

Uncle Richie's SUV

Copyright 2005 Doleta Chapru; Tune: Beverly Hillbillies

I parked my little auto by the groc-er-y store
Suddenly the sun didn't shine no more
A big black wagon was a blockin' my door
There sat my Uncle Richie in his monster four-by-four.

CHORUS

Everybody knows my Uncle Richie's SUV
He cruises it around the town for all the folks to see
His patriotic banner says "America the Free" . . .
And a sticker in the window reads "Support our Infantry."

Uncle Richie drives alone inside his five man car
He spends a lot of money but he never travels far
His gasoline consumption from his condo to the store
Would fuel a motorcycle from Vermont to Ecuador.

Uncle Richie likes to ride high up above the ground
So when he passes others he's the one who's lookin' down
He finds a spot at crossings guaranteed to block the view
Of all the folks in smaller cars awaitin' to get through.

Uncle Richie got behind a bicycle parade
Of happy youths protesting how the monster cars are made
He honked his horn and shook his fist and plunged into the crowd
While talking on his cell phone with his TV turned up loud.

If I had the keys to Uncle Richie's SUV,
I'd retrofit the pedals for an Army Amputee.
We'd fill the back with day old bread, hot soup and candy bars
And pass 'em out to homeless vets a-livin' in their cars