

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.