

There'll Come a Time

There'll come a time the smog will be so thick D
 We'll all have to walk with a long white walking stick, D
 But we won't walk anyhow, we'll go by air, D
 And the helicopters will be so thick we won't get anywhere. D
 There'll come a time, believe me son D
 And when that day is here I will be gone.

Such adulteration will have hit the food,
 You'll throw away the contents and eat the carton if you want anything good.
 And women will live on synthetic meals,
 And they'll all be as slender as synthetic eels.

There'll come a time the kids will be so smart
 They'll be able to recite their own psychoanalysis by heart,
 And they'll all be scientists by the time they're ten,
 And thank the Lord I won't have any children then.

The cities will be so overpopulated,
 We'll all be buried from the same apartment house where we were created,
 And if you take a trip to the country somewhere,
 You'll have to be inoculated against fresh air.

There'll come a time we'll lose our walking feet,
 And food will all be predigested so we won't have to eat,
 And children will be made in test-tubes, so we won't have to wed,
 And thank God by that time I will be dead.

Final chorus:
 There'll come a time; won't you be proud?
 And by that time I'll be playing an unamplified
 harp on an eighteenth century cloud.