

Pop Hates the Beatles

Allan Sherman

My daughter needs a new phonograph
She wore out all the needles
Besides, I broke the old one in half
I hate the BeatlesShe says they have a Liverpool beat
She says they used to play there
Four nice kids from offa the street
Why didn't they stay there?What is all the screaming about?
Fainting and swooning
Sounds to me like their guitars
Could use a little tuningThe boys are from the British Empire
The British think they're keen
If that is what the British desire
God Save The QueenNo daughter of mine can push me around
In my house I'm the master
But when the British come into town
Gad, what a disasterLittle girls in sneakers and jeans
Destroyed the territory
'Twas like some of the gorier scenes
From West Side StoryOf course my daughter had to go there
The tickets are cheap, she hollers
I was able to pick up a pair
For forty-seven dollarsWhen the Beatles come on the stage
They scream and shriek and cheer them
Now I know why they're such a rage
It's impossible to hear themRingo is the one with the drum
The others all play with him
It shows you what a boy can become
Without a sense of rhythmThere's Beatle books and T-shirts and rings
And one thing and another
To buy my daughter all of these things
I had to sell her brotherBack in 1776
We fought the British then, folks
Parents of America
It's time to do it again, folksWhen they come back, here's how we'll begin
We'll throw 'em in Boston harbor
But please, before we toss 'em all in
Let's take 'em to a barber

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