

Blanket on the Ground (unexpurgated)
by Tom Sigafos

with sincere apologies to Philomena Begley

I'd forgot our anniversary –
I was feelin' mighty low,
When I heard your song, Miss Begley,
On the kitchen radio –

You was singin' 'bout a couple
And the sweet romance they found
Makin' love out in the moonlight
On a blanket on the ground.

So I called my wife, “Hey, Honey!
For our an-ni-ver-sa-ry,
Let's make love out in the moonlight
On a blanket by the sea!”

But my wife says, “Thanks for nothin'!
You're a cheapskate so-and-so!
Why don't you ask me out to dinner?
Or at least a movie-show?”

So I tried to sing your lyrics,
But I could not find the rhyme.
I just said, “Philomena Begley,
She swears she does this *all* the time!”

Your endorsement did persuade her,
So we drove down to the strand,
And on a blanket in the moonlight,
We's makin' love to beat the band –

Well, that is, till we heard a giggle
From behind a nearby tree.
We had become the entertainment
For a Boy Scout Jam-bor-ee,

And the Garda come a-runnin'!
Lights was flashin'! Sirens wailed!
Our exposure was indecent,
So they threwed us both in jail.

Now my wife is at the Doctor's
Pickin' cooties from her hair,
Treatin' multiple infections –
She won't even tell me *where* --

So I'm beggin' you, Miss Begley –
Write those lyrics down for me!
I must read them at my hearing
When I plead for clemency.

Send the mailman to the back door –
That's where I'll be hangin' 'round,
Out there sleepin' by the doghouse
On a blanket on the ground.