ark is bank rupt. Dick

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Have - lock's — ga rage is clo - sing down

Chin up good gen tle men we're not dead and there fore still a live! Not to be dead is not the

same as li__ ving You call this li__ ving? What's this doom and gloom? The food busi nees is ba sic ally

sound. Chi ca go does not live by bread a lone. She rit. needs green goods Which we su pply

a tempo "Yes in person He's smelled the stink and thinks he sees an o - pen-ing.

Er - nes - to Ro - ma his lieu te nant says They

can con vince shop keep ers it's not heal thy to han dle o ther peop le's cau li flower. He

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83

prom is es our turn o ver will dou ble Be cause he says the shop keep ers would ra ther buy Cau li flow er

G

88

than co ffins. They've got tom my guns and hand-gre-nades. A new a pproach to break down sales re

94

sis tance. Word is out we don't sleep well, so in a hur ry here comes U i off ring his sup port. Sal va tion ar my

99

ver sus U i Where would you ra ther have your soup He

H

105

used to run Sheet's ca fe ter i a. Be fore he switched to po li ties And now? It's just like I've been tell ing to you

110

Flake. All loy al ty is gone and mo ney's short. Cur sing, they scur ry from the sink ing ship.

115

Friend turns to foe em ploy ee snubs his boss. Our old lunch room op er a tor Dogs bor ough who used to be all smiles is

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120

one cold shoul der Oh mor a li ty where art thou in this cri sis. In *gra rit.* ti tude thy name is Dogs bor ough. *a tempo*

125

They need an ho nest man to get a loan A

133

loan with out to ma ny awk ward ques tions. The ci ty dad's would be a shamed to ask Old

137

Dogs bor ough for vou chers or re ciepts. They trust him, men who ceased to trust in god. They trust in him: hard

142

boiled po lit i cos. For eigh ty years, he's shown no weak ness es Such a man is worth his weight in gold. Es

147

pec ial ly to peo ple with a scheme. For buil ding docks And build ing kind of slow ly. *a tempo rit.* 3

154

Once his mind's made up, an earth-quake could n't change it. The man has al ways got ten on my

159

nerves His heart was never with us, What's he care? What's arti choke to

165

him or he to arti choke What does he know about the trucking business. He

170

never had to handle cauliflower. As far as he's cares our groceries can Stink to high heaven Now he says, "Piss

K

175

off!" Exactly what's his trouble? Ignorance, of course. He "The bastard doesn't know which way is up"

184

has n't got the faintest notion what it's like to be in such a fix. The question is, my friends, how do we

189

put him in our skin. In short we've got to educate the man. In deed we've got to educate the man. I've

194

thought it over listen here's my plan