

A Mildly Luddite Love Song

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Lively (♩ = 180)

My true - love lives in Mon - tre - al. We par - ted there last night.
Some say we should tele - com - mun - i - cate, but we'd real - ly ra - ther write.
I get E - mail, voice - mail, cel - lu - lar calls and fax.
I'd ra - ther get an old - fash - ioned rag pa - per note with a spot of sea - ling wax.

My true love lives in Montreal. We parted there last night.
Some say we should telecommunicate, but we'd really rather write.
I get E-mail, voice-mail, cellular calls and fax.
I'd rather get an old-fashioned rag paper note with a spot of sealing wax.

The mailbox beside my door is made of solid brass.
Two thirds of what I find in there is sent to me third class.

My modem brings me messages from Moscow every day.
My stamp collection's growing dull now that I work this way.

The messages that people leave that I retrieve to hear
Don't store well in a cedar box, one bundle for each year.

My calls get interrupted as I drive from cell to cell.
My true love's letter comes complete inside its paper shell.

A fax can be half-printed while its end has not been sent.
My true love's letter never gets stretched out to that extent.

I sometimes wake at 3 AM to hear my pager beep.
I never try to read my true love's letter while I sleep.

The modem in my laptop port has V-dot-four-two-bis.
The letter that my true love sends is sealed with a kiss.

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