

## Jet Set Roger

### "Beastie"

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From early days of infancy, through trembling years  
Of youth, long murky middle-age and final hours  
Long in the tooth, he is the hundred names of terror ---  
Creature you love the least. Picture his name before  
You and exorcise the beast.

He roved up and down through history --- spectre  
With tales to tell. In the darkness when the  
Campfire's dead --- to each his private hell. If you look  
Behind your shoulder as you feel his eyes to feast, you  
Can witness now the everchanging nature of the beast.

Beastie

If you wear a warmer sporran, you can keep the foe at  
Bay. You can pop those pills and visit some  
Psychiatrist who'll say --- There's nothing I can do  
For you, everywhere's a danger zone. I'd love to help  
Get rid of it, but I've got one of my own.

There's a beast upon my shoulder and a fiend upon  
My back. Feel his burning breath a heaving, smoke  
Oozing from his stack. And he moves beneath the  
Covers or he lies below the bed. He's the beast upon  
Your shoulder. He's the price upon your head. He's  
The lonely fear of dying, and for some, of living too.  
He's your private nightmare pricking. He'd just love  
To turn the screw. So stand as one defiant --- yes, and  
Let your voices swell. Stare that beastie in the face  
And really give him hell.

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