

Yuppies in the Sky
Words and Music by Tom Paxton

As I walked out one evening, down Columbus Avenue,
The sushi bars were shuttered, the dark cantinas, too.
I stood there in the darkness, as an empty cab rolled by
When all at once I heard the sound of Yuppies in the sky.

The herd came down Columbus, for as far as I could see.
All the men were wearing Polo, and the women wore Esprit.
Each Yuppie had a Walkman, and as each one passed me by,
I saw their sad expressions, and I heard their mournful cry.

[Cho:]
"Condos for sale!
Condos to buy,
for Yuppies in the sky."

Each one was wearing running shoes, upon the ghostly deck.
And each one had a cotton sweater, wrapped around the neck.
They all held out their credit cards, and tried in vain to buy,
But all the stores were shuttered, to the Yuppies in the sky.

[Cho:]

I've seen them in commercials, sailing boats and playing ball,
Pouring beer for one another, crying, "Why not have it all?".
Now I saw the ghostly progress, down Columbus Avenue,
I heard the cry for mercy, and it chilled me through and through.
[Alternate last line: "It made me want to buy myself a BMW."]

[Cho:]

All the salad bars were empty. All the Quiche Lorraine was
gone.
I heard the Yuppies crying, as they vanished in the dawn,
Calling brand names to each other, as they faded from my view.
They'll be networking forever, down Columbus Avenue.

[Cho:]