

Why Do The Wrong People Travel?

Reference number PT0569

VERSE 1

Travel they say improves the mind,
An irritating platitude, which frankly, entrenous,
Is very far from true.
Personally I've yet to find that longitude and latitude
can educate those scores of monumental bores
Who travel in groups and herds and troupes
of various breeds and sexes,
Till the whole world reels to shouts and squeals
and the clicking of Roliflexes.

REFRAIN 1

Why do the wrong people travel, travel travel
When the right people stay back home?
What compulsion compels them and who the hell tells them
To drag their bags to Zanzibar,
instead of staying quietly in Omaha?
The Taj Mahal and the Grand Canal
and the sunny French Rivera
Would be less oppressed if the Middle West
would settle for somewhere rather nearer.
Please do not think that I criticize or cavel
at a genuine urge to roam.
But why, oh why do the wrong people travel
When the right people stay back home
and mind their bus'ness
When the right people stay back home with television, w
When the right people stay back home,
I'm merely asking why the right people stay back home?

VERSE 2

Just when you think romance is ripe
It rather sharply dawns on you that each sweet serenade
Is for the tourist trade.
Any attractive native type who resolutely fawns on you
will give as his address American Express.
There isn't a rock between Bangkok
and the beaches of Hispianola
That does not recoil from suntan oil
and the gurgle of Coca-Cola.

REFRAIN 2

Why do the wrong people travel, travel travel
When the right people stay back home?
What explains this mass mania to leave Pennsylvania
And clack around like flocks of geese,
Demanding dry martinis on the Isles of Greece?
In the smallest street, where the gourmets meet,
they invariably fetch up
And it's hard to make them accept a steak
that isn't served rare and smeared with ketchup.
It would take years to unravel, ravel, ravel
Every impulse that makes them roam.
But why, oh why do the wrong people travel
When the right people stay back home
and eat hot doughnuts
When the right people stay back home with all that lettuce,
When the right people stay back home,
I sometimes wonder why the right people stay back home?

REFRAIN 3

Why do the wrong people travel, travel travel
When the right people stay back home?
What peculiar obsessions inspire those processions
Of families from Houston, Tex.
with all those cameras around their necks?
They will take a train or an aeroplane
for an hour on the Costa Brava,
And they'll see Pompeii on the only day
That it's up to its ears in molten lava!
Millions of tourists are churning up the gravel
while they gaze at St. Peter's Dome,
But why oh why do the wrong people travel
When the right people stay at home
and play canasta,
When the right people stay back home,
won't someone tell me
why the right people stay back home?