

"INCIDENT AT A LOCAL FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT"

I was sitting in McDonald's just the other night,
Minding' my own business, and sipping on a sprite,
When in thru the door stepped this dude from Cinnaminson,
In a black leather jacket; His name, they say was Vincent.

As he walked on past my table, I could have sworn I heard him say:
"Man, this town of Delran looks worse and worse each day."
Well, you can talk about my woman, and maybe about my car,
But when you mess around with my home town, you're pushing me too far.

So I rose up from my seat, and I turned to Vince and said,
"You've got to be mistaken, pal, Sure ya don't mean your town instead?"

Well Vince turned 'round and stared me down,
and his eyes burned red with fire
My remark, said he, was made foolishly,
and so, my life he would expire.

His fists were raised, and clenched in rage
and he made his knuckles crack,
But before he got a chance to swing,
I hit him with some facts:

"Delran," I said, "is an A-1 town,
Its people kind and good."
"Delran stands out proud and strong,
like all communities should."

"And in this our centennial year,
everyone can see."
"That of all the places far and near,
Delran's the place to be."

"So when you talk about my town,
do it with a smile."
And before you say what you're not sure is true,
Look around first; and stay awhile.

As I finished my speil and quieted down,
Vince said nothing back.
He simply shook my hand instead,
and bought me a Big Mac.

As I munched out, Vince explained,
he know Delran not long;
But now, said he, because of me,
he realized he was wrong.

Vince left town, but as he did,
I saw someone on his Van;
A sticker painted green and white,
wishing Happy Birthday to Delran.

Well that's the last I've seen of Vince,
and now my story's through.
But before I leave there's just one thing,
I'd like to say to you:

Every rhyme has its reasons, and mine is simply this;
I'm proud to call Delran my home,
and would love to be its Miss.

Written by Robert Socci