

After listening to a radio show consisting of nothing but a couple of hours of “Saint James Hotel” and it’s progeny “St. James Infirmary”, “Gambler’s Blues” and “Streets of Laredo”, I was compelled to offer my own - Not to dis TO, it could easily have been Osborne Village where I live, but too many syllables.

As I went out walking  
The streets of Toronto  
Walking the streets of Toronto at dawn  
I saw a young hipster  
All dressed in black leather  
Dressed in black leather though PETA said "wrong".

"Come sit down beside me  
And order a latte  
A latte with nutmeg, or even a chai  
Make it a venti  
With plenty of whole milk.  
Whole milk or soy milk  
Some biscotti or pie."

"I'll bore you with stories  
About some slick artists,  
Slick new artists who smear goo  
And call it a smash,  
I'll diss my sad neighbors  
Who work retail in the suburbs  
They miss the hot parties  
Which I live to crash."

"I have all of the soundtracks  
Of Angelo Badalamenti  
On my red iPod,  
My red iPod so fine,  
And also some polkas  
To prove I'm ironic,  
As ironic as rain  
On your wedding day."

And then this sad hipster  
Got onto a streetcar  
And into the fare-box  
A token was spun,  
Down Queen Street to t'Beaches  
And there a small condo  
With all the pains of cool living  
On too small a trust fund.