

## Theater Dream

### "Status Seeker"

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Heart sick at the sight of the

Status Seeker

In a sense I'm not beyond reproach

the aspiration to drop a name

When any rose might smell the same

Maybe you'll figure it out someday

'I want to know you now...

You know I've always believed in you.'

Nothing is sacred...

You draw the bottom line

with a dollar sign

Change of opinion...

At the drop of a dime

Graceless intrusion...

Are you sanctified in your judgment of me?

All that I deserve is what you were unable to see

In a garden where the seeds were spilled

I favored the few that stood strong in the sun

As I reached for the profit of my prize

I found I had trampled the forgotten ones.

Nothing is sacred...

You draw the bottom line  
with a dollar sign  
Change of opinion...  
At the drop of a dime  
Graceless intrusion...  
Are you sanctified in your judgment of me?  
All that I deserve is what you were unable to see  
You're running in circles  
And I'm turning away  
You refused to believe  
Now I'm turning away  
Nothing is sacred...  
You draw the bottom line  
with a dollar sign  
Change of opinion...  
At the drop of a dime  
Graceless intrusion...  
Are you sanctified in your judgment of me?  
All that I deserve is what you were unable to see  
You're running in circles  
And I'm turning away  
You refused to believe  
Now I'm turning away

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