

MARY TYLER MOORE WASN'T MEXICAN

You can turn the world on
with a smile
if you're *Mary Tyler Moore*.
I grew up in the seventies -
polyester plaid outfits,
and 20 million men stayin' alive
in white suits.

It was the T.V. generation of
Mary Tyler Moore and *Bob Newhart*.
Mary Tyler Moore wasn't Mexican,
neither was *Bob*.

Neither was anyone else on T.V.,
with the exception of *Freddy Prinze*
and *Tony Orlando*.

Hey, tie that yellow ribbon.
Of course there were the "*I Love Lucy*" reruns.
Ricky was Cuban they say
and pussy whipped by a red-head.

That *Mary Tyler Moore* was something else, huh?
Such a smart dresser -
a dazzling smile -
as she threw her hat up in the air with joy.
She was the only woman in the news room.
Smarter than those other guys -
Ted Baxter, *Murray*, *Mr. Grant* -
This week she just can't seem to get that promotion.
Last week she didn't let a guy spend the
night on a first date.
She had morals, a good wholesome girl.
Mary Tyler Moore wasn't Mexican.

What if she'd been Mexican?
Would she wear tight sweaters,
leopard skin pants and spike heels
like a sexy *senorita*?
Would she work in a newsroom
or as the upstairs maid for a doctor?
Would she have hot heated sex
with her boss or the limo driver?
The low morals of brown trash
from across the border.
Mary Tyler Moore wasn't Mexican.