

## UNIONDALE

Words & Music by: Pat Murphy

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Some background on the lyrics: I lived in Uniondale, NY near Hofstra University (formerly just Hofstra College) from 1959 until 1974.

One of 7 children, we entertained ourselves with sports and other hobbies in the neighborhood. We played in vacant lots, cashed in bottles for deposit money, and bought ice cream at Carvels.

Looking back with a nostalgic eye (like we always do now) it seemed we had a simpler life than today's children. Without the distractions of cell phones or video games or even cable TV, we went to school and played outdoors until the streetlights came on (parental rule.) Some might say it was a bit of heaven though we sometimes got into minor trouble.

Once we tried to buy a model rocket engine using a forged parental permission note. We used our friend's name, Martin. (That was his real first name, though we called him "Buoy" because we thought he had a big head.) Well, since we never referred to him a "Martin" we inadvertently spelled his first name "Martian." The shop keeper kept referring to him as "Martian" and questioned the authenticity of the parental note.

The Yankees/Mets rivalry was in its early stages in the 1960's. Jamie Kraus was a friend of ours who was a die-hard Yankee fan. Even as the Mets were winning the World Series in 1969, he swore his Yankees were a better team player for player. I suppose he may have been right. That's probably why the Mets were called "Amazin."

We of course also faced the challenges of the late 1960's and early 1970's. Although we were generally young enough that we were not drafted for Viet Nam, alcohol and drugs were prevalent and would go on to claim the lives of some of our closest friends (Greg S. - and just recently, Jack D.) But we made our way in the world and the exposure to both good and evil probably made us wiser, well rounded, and better parents for our children.

By the way, the picture associated with this song is of the house on Greengrove Avenue in Uniondale where I grew up. (The picture was taken about 12 years after we moved to California.)

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{Guitar, Bass, Vocals: Pat Murphy}

{Saxophone: Jimmy Willcox}

{Backing Vocals: Karen Murphy}

Freddie owned a Deli  
Where Dad bought his beer.  
Put a cop's hat on the counter top  
Telling crooks they'd better stay clear.

And Tessie had a candy store  
selling egg creams for a dime.  
The Diner had some greasy grub  
To us it tasted fine.

Nick ran the barber shop  
I'd sweep it for some pay.  
Rode our bikes to Hempstead  
Hit Carvel along the way.

We didn't have no cul-de-sacs,  
We played on real Dead Ends  
We'd comb through every vacant lot  
For bottles to cash in.

*(Chorus)*  
*Growing up in Heaven,*  
*raising Hell.*  
*Didn't get much better*  
*-Than Uniondale.*

Jaller ran a drug store  
By the lumber yard.  
A favorite place to shoplift  
For a candy bar.

The hobby shop sold engines  
For model rockets that we'd make.

But they wouldn't sell'em to us  
If Martin's note was a fake.

*(Chorus)*

Football at Hofstra  
Or Touch in the street  
Corny Court for stickball  
Or hoops, 3 on 3.

Jamie was a Yankee fan  
when the whole town cheered the Mets.  
Made our homemade mini-bikes  
And dreamed we'd have Corvettes

California Avenue,  
Joe's Bar and Grill  
Hanging out on Braxton Street  
I can see it still.

*(Chorus)*  
(Swimming at the High School;  
or taking the bus to Lido Beach;

Mitchell Field;

Turtle Hook;

crossing Front Street;

Uniondale;

Uniondale.