

I Miss the 70s

Deirdre Flint

These days teens are all so tasteful classic understated bland
We lock up our yearbooks 'cause you young folks would not understand
Why we'd use Sun-in on our hair by evening it would look like hell
Orange, brittle - hey who cared as long as it still feathered well
I'd be lost without my email still I miss a simpler time
When UHF was cutting-edge, the days when there was no rewind I miss the latch-hook rugs, the Dr. Sholl's the
gold lame
I miss the days when we all thought Rod Stewart was rescue
Saturday nights Mr. Rouarke with Triscuts, Spam and good spray cheese
Western culture hit rock bottom man I miss the '70s One spring we planned our vacation June we'd be Grand
Canyon-bound
On the night before the big day my dad's Coupe Deville broke down
They were not to be dissuaded, they set out with iron will
Four of us in my mom's Pacer and my folks are married still
Patrick Duffy ruled Atlantis, Charlie's girls upheld the law
We all prayed we grow up Farrah, we became Kate Jacksons all I miss the days of homeroom mothers with Rise
Krispie treats
I miss the heady smell of Enjoli and ditto sheets
The dark day that teh Dallas Cowboys brought the dolphins to their knees
Western Culture who needs culture? Man I miss the '70s

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