

The Ballad of 38 Stonewall Lane

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capo 2

Said my spouse,
Let's build a house.
Fulfill a dream.
Put it by a stream.
So we bought a lot
A nice cool spot.
For a moderate bill
A very steep hill.
No onsite creek,
But a nearby peak,
And the air is clean.
Let's build it green.

Such a tragedy
We lost a big oak tree
It caused us pain
But there was wood to gain.
Then a track-hoe feat:
They dug the seat.
When they marked it off
We heard a cough.
Their voices grew,
And soon we knew –
Not enough room,
More cause for gloom

Oh how fab
We've got a slab.
O'er flowing the lane
There's a great big crane.
It's a tough haul,
That Superior Wall,
(Good golly gee
How'd he miss that tree?)
Now the hurdle's passed –
The walls are fast.
See the house arise;
No more surprise.

G G
D D
C C
G G
G G
C C
D D
G G
G G
D D
C C
D G

For good effect
Hire an architect.
The plans we'll see
Will glorious be.
But a steep contract
That's a sobering fact;
And a so-so design,
A missed deadline
Ow! Ow! Ow!
Let's bail out now;
Get a cheaper plan
From another man.

To make more space
For the house to place
We built a wall
Nearly nine feet tall.
On the second try
We found the guy
Who could build it right.
What an awesome sight.
With boulders fine
And fill behind,
From that massive thing
Our house will spring.

I must be right
It's a wonderful sight.
The weather is swell.
The build goes well:
The studs align;
The floors are fine;
The rafters grace
Our beautiful place.
In no time at all
We'll have our hall.
What can go wrong?
I'll finish this song.

Picked a contractor
Who gave the pot a stir.
For a six week span
We considered the plan.
Then we found a bank
Which eventually sank.
So another try,
And by and by,
With moan and groan,
We got our loan.
Now we've done our part
The build can start.

But look out there!
I do declare –
Such a pain,
Another spell of rain.
It's just our luck:
There's so much muck.
Again there'll be
No activity.
Ain't it the way?
Still more delay;
Will we ever see
Our house to be?

But look out there!
I do declare –
Tons of snow
A glorious show.
But what a mess;
There's no access.
Again there'll be
No activity.
Ain't it the way?
Still more delay;
Will we ever see
Our house to be?

But look out there!
I do declare –
Such a pain,
Another spell of rain.
It's just our luck:
There's so much muck.
Again there'll be
No activity.
Ain't it the way?
Still more delay;
Will we ever see
Our house to be?

Though it's scarcely dry
They'll give it a try.
They're under the gun
To pour the foundation.
But where's the truck?
It's gotten stuck.
This mountain road
Can't handle that load.
We'll add more gravel
Make it fit to travel.
And with much concrete
Our house has feet.

We've begun to grouse
At the rental house
It's rather cold –
This is getting old.
We're bundled up
With a hot tea cup,
And we're getting bored,
Going off our gourd.
“Alas, my friend,
Will this ever end?
We'd best beware
Lest tempers flare.”

Our money supply
Is running dry.
We can't be rash,
But we need more cash.
The price keeps rising,
So it's not surprising,
Our spirit's chilled
By this costly build.
How much more
Do we have in store?
And still more snow;
Again no go.

The build's on hold –
It's too damn cold.
And the status quo
Is again more snow.
Day after night,
Perpetual white,
Morale brought low,
By this endless snow.
There's no delight,
But thoughts of flight,
As winter clouds sow
More cold white snow.

Like a silent drone
The wait goes on.
The work site's still
Till we pay our bill.
To get enough,
We could sell some stuff,
But the times are trying,
And no one's buying.
So my TSA
Seems the only way.
I'll set my jaw
And make the draw.

*The money's drawn,
But the bloom is gone.
There's no appeal:
I've lost my zeal.
With impending gloom,
More overruns loom.
Our savings bleed
From this damn deed.
And the finish date
Has begun to grate.
So far ahead
I'm seeing red.*

After many weeks,
The roof still leaks.
Where water has run
There's damage done.
But the crew is back,
And they have the knack
To put it right
And make it tight.
Let the hammers ring,
And the saw blades sing,
'Cause the weather is good.
(Knock on wood)

The breath of Spring
Has done its thing.
Our spirits rise
With clear blue skies.
And here at last,
Things coming fast:
Some plumbing done;
The wires are run.
With the geo-well
It begins to jell –
I can almost see
Our house to be.

Floors are in;
The oak lives again.
We were all aglow;
Now things are slow.
Our cab'net maker,
Neither mover nor shaker,
That son of a gun,
Has nothing done.
The builder's no help –
He defends the whelp.
So another month down,
Awaiting that clown.

Ring them bells –
Got cabinet shells!
And what's more,
An oak front door.
But the next delay
Has come our way –
The counter top source
Fell through, of course.
Another stone place
Came through, with grace.
But hold the fort:
It's cut too short!

Summer nearly gone;
We've inched along.
Hardware delayed,
Little progress made.
And with trim to do,
A skeleton crew
Got not much done,
The way things were run.
It's close, they claim,
With words the same
As we've heard before:
"Just two weeks more."

A month thereafter,
Maniacal laughter.
Just two weeks more,
That's the lore.
Some slope repair,
A long stone stair.
No more delay
Of appliance day.
We now expect
Cabinets next.
Are troubles past?
Home stretch, at last.

Bit more complete:
The window seat,
Most cabinet doors,
Some kitchen drawers.
But the whelp's not done,
Yet off he's run.
And we've been told jack,
When he's coming back.
With some correction,
We're awaiting inspection
To get the C O –
We're still in limbo.

The inspector came,
But what a shame.
There are still a few
Needed things to do.
But with fixes made,
Our troubles fade,
The inspection's passed;
It's ours at last.
So said my spouse:
"Come see our house.
A glorious wow,
Let's move in now."