

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Harvard Square

Harvard Square

In Harvard Square the teeny-boppers wear their miniskirts,  
And try to look as old as they would like to be.  
And they're hoping for a Harvies glance,  
They don't stand a chance.

On the corner is a couple walking hand in hand,  
And which is he and which is she you can not guess.  
It's because each of them wears a dress  
In the pouring rain, very strange.

Harvard Square is in my ears and in my eyes,  
There, beneath the smoggy Cambridge skies I cough  
And meanwhile back

In Harvard Square there is a Techman with his slide-a-rule  
And in his pocket is a portrait of the dean  
He likes to keep his slide-a-rule quite clean,  
It's a clean machine.

Harvard Square is in my eyes and in my ears,  
There among the 'Cliffies and the queers I stroll  
And meanwhile back

Behind the kiosk in the middle of the subway stop,  
A Harvard student's selling pot quite cheap enough.  
Though the law against it's rather tough,  
You should try a puff.

In Harvard Square there is a hippie selling Avatar  
To all the people who are there to make the scene,  
But to buy it you must be eighteen,  
Cause it's not too clean, quite obscene.

Harvard Square is in my nose and in my eyes.  
There beneath the smokefilled Cambridge skies I choke  
And meanwhile back

Harvard Square is in my eyes, ears, nose and throat  
From the 'Tute this place is quite remote. MIT

tune: Penny Lane

JY

