Ariel

Dean Friedman

Way on the other side of the Hudson
Deep in the bosom of suburbia
I met a young girl she sang mighty fine
Tears on my pillow and Ave Maria
Standing by the water fall in Paramus ParkShe was working for the friends of BAI
She was collecting quarters in a paper cup
She was looking for change and so was I
She was a Jewish girl, I fell in love with herShe wrote her number on the back of my hand
I called her up, I was all out of breath
I said, "Come hear me play in my rock and roll band"
I took a shower and I put on my best blue jeansI picked her up in my new V W van
She wore a peasant blouse with nothing underneath
I said "Hi", she said, "yeah, I guess I am"
Ariel, ArielWe had a little time, we were real hungry
We went to Dairy Queen for something to eat
She had some onion rings, she had a pickle
She forgot to tell me how she didn't eat meatI had a gig in the American Legion hall
It was a dance for the Volunteer Ambulance Corps
she was sitting in a corner against the wall
She would smile and I melted all over the floorI took her home with me, we watched some TV
Annette Funicello and some guy going steady
I started fooling around with the vertical hold
We got the munchies so I made some spaghettiWe sat and we talked into the night
While channel 2 was signing off the air
I found the softness of a mouth
We made love, the bombs bursting in air
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