

American Pie

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On the faraway planet of Walawazoo
No one cared who was Christian, Muslim or Jew
Nobody cared 'cause nobody was any religion at all
That was of course until one particular autumn or fall

That particular fall all the Walawazoozians
Were really quite done with the all the things they were choosian
Cause actually they weren't choosian anything at all
Cause there was nothing to choose from in winter or summer and now
autumn or fall

Everyone had on all the same clothes
They all read the same books; they all wiggled their toes
They all danced the same dances and sang the same songs
That's when they realized that this was all wrong!

"Boring!" they all said and asked "What can we do?"
But nobody could help because nobody knew anything
That was different – anything sort of brand new

And then...over from a corner a Walawazoozer let out a shout
"Look in my telescope! This is what's it's all about!
I found a planet called Earth where their choices abound
And every person is different the whole wide world 'round."

So they built a big space ship on Walawazoo
That could fly to this Earth place to see what was new
When the Walawazoonauts got there they were really quite pleased
At all they could hear and all they could see.

There were different languages and different flowers
And countries with different years and minutes and hours
The people had all kinds of different colored skin
And different games that you could lose...and sometimes win

And when they flew back to their home of Walawazoo
They brought with them something that was pleasant to chew
That they thought could show everyone on their planet so dear
How they could give themselves choices and would make choosing clear.

“What is this sweet thing?” the Walawazoozians inquired
It looks good and smells good but how is it wired?
Is it some sort of machine or an animal or a plant?
As much as we try to figure it – we really just can’t
And how will it show us to make each person unique?
It has only one shape and no language does it speak
It just sits there, looks and smells good, and no doubt good to taste
But soon we’ll eat it all gone and that will be a waste!”

“It’s simple,” said Walawazoonauts, “This thing’s called American pie
It represents something that’s special, strong and great.
That’s often in short supply
We found a place on the Earth where the people can’t wait
To try something different, new and exciting
They think things that are new are fun and inviting.

“They like new people and stories, music and food
They even like strangers from Walawazoo
About new things they say, ‘You should never be shy!’
And that’s very American - like this apple pie.”

“You see all kinds of apples can make this great dish
 And they all are quite different and they all are delish
 There are green ones and yellow ones and red ones (no blue)
 Some are sweet, some are tart; some are in between, too.
 Some like their pie with ice cream on top
 And some at room temperature and some like it hot
 Some like it with syrups and sauces and such
 And some like it just plain – thank you very much

“So you see,” said the Walawazoonauts who flew this pie through the sky
 “Americans are just like this and here’s how and here’s why:
 They’re all different colors and some are sweet and some are not
 Some are quite cool and some are quite hot
 But they’re all linked together by freedom and respect
 Which is why we brought you this pie
 Now, for ALL of us, here’s what is next...

“We want all Walawazoolians to eat some American pie
 And then we want all Walawazoolian to open up their eyes
 To the freedom of the ways that you can make pie like this
 And give every Walawazoolian a hug and a kiss
 And each of us then should go on our way
 And make pies how we like them and share them the next day.
 And then **we’ll** be like our pies, all different and cool
 And we’ll teach that to our children at home and at school.”

And now, my friends, our story is not quite “over” as such
 It needs a TRUE ending – thank you very much
 The story needs YOU to eat American apple pie, too
 Made from apples green, yellow and red (no blue)
 And YOU’LL choose how you want it just like I explained
 Cold or hot, with ice cream, with sauce
 All or some of these
 Or just plain