

Steve Forbert

"Simply Spalding Gray"

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Your mother died a suicide,
So odds were up, they say,
That you would see things comp'rably
And end it all some day;
A monologing diarist
Makes his life his art,
Offstage walks a tightwire
And might fall apart;
Motor crash in Ireland
(Bad blow to the head)
Modified his madness
And darkened things he said.

Bye-bye, just a wave if you will,
Bye-bye, we'll be standing here still.

We'll be standing here while the future breaks against
us

Like the waves against a buoy in the bay;
We'll be standing here or is time a magic carpet
That we're riding on to move from day to day?
Riding on to move from day to day?

You've gone it seems to great extremes
to tell the tales you tell,
But ev'rything's extreme, it seems,
To you, so what the hell?
Swimming to Cambodia, Monster in a Box,
This dude just flippin' sits there
And they film him while he talks;
People pay to watch it
As if it were a play;
It aint exactly acting,
It's simply Spalding Gray.

Bye-bye, just a wave if you will,
Bye-bye, we'll be standing here still;
Bye-bye, just a wave if you will,
Bye-bye, we'll be standing here still.

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