

Attica! Attica! "The Play's The Thing"

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We were waiting tables in time's square
When we got the call
To play the part of revolutionaries
Who help bring about an empire's fall
We've toiled in the service industry
So we could be here waiting, waiting in the wings
We're counting on these songs to set us free

The stories of a great revolution
Are passionately told on this stage
We need no director's motivation
We know quite well the roles that we play.

The patrons paid a handsome ticket price without
batting an eye
And mingled towards their seats
They do not feel the drama in between the stage and
mezzanine
They've come for the spectacle of actors dismantling
their machines
They smile because they know it's just fantasy

The echoes of the old revolution
Resound in theaters lining Broadway
The suits and gowns give standing ovations
Can't we unseat them some other way?

In the stage left balcony
There's two old men heckling me
They're shouting that I sing off key
And the shows a classic tragedy.

Stage lights
It's hard to see
That we're still working 42nd street

The rumors of a failed revolution
Are verified when we take the stage
We have no time to seek liberation
We're happy to merely entertain

There's whispers of a new revolution

That linger on our lips while we sing.

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