

WHY THEY CALL THEM “CROSS”  
*(Singin' the Blues)*

The big blue bureau goofed again, and sent me someone's dough.  
I sent it back with scribbled notes to let the bullies know.  
And then a nasty letter came implying I was bad  
To keep a check that wasn't mine--It made me downright mad.  
I had to write them and explain, I should not be suspect;  
If they would only look they'd find that I'd returned their check.

They goofed a multi-payment next, their system's such a wreck;  
And I might lose the full amount if returned their check.  
They sent another nasty note about how bad I'd been--  
How they had caught my clever crime and charged me with my sin.  
I sent them back the right amount, but I was angry too,  
I'd notified them of their goof and asked them what to do.

And then the circumstance was right; they goofed it up again.  
I put their check up on a shelf and waited with a grin.  
I waited long, I waited hard, I lost a lot of weight,  
Till finally their nasty bill was tendered at my gate.  
I signed their check back to themselves, and put it in the mail,  
And wondered if I'd get a note that threatened me with jail.

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