

The Big Boxer

(Mal Wart)

Music by Paul Simon, New Lyrics by Bill Oliver

I am just a Mal Wart and my logo is well known
I have squandered all resistance
For a pocketful of Waltons up in Arkansas
Retail incest
Still a mayor hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest
Lie, lie lie, blah blah blah, lie lie lie

Asking lower women's wages I've become a global bore
In the company of chain stores, fast food and the parking lots of Home Depots
Countless Lowe's
Seeking out the dimes and quarters where the volume shoppers go
Looking for the prices only Sam's would know

Buy Buy Buy ...

Now I'm laying out my swim clothes looking for a swimming hole
But I get no clean ones
Just the run-off from the stores on pro-growth avenues
I do declare
There were times when me and my friends could go skinny-dipping there
Now the health department says we dare not dare

Nah nah nah ...

In the clearing stands a big box, a generic hall of trade
And it carries the reminders of every mom & pop shop
That it cut out and it wiped out
Without anger, without shame
And it stinks there like a cat box every time it rains
Do-do runs off but the big box still remains

Nah nah nah ...

Parody lyrics by Bill Oliver

Music by Paul Simon

Bob Livingston: bass guitar, background vocals, cat's meow and chicken squawk.

Leeann Atherton: background vocals

Paul Percy: drums and percussion

Bill Oliver: lead vocal, guitar, Jew's harp

Steve Zirkel: trumpet

Phil Anstrom: synthesizer

Sound effects courtesy Production Block, Austin

Recorded by Phil Anstrom at Chicken Shack Studio, South Austin, 2004

Produced by Bill Oliver and Phil Anstrom