

## Vincent Minor

### "Fanfare"

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Sit yourself down and watch the canvas wall  
Over harmony till the curtain call  
As the lights go dim with anticipation  
It's about to begin

With the helicopter that rescued you  
With it's pra-pa-pa-peller over that terrace view  
Well they all knew you when your thought got loose  
Though it was hidden in an opera

Everything seems so real when you're on the  
mezzanine  
Squeeze mother's hand, boys don't scream  
Staring at the stage watching the masked man kill the  
maid  
And slink down deep in my seat

And so it goes...

The rhythm runs away with no rhyme in it  
The story starts to unfold  
And though the scenes are rather dark dense and  
different  
The orchestra will grow

Can't help it anymore  
What have we done? They're coming through the floor  
Can't hold them back  
When social belles make disguisable boys

He tips his hat to the quizzical crowd  
Watch the magic come out of a fat man's mouth  
His pitter-patter on the legs of laughter  
Keeps on kicking you

Anything that enters must make an exit  
Nothing ever stays in it's place  
And as the room changes  
As a conductor turns his pages  
And the sets reverse around

Below...

The cardboard ocean that's hung by strings  
And the sequined mermaids  
Are manned by heads dizzy by the kerosene  
That's burning down the play

Pinch me from this dream  
A recurring nightmare  
Bookmarking my sleep  
Never-ending fanfare  
There's got to be some cause for this insanity

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