

The Life of Riley

Riley left work early, jumped into his Saab
Got his fancy churning and lit up a cheap cigar
He had a date tonight with sweet, sweet Sugar Beet Marie
Love is like a lemon. Ain't no damn good without that Vitamin C.

He rolled out on the turnpike, be-boppin' to the radio
Heard a loud explosion and wobbled to the side of the road
He cried, "Marie! Be right with you. Soon as I fix this flat, girl. Wait and see."
Love is like a lemon. Two drops in your tea is all you need.

The boy was no mechanic, but he finally set the jack
Got his suit all dirty and nearly broke his back
He cried, "Marie! If I'm late, baby, would you wait for me?"
Love is like a lemon. You wanna get the juice, you've gotta squeeze.

Riley didn't notice. Working much too hard
But pulled up right behind him was a green and gold Jaguar
And inside— Lotsa Luck, our gasoline alley maid
Love is like a lemon. Little bit of sugar and you got lemonade.

First she fixed his tire, then she fixed his flat
Then she greased his axle and asked, "Riley, what do you think of that?"
He cried, "Marie! How come you never learned how to do these things for me?"
Love is like a lemon. Most folks eat the pulp, but some dig the seeds.

Riley scurried home and changed his dirty clothes
Skedaddled back over to sweet Marie, but she punched him in the nose
She said, "I know what you've been up to, Riley. Enough of your shenanigans. Good-bye!"
Love is like a lemon. It puckers up your lips and makes you cry.