

Long ago and far away,  
In a land that time forgot,  
Before the days of Dylan,  
Or the dawn of Camelot.

There lived a race of innocents,  
And they were you and me,  
Long ago and far away  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

Oh, there was truth and goodness  
In that land where we were born,  
Where navels were for oranges,  
And Peyton Place was porn.

For Ike was in the White House,  
And Hoss was on TV,  
And God was in His heaven  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We learned to gut a muffler,  
We washed our hair at dawn,  
We spread our crinolines to dry  
In circles on the lawn.

And they could hear us coming  
All the way to Tennessee,  
All starched and sprayed and rumbling  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We longed for love and romance,  
And waited for the prince,  
And Eddie Fisher married Liz,  
And no one's seen him since.

We danced to "Little Darlin",  
And Sang to "Stagger Lee"  
And cried for Buddy Holly  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

Only girls wore earrings then,  
And three was one too many,  
And only boys wore flat-top cuts,  
Except for Jean McKinney.

And only in our wildest dreams  
Did we expect to see  
A boy named George with Lipstick,  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We fell for Frankie Avalon,  
Annette was oh, so nice,  
And when they made a movie,  
They never made it twice.

We didn't have a Star Trek Five,  
Or Psycho Two and Three,  
Or Rocky-Rambo Twenty  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

Miss Kitty had a heart of gold,  
And Chester had a limp,  
And Reagan was a Democrat  
Whose co-star was a chimp.

We had a Mr. Wizard,  
But not a Mr. T,  
And Oprah couldn't talk, yet  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had our share of heroes,  
We never thought they'd go,  
At least not Bobby Darin,  
Or Marilyn Monroe.

For youth was still eternal,  
And life was yet to be,  
And Elvis was forever,  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never seen the rock band  
That was Grateful to be Dead,  
And Airplanes weren't named Jefferson,  
And Zeppelins weren't Led.

And Beatles lived in gardens then,  
And Monkees in a tree,  
Madonna was a virgin  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We'd never heard of Microwaves,  
Or telephones in cars,  
And babies might be bottle-fed,  
But they weren't grown in jars.

And pumping iron got wrinkles out,  
And "gay" meant fancy-free,  
And dorms were never coed  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We hadn't seen enough of jets  
To talk about the lag,  
And microchips were what was left at  
The bottom of the bag.

And Hardware was a box of nails,  
And bytes came from a flea,  
And rocket ships were fiction  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

Buicks came with portholes,  
And side shows came with freaks,  
And bathing suits came big enough  
To cover both your cheeks.

And Coke came just in bottles,  
And skirts came to the knee,  
And Castro came to power  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

We had no Crest with Fluoride,  
We had no Hill Street Blues,  
We all wore superstructure bras  
Designed by Howard Hughes.

We had no patterned pantyhose  
Or Lipton herbal tea  
Or prime-time ads for condoms  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

There were no golden arches,  
No Perriers to chill,  
And fish were not called Wanda,  
And cats were not called Bill.

And middle-aged was thirty-five  
And old was forty-three,  
And ancient was our parents  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.

But all things have a season,  
Or so we've heard them say,  
And now instead of Maybelline  
We swear by Retin-A.

And they send us invitations  
To join AARP,  
We've come a long way, baby,  
From the Land That Made Me, Me.

So now we face a brave new world  
In slightly larger jeans,  
And wonder why they're using  
Smaller print in magazines.

And we tell our children's children  
Of the way it used to be,  
Long ago, and far away  
In the Land That Made Me, Me.