



THE SCREWDRIVER BANDIT VS. THE BOYFRIEND VOICE
by George Jack

There are great tales, some that might have been penned by David Mamet
Then there are stories that should be judged by a lower standit
This one? I must forewarn you, most who've heard this one have panned it....
Then there's people for whom, when this story's conveyed
It touches them in an honest, heartfelt way
And I hope none of them are my neighbors someday,
The story of the Boyfriend Voice Vs. the Screwdriver Bandit.

It started in the small Rhode Island town of Naragansett
Where lived a man who at his best was but a failed mechanic
Life, to this point, wasn't going quite the way he planned it.
Things got so bad, he had to sell all his tools
Except one that he used as a driver of screws
Which for him also would become a fiscal muse
For this latent townie highwayman, the Screwdriver Bandit.

He sold all but his VCR, TV, tool, he was saddened,
He had a tape of Captain Blood, as most Errol Flynn fans did
Studied Errol out-swashbuckling scores of pirates single-handed
Then a notion with morally bankrupt appeal
Came to him and his brain with delight did congeal
With his Craftsmanesque mini-cutlass, he would steal
For what it's worth, the birth of the Screwdriver Bandit.
He practiced moves with the screwdriver til he did command it

Then made out for the bus station to rob some folks in transit
He wouldn't so much ask for money as he would demand it
He'd make his victim's knees go all knockity-knobbly
By threatening to make their eyewear really wobbly
If they didn't agree to the terms of his robbly,
No dumb corn on the cobbly, this Screwdriver Bandit.

Armed with his screwdriver, as noble Bob the Builder mask-ed
He made cash off his enterprise as soon as he began it
Though it was soon he started feeling lonely on this planet
It was for a lover he started to pine
Someone that he could at, refer to as "mine"
But where would he find one? He hadn't spare time,
It was no hobby being the Screwdriver Bandit.

One day he went to rob a shop that made jelly, and canned it
Stopped short of pulling his tool out when he saw the girl that ran it
Her beauty found the fire of his heart's desire and fanned it
First time in weeks he forgot his Phillip's head
And he wanted to pilfer something else instead
The heart of this young jellied temptress to wed,
Introducing for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Screwdriver Bandit!

He dealt with all the joys and ills to him married life handed
At first, she was polite about his work, then she got candid
One night he came back late, work slow, and he was reprimanded!
His wife mocked of his voice, with an unfair impression
"I work late at night 'cause I'm scared of recession!
But I can't get a real job and help pay for NESN!"
The first time he heard the Boyfriend Voice, did the Screwdriver Bandit.

Such ire towards his intelligence had never yet been poised
His eloquence decried, he counter-quarreled with much noise,
"Hey, it's all that I know how to do, I got no other choice!"
He put hand over mouth in a show of surprise
Sounding too much like Lenny in "Of Men and Mice"
The way, male significant others are purported to rhetoricize,
The Bandit's voice box now possessed by.....The Boyfriend Voice.

Now, if he said, "Gimme your money" to some bus-stop bystandit
He would be recognized and into the hoosegow have landit
And so, he fled to India, good place to study Sanskrit
As for Mrs. B? Still runs the jelly shop
But once in a great while, a faint tear she will drop
For her Boyfriend voiced terrorizer of bus stops,
The Screwdriver Bandit