

Jet Set Roger

"Audition"

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The actors milling helplessly--
The script is blowing out to sea.
But what the hell, we didn't even pass an audition.

The lines you'll have to improvise.
The words are written in the eyes
Of politicians who despise their fathers.

And so the play necessitates
That all you boys participate
In fierce competition to eliminate each other.

And groupies, on their way to war,
Get to write the next film score,
But the rock and roll star knows his glory is really
nothing.

Men of religion, on the make,
Pledge an oath they undertake
To make you wise for God's own sake, and none other.

While ladies get their bedding done
To win themselves a bouncing son--
But bad girls do it for the fun of just being.

And me, I'm here to sing along,
And I'm not concerned with righting wrongs,
Just asking questions that belong without an answer.

But God is laughing up his sleeve
As He pours himself another cup of tea,
And He waves good-bye to you and me, at least for
now.

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