

THE WILD WEST IS WHERE I WANT TO BE

words and music by Tom Lehrer

Along the trail you'll find me lopin',
Where the spaces are wide open,
In the land of the old A.E.C.
Where the scenery's attractive,
And the air is radioactive,
Oh, the Wild West is where I wanna be.

'Mid the sagebrush and the cactus
I'll watch the fellas practice
Droppin' bombs through the clean desert breeze.
I'll have on my sombrero,
And of course I'll wear a pair o'
Levis over my lead B.V.D.'s.

I will leave the city's rush,
Leave the fancy and the plush,
Leave the snow and leave the slush
And the crowds.
I will seek the desert's hush,
Where the scenery is lush,
How I long to see the mush-
Room clouds.

'Mid the yuccas and the thistles
I'll watch the guided missiles,
While the old F.B.I. watches me.
Yes, I'll soon make my appearance
(Soon as I can get my clearance),
'Cause the Wild West is where I wanna be.