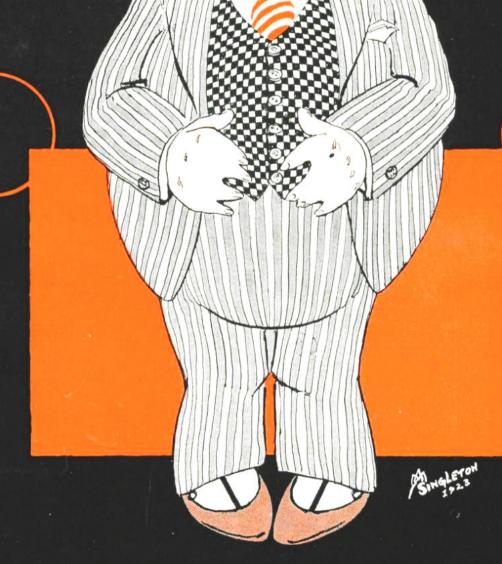
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Down Where The Vest Begins



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- 1. Down where the vest begins,
 That's where you feel your sins,
 You try to be a sport.
 There's no use in yelling
 The belt line keeps swelling
 So golf is your last resort,
 With a bag full of clubs,
 With the rest of the dubs,
 You go chasing a pill to get thin.
 But after each round
 You just gain one more pound,
 Down where the vest begins.
- 2. Down where the vest begins,
 That's where you feel your sins,
 You don't know what to do.
 You end by deciding
 To try horseback riding,
 To work off a pound or two.
 In the saddle you jounce,
 Just like rubber you bounce,
 But you stick to the nag with a grin.
 The horse is a wreck,
 But you don't lose a speck,
 Down where the vest begins,
- 3. Down where the vest begins,
 That's where you feel your sins,
 While in a trolley car.
 They push you and jab you,
 With elbows they stab you,
 Till you don't know where you are.
 You try hard to smile,
 As you block up the aisle,
 And get kick after kick in the shins.
 You find your watch gone,
 From the chain it hung on,
 Down where the vest begins.

- 4. Down where the vest begins,
 That's where you feel your sins;
 You try a turkish bath.
 You steam and perspire,
 You think you're on fire,
 Your life is no rosy path.
 Oh, they throw you around
 And they poke and they pound
 Say you're great for the shape that you're in;
 You work up a sweat,
 But that's all that you get,
 Down where the vest begins.
- 5. Down where the vest begins,
 That's where you feel your sins,
 You join a bowling club.
 You think that by heaving,
 Your weight will be leaving
 You feel like an awful dub.
 When you step to the line,
 Tho'your aim is just fine,
 Down the alley you slide to the pins.
 You score a strike there,
 But you've plenty to spare,
 Down where the vest begins.
- 6. Down where the vest begins,
 That's where you feel your sins,
 You must lose weight, that's all,
 You use methods drastic
 Go trip the fantastic,
 And waddle around the hall;
 You get faint in the head,
 And your partner's half dead,
 But she struggles along and just grins;
 You dance well, it's true,
 But there's too much of you,
 Down where the vest begins.