There’s a Song In That!

Who would have thought that when I was a kid

I’d still be doing exactly the same as I did

And here I’d be

Still craving praise and approval

Which reminds me I must write a song for my funeral

For all these years I've been treading the boards

Perrier, Olivier, Grammy awards?

Not for me

Not a plate not a dish not a cup

Anybody sane would give in and give up

I've been at this game for long time

Although I feel like I’ve been waiting in a long line

I used to dream of being the English Sondheim

Instead I carved a little niche

Just this side of kitch

So if you'd care to put some small change in this hat

There'll be a song in that

And this is it:

This is the song in that

If it's not fit

For purpose you can send it back

I have made a small career

Out of them it would appear

And there's a song in that

Lately there’s been a load of fuss

About the end of the world and the end of us

It’s never or now

Is it the revenge of Gaya:

The plague and the quake and the flood and the fire?

Coffee pods, plastic spoons and beakers

Tumble dryers, open fires, patio heaters

Poof kapow

But fear not friends there's hope

Before you hang yourself with hemp rope

The world is going to hell in a hand cart

Pushed by Philistines who do not understand art

It can change world quite radically, can art

Think of We Shall Overcome

Imagine and What's Going On

Justin Beiber, The Macarina

Midtown cabaret, uptown funk

If music be the food of love play on and make us fat

There's a song in that

And this is it:

This is the song in that

Words and music

A blend of fiction and of fact

When tragedy plus time

Equals comedy you'll find

There's a song in that

It was leave and remain

Again and again

What a pain in the brain

All that money down the drain

There's a song in that

The we wer

All locked down inside our houses

Doing Zoom without our trousers

There’s a song in that

And as for all those grimey, slimey, lying bastards:

What do they think doing?

Who do they think they are?

This is the song of desperation and panic

This is the song they were playing on the deck Titanic

And this is it:

This is the song in that

Just a bit

Of entertainment from a hack

If it gets bad reviews

You can blame it on the Muse

There's a song in that

Fake news, hate news, too much on my plate news

Bad news, mad views, targeted ad views

Scrolling, trolling, shouting at strangers

Trapped inside our echo chambers

There's a song in that

We build a house of cards and put the jokers on the top

And they don’t know where to start

And they don’t know when to stop

This is the song of bewilderment and confusion

This is a song of conflation and collusion

Are we going to wake up in minute and find

That it’s all been a bad dream:

And we’re standing on top of a hill

Drinking Coca-cola

There’s peace and love

And all that stuff

Happy Christmas… war is over.

So this is it, this is the song in that

Is it a hit? Does it stand out from the pack?

But tonight when you're in bed

It will be stuck inside your head

There's a song in that

This is it, this is the song in that

This is my schtick, this is my cane and my top hat

My Champagne Charlie, finale

Before I go off and come back

There's a song in that

And when my time runs out

And I finally blow a gasket

And gets sent off to be recycled in a cardboard casket

As the coffin rolls away

Some wag will point at it and say

There's a song in that