

The Last Repair

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Smoothly (♩=165)

The musical score is written on four staves in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Smoothly' with a quarter note equal to 165 beats per minute. The lyrics are: 'All the sty-ro-foam that was shaped to fit Leave it in the shop boys Shall be thrown a-way; there's no use for it Yes boys leave it there For the time has run, and it's now too late To re-build the nest in the ship-ping crate Now too much is torn, bent, or sim-ply worn, It has had its last re-pair'.

All the styrofoam that was shaped to fit
 Leave it in the shop, boys;
 Shall be thrown away; there's no use for it.
 Yes, boys, leave it there.
 For the time has run, and it's now too late
 To rebuild the nest in the shipping crate.
 Now too much is torn, bent, or simply worn;
 It has had its last repair.

It came in a box that was twice its size
 Leave it in the shop, boys;
 That was custom made for the merchandise.
 Yes, boys, leave it there.
 There were spacers molded for base and top
 That could keep it safe in a minor drop.
 Now too much is torn, bent, or simply worn;
 It has had its last repair.

And I filled that nest made of styrofoam
 Leave it in the shop, boys;
 For a yearly trip between shop and home.
 Yes, boys, leave it there.
 But components fail. and repairs must cease,
 And it goes to landfill to rust in peace.
 Now too much is torn, bent, or simply worn;
 It has had its last repair.

I have confidence in those three skilled men
 Leave it in the shop, boys;
 Who could make it work just like new again.
 Yes, boys, leave it there.
 But what use to me are their skills and arts
 When it's obsolete and they can't get parts?
 Now too much is torn, bent, or simply worn;
 It has had its last repair.

Using unskilled labour in Mexico
 Leave it in the shop, boys;
 One can manufacture at costs so low
 Yes, boys, leave it there.
 That a skilled repair shop cannot compete
 With the warehouse merchants on Discount Street.
 Now too much is torn, bent, or simply worn;
 It has had its last repair.

And when I replace it, I'll have to choose
 Leave it in the shop, boys;
 One with fourteen features I'll never use.
 Yes, boys, leave it there.
 But the new ones break, for they're not as strong;
 They're designed to not last me half as long.
 Now too much is torn, bent, or simply worn;
 It has had its last repair.

Inspired, in part, by Archie Fisher's song "The Final Trawl"