

Garbage

by Bill Steele (1969) (fourth verse by by Pete Seeger and Mike Agranoff (1977))

Dm *Dm* *Dm* *Dm*
Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potato
Dm *Dm* *A7* *A7* *A7* *A7*
Then he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin
A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it
A7 *A7* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm* *Dm*
And he puts it in a can with coffee grinds and sardine tins
A7 *A7* *Dm* *Dm*
Till the truck comes by on Friday and carts it all away
Gm *Gm* *C* *C*
And a thousand trucks just like it are converging on the Bay

Dm *Dm* *Dm* *Dm* *(add alternating Bb bass note to Dm and A7 chords)*
Garbage, garbage!
Dm *Dm* *A7* *A7*
They're filling up the street with garbage.
A7 *A7* *A7* *A7*
What will we do when there's no place left to put all the
Dm *A7* *Dm* *Dm*
Garbage?

Mr. Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it up the freeway track
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydrocarbon haze
He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending gases to the stars
There to form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days
While the sun looks down upon it with its ultraviolet tongues
Till it turns to smog and settles down and ends up in our lungs

Garbage, garbage!
We're filling up the air with garbage
Garbage, garbage
What will we do
When there's nothing left to breathe but garbage?

Getting home and taking off his shoes he settles down with evening news
While the kids do homework with the TV in one ear
While Superman for the thousandths time sell sexy dolls and conquers crime
They dutifully learn the date of birth of Paul Revere
In the paper there's a piece about the mayor's middle name
And he gets it done in time to watch the all-star bingo game

Garbage, garbage!
We're filling up our minds with garbage
Garbage, garbage
What will we do when there's nothing left to hear
And there's nothing left to read
And there's nothing left to wear
And there's nothing left to need
And there's nothing left to talk about but
Garbage?

In Mister Thompson's factory, they're making plastic Christmas trees
Complete with silver tinsel and a geodesic stand
The plastic's mixed in giant vats from some conglomeration
That's been piped from deep within the earth or strip-mined from the land.
And if you question anything, they say, "Why, don't you see?
It's absolutely needed for the economy," oh,

Oh, Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! Garbage!
There stocks and their bonds -- all garbage!
Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! Garbage!
What will they do when their system goes to smash
There's no value to their cash
There's no money to be made
But there's a world to be repaid
Their kids will read in history books
About financiers and other crooks
And feudalism, and slavery
And nukes and all their knavery
To history's dustbin they're consigned
Along with many other kinds of garbage.
Garbage! Garbage! Garbage! Garbage!