

## *Albert & the Ice Cream Truck*

Albert scratched his forearm  
Listening for the chimes  
Whistling Dixie Doodle Dandy  
Clutching at his dime  
    Sweat dripped from his forehead  
    Flowing down his locks  
    'Oer his steaming body, downward  
    Soaking his damp socks.  
Wishing there had been ample time  
To ask Mommy for the dime.  
    Steaming inside  
    Broiling alive  
    Listening for chimes  
    Squeezing his dime.

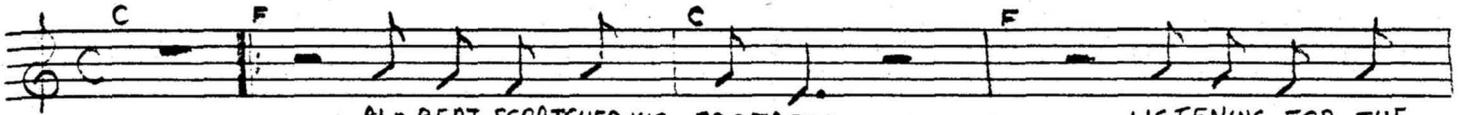
Albert strained his eardrums  
He heard a ding-a-ling  
A smile spread over his features  
As he listened to it sing.  
    Wet fingers hotly sweating  
    Squeezed his security  
    The price of small refreshment  
    To cure hot humidity.  
Mom's purse was just passively sitting there  
Don't think that for a dime she would care.  
    Squeezing his dime  
    Hearing the chimes  
    Steaming inside  
    Broiling alive.

Albert saw it coming  
Albert squeezed his dime  
Which slipped through sweating fingers, rolling  
Before the chimes.  
    Bending to pick the coin up  
    The truck ran 'oer his head  
    Scattering Albert's grey stuff all over  
    Making Albert dead.  
Wishing that there had been ample time  
To ask Mommy for the dime.  
    Poor Albert died  
    Clutching his dime  
    As the bright chimes  
    Distantly died.

# ALBERT AND THE ICE-CREAM TRUCK

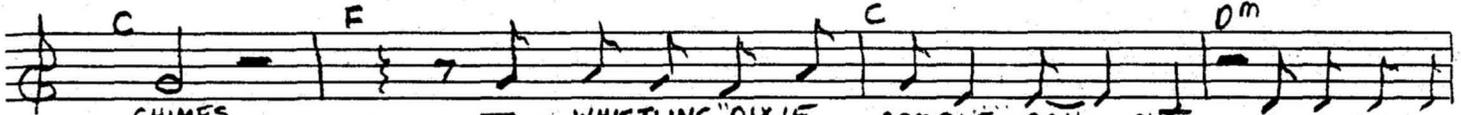
(A MODERN TRAGEDY)  
(OPUS 51)

MUSIC by  
ROBERT J.  
MARKS II



AL-BERT SCRATCHED HIS FOREARM  
AL-BERT STRAINED HIS EARDRUMS  
AL-BERT SAW IT COMING

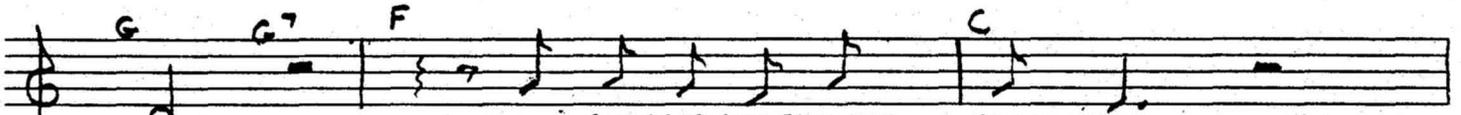
LISTENING FOR THE  
HEARD A "DING-A"  
AL-BERT SQUEEZED HIS



CHIMES  
LING"  
DIME

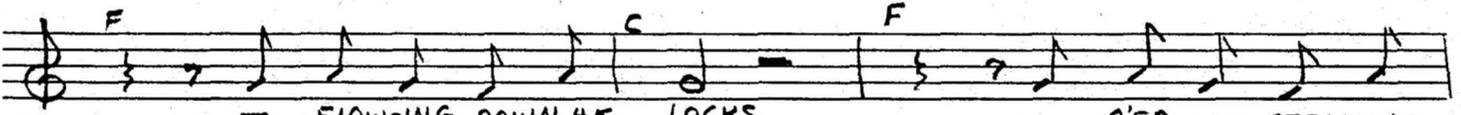
WHISTLING "DIXIE DOODLE DAN-DY"  
A SMILE SPREAD O'ER HIS FEATURES AS HE  
WHICH SLIPPED THRU SWEATING FIN-GERS, ROLLING

CLUTCHING AT HIS  
LISTENED TO IT  
BE-FORE THE



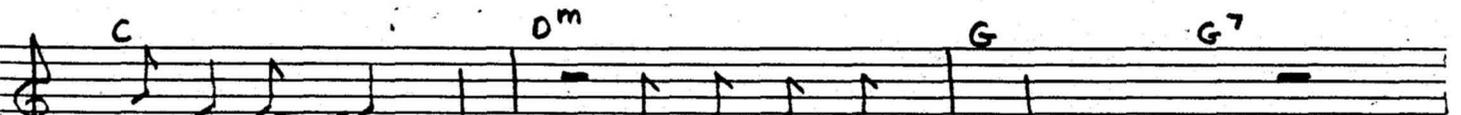
DIME  
SING  
CHIMES

SWEAT DRIPPED FROM HIS FORE-HEAD  
WET FIN-GERS HOT-LY SWEATING  
BENDING TO PICK THE COIN UP



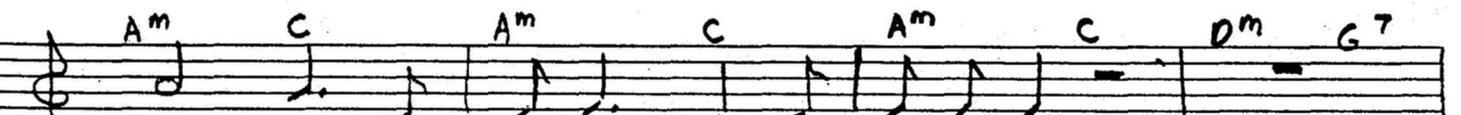
FLOWING DOWN HIS LOCKS  
SQUEEZED HIS SE-CUR-IT-Y  
THE TRUCK RAN O'ER HIS HEAD

O'ER HIS STEAMING  
THE PRICE OF SMALL RE-  
SCATTERING AL-BERT'S



BODY DOWN-WARD  
FRESHMENT TO COOL  
GREY STUFF ALL O'ER

SOAKING HIS DAMP SOCKS  
HOT HU-MID-I-TY  
MAKING AL-BERT DEAD



WISH-ING THAT THERE HAD BEEN AMPLE TIME  
MOM'S PURSE WAS JUST PAC-IVELY SITTING THERE  
WISH-ING THAT THERE HAD BEEN AMPLE TIME

AM C AM C AM C Dm G7

FOR DON'T FOR TO THINK THAT ASK FOR A MOM DIME MOM FOR THE DIME SHE WOULD CARE FOR THE DIME

F C F C

STEAMING SQUEEZING POOR AL IN HIS BERT SIDE DIME DIED BROILING HEAR-ING CLUTCHING A THE HIS LIVE CHIMES DIME

F C F C

LISTENING FOR CHIMES SQUEEZING HIS DIME STEAM-ING IN SIDE BROILING A LIVE AS THE BRIGHT CHIMES DISTANTLY HIS DIED

G G7 C

REPEAT TWICE