

05- Kentucky Bluegrass Lawn

by Erin Lang Crowley

February 10, 2008

This song came out of nowhere, but the blame lies in a couple of places. First to FAWM, for creating a new genre called "Casiocore", whereby you record the cheesiest background possible using preset rhythms on your oldest, dinkiest keyboard from the 80's. I started messing around with my keyboard and started giggling when the bluegrass preset came out at twice the appropriate speed. From there it was natural to think about bluegrass, and having just gotten back from a trip out west to Salt Lake, where draught is always a concern...well, the rest is history!

Down in the desert where the sun is hot
Got a nice house on real pretty lot
Got a garden and a big old yard
Guess I'm lucky in that regard

Every summer the grass starts to pout
Stuck in the middle of a big bad drought
Who's to blame for the ugly brown
That's creepin' through the yards of town?

CHORUS:

Ooo-oooh, whatever I do
I can't escape this simple truth
The American dream is all but gone
Without a Kentucky bluegrass lawn

You can't disagree cuz everybody knows
That nothing feels nicer between the toes
With your neighbors over on a warm spring day
To play badminton or croquet

A good cool grass stays green in the fall
And Kentucky blue is the king of them all
The only catch and the one big bummer
That it can't survive this arid summer

But here we are in Vegas, Salt Lake, and Reno
Pimping our yards like a fancy casino
We get less rain in a couple of months
Than Kentucky gets in a single dump

So to make sure that our lawns will last
We feed half our water to our grass
Til the water man comes and turns off our piping
And starts to yap about Xeriscaping