Albert & the Ice Cream Truck

Albert scratched his forearm
Listening for the chimes
Whistling Dixie Doodle Dandy
Clutching at his dime
    Sweat dripped from his forehead
    Flowing down his locks
    'Oer his steaming body, downward
    Soaking his damp socks.
Wishing there had been ample time
To ask Mommy for the dime.
    Steaming inside
    Broiling alive
    Listening for chimes
    Squeezing his dime.

Albert strained his eardrums
He heard a ding-a-ling
A smile spread over his features
As he listened to it sing.
    Wet fingers hotly sweating
    Squeezed his security
    The price of small refreshment
    To cure hot humidity.
Mom’s purse was just passively sitting there
Don’t think that for a dime she would care.
    Squeezing his dime
    Hearing the chimes
    Steaming inside
    Broiling alive.

Albert saw it coming
Albert squeezed his dime
Which slipped through sweating fingers, rolling
Before the chimes.
    Bending to pick the coin up
    The truck ran ‘oer his head
    Scattering Albert’s grey stuff all over
    Making Albert dead.
Wishing that there had been ample time
To ask Mommy for the dime.
    Poor Albert died
    Clutching his dime
    As the bright chimes
    Distantly died.

Opus 51 (1971)
ALBERT AND THE ICE-CREAM TRUCK (A MODERN TRAGEDY)

MUSIC by Robert J. Marks

C F
ALBERT SCRATCHED HIS FOREARM
ALBERT STRAINED HIS EARDRUMS
ALBERT SAW IT COMING

C F
WHISTLING 'DIXIE' DOODLE DANDY
WHICH SLIPPED THRU SWEATING FINGERS, ROLLING

G G7 F
CHIMES LING DIME
A SMILE SPREAD OER HIS FEATURES AS HE

C
LISTENING FOR THE HEARD A 'DING-A-

G D7 C
ALBERT SQUEEZED HIS

F
WHICH SLIPPED THRU SWEATING FINGERS, ROLLING

C
CLUTCHING AT HIS

D7 F
BEFORE THE

G
FORE-HOOD

C
FLOWING DOWN HIS

Dm G G7
SQUEEZED HIS SE-CUR-IT-

C
THE TRUCK RAN OER HIS HEAD

G C Dm G
THE PRICE OF SMALL RE-

G7
SCATTERING ALBERT'S

D7 C F
SOAKING HIS DAMP SOCKS

Dm
FRESHING TO COOL

C
GREY STUFF ALL OER

Am C Am C Dm G7
WISHING MOM'S PURSE WAS JUST PASS-IVELY
WISHING THAT THERE HAD BEEN AMPLE TIME
FOR DON'T THINK THAT FOR A DIME SHE WOULD CARE
FOR TO ASK MOM FOR THE DIME

STEAMING IN SIDE BROILING A LIVE
SQUEEZING HIS DIME CLUTCHING HIS DIME

LISTENING FOR CHIMES SQUEEZING HIS DIME
STEAMING IN SIDE CLUTCHING HIS DIME
AS THE BRIGHT CHIMES DISTANTLY DIED

REPEAT TWICE