GOING BACKWARDS

I had an old aunt in Ann Arbor,

Who always rowed port, never starboard.

But perched on the right,

She would find it a fight,

To row backwards out of the harbor!

 BANANADANA

I once knew a boy from Urbana,

With a nose like a big brown banana.

When dressed in a suit, he looked pretty cute

In his big polkadot blue bandana!

 BROKERS

There once was a fella from Philadelphia,

Who claimed he could find a lot of wealth for ya.

But when the market tanked,

And he took it all to the bank,

You found the fella's fees were only stealth from ya.

 THE BIG ONE

I once knew a chick out in Chelsea,

Who liked show and tell, and so said, "Let's see."

But when I whipped out my weapon,

She just got to schleppin'

As fast out the door as a gypsy.