

## Robert Lund

### "Shakespearean Pie"

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A long, long time ago  
I can still remember  
How, alas, poor Yorick's jokes drew groans  
He'd dance and sing and kiss my hand  
Like Elsinore was Neverland  
But then he went and joined the Skull and Bones

And now, Horatio, I get shivers  
With every line the ghost delivers  
All the Globe has been dark  
'Cause something rots in Denmark

I can't recall a thing as weird  
As when dear old Daddy reappeared  
To say that he'd been poison-eared  
The day King Hamlet died

So:  
To be or to choose not to be?  
That's the question I'm digestin' in my soliloquy  
And when fortune aims it's slings and arrows at me  
Tell me how I'm gonna live through Act III?  
Answer, please, iambically

Did you like Shakespeare in Love?  
And did you rewind for scansion of  
Gwyneth with her wardrobe gone?  
Now, do you believe in English Lit?  
Is brevity the soul of wit?  
If so, then why's this bloody play so long?

Well, I know this role has real cachet  
For each Branagh and Olivier  
Mel Gibson draws blood nice  
Man, I dig that Passion of Christ!

I was a young, great Dane in British schools  
With my pet Ophelia and a dad who rules  
But I knew we'd been played for fools  
The day King Hamlet died

So here's the question:  
To be or choose rather to be  
Suicidal or to idle apathetically,  
Or is volition all it's cracked up to be  
If "to die, to sleep, to dream" is lovely?  
(Please explain the question to me)

Less than two months since the obit ran  
And Lord knows, frailty, thy name's wo-man:  
My dumbass uncle wears Dad's ring  
So I set the stage for a royal sting  
What a script! I thought, The play's the thing  
Where I'll catch the conscience of the king

Oh, and while the king enjoyed the show  
The players showed him whack his bro  
The king stomped off and cried  
O.J. yelled Homicide!

So Let's Make a Deal, Queen Mother, who  
Is behind curtain number two?  
How now, a rat? I sliced him through  
The day Polonius died

I was thinking:  
To be or to go with Plan B?  
Is it nobler just to soldier on Shakespeareanly  
Or fly off to the undiscovered country?  
Thus my conscience makes a coward of me  
Get me to a fun nunnery

Hanky panky? Nope, Ophelia's cranky  
Could she be ticked that I nailed that Yankee?  
Maybe 'cause I knifed her dad?  
She shouted Foul! in her wrath  
You'll never tread on my primrose path!  
(Guess my joke 'bout "country matters" made her mad)

Now, the nymph went nutso north-northwest  
Went and took a swim completely dressed  
She sank just like a ship  
So here's the moral: skinny-dip!

Poor Laertes missed his tour de France  
But, merde, this ain't no cheap romance  
(Ask Guildenstern and Rosencrantz)  
The day Ophelia died

I kept on thinking:  
To be or to other-than-be?  
That's the question! Screw depression! Death sounds

Painless to me  
This too too solid flesh should melt melt like brie  
And resolve into a fondue for me  
Serve it with some crumpets and tea

Oh, and there we were all in one place  
Equipped with poison, swords, and Mace  
With Fortune there to shape our ends  
So come on - fence me nimble, fence me quick  
Don't tase me, bro, with your tainted prick  
Or bet your royal ass we're foiled again

So Laertes and I both got poked  
Mom drank some Chinese lead-based Coke  
The king was S.O.L.  
Thus ends his sworded tale:

I said, My name ees Hamlet Junior, guy  
You keeled my dad; prepare to die  
(Yes, I stole that from The Princess Bride)  
The day King Claudius died

Here's the question:  
To be or choose alternately?  
That's the question I'm processin' in Scene I of Act  
III  
To end these shocks or bear them heart-achingly,  
Quoting Sonnet Number 73?  
(That one's too depressing for me)

I met a girl named Juliet  
And her boyfriend, whose name I forget  
(What's in a name, man, anyway?)  
I led Othello to his death  
And made life a bitch for King Macbeth  
Till the Bard said, Dude, you're in a different play

So meanwhile back at Elsinore  
A bunch of guys come to mop the floor  
It's Fortinbras's legions  
I guess we're now Norwegians

And the three co-stars I riled most:  
Laertes, Mom, and King Claudi-os  
Went off to hang with Daddy's ghost  
The day Prince Hamlet died

I see dead people...

To be or choose oppositely?  
Are we tougher if we suffer indefatigably

Or take up arms against a turbulent sea  
Of the troubles fortune's slinging at me?  
Screw it - let's go watch some TV

We were thinking:  
To be or to not freaking be  
That's the question we're obsessin' 'bout interminably  
But as for us, the answer's clear: Not to be  
Caught in this Shakespearean tragedy!

Good-night, sweet prince.

I'm not quite dead...

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