

## **Bedtime For Charlie** **"It Ain't About The Music"**

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Stop and take a look around.  
You'll find out this ain't about the music that we grew to  
love  
"Watson what where we thinking of?"  
Killers of our own belief glowing green eyed slaves to  
our greed  
Monsters obscuring the sun laughing at what our  
dreams have become.

What happened to the scene? "it sucks cock on national  
TV".  
Where you thought how to sing and dance or did you  
stand there waiting for an answer

Wake up.  
Talented under exposed.  
True procrastination pros  
Crossers of deadlines.  
Wake up now.  
Speaking back at present tense.  
Too short to climb over the fence.  
Winners of our time.

This ain't about the music it's about incomes and  
benefits  
The beast has to be fed "with punk rock jokes and  
metal heads"  
Chewed and crunched by rusty jaws. still unaware  
starting rounds of applause  
And giving it up fo those who think it's about tats and  
fancy clothes  
A shirt a pair a shoes a fucking pose  
Is that all that we're standing for?

Wake up  
From their plastic paradise  
One last chance to say goodbye  
Buried in the dirt.  
Wake up now.  
Pull your head out of the sand  
Come back from never never land  
Sing for better days.

Maybe now that you've felt what it's like you'll know  
what it means to be  
Caught inside a sixteen feet high golden cage with no  
escape and nowhere left to hide  
The victim plays the villain in this part. Roy Sheider is  
the shark.

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