

Nine Artists

"Guido's Song"

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GUIDO]

I would like to be here, I would like
To be there,
I would like to everywhere at once.
I know that's a contradiction in terms,
And it's a problem, especially when
My body's clearing forty as my mind is
Nearing ten.

I can hardly stay up, and I can't get to
Sleep,
And I don't want to wake tomorrow
Morning
At the bottom of some heap,
But why take it so seriously?
After all, there's nothing at
Stake here-only me.

I want to be young, and I want to be
Old.
I would like to be wise before my time
And yet be foolish and brash and bold.
I would like the universe to get down
On it's knees
And say, "Guido, whatever you please,
It's okay. Even if it's impossible, we'll
Arrange it."
That's all that I want.

I am lusting for more. Should I settle
For less?
I ask you, what's a good thing for, if
Not for taking it to excess?
One limitation I dearly regret,
There's only one of me I've ever met.

I would like to have another me to
Travel along with myself.
I would even like to be able to sing a
Duet with myself.

I would like to be here (Sing along
With myself in a song)
To be there (Walking down a lane now,
Everywhere)
Everywhere (Everywhere. That's a
Contradiction in terms. I want to)
Here (With a counter-)
Here (Melody in the)
Here (Top of the morning to you, Guido)
Guido (Guido)
Guido (Guido)
Guido (Me)
Me (Me).

I want to be Proust or the Marquis De
Sade,
I would like to be Christ, Mohammed,
Buddha
But not have to believe in God,
And you know I mean it with all of my
Heart.
It's the end if something important
Doesn't start.

I want to be young, but I have to be
Old.
What I want is a tale of sound and
Fury
That some idiot went and told.
I would like the universe to get down
On it's knees
And say, "Guido, whatever you please,
It's okay.
Even if it's ridiculous, we'll arrange
it."
So arrange it!

[ALL]
Arrange it!

[GUIDO]
That's all that I want!

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