



Dead in the water  
It's not a paid vacation  
The sons and daughters of city officials  
Attend demonstrations  
It's hardly a sink or swim  
When all is well if the ticket sells

Out with a wimper  
It's not a blaze of glory  
You look down from your temple  
As people endeavor to make it a story  
And chisel a marble word  
But all is lost if it's never heard

But I've got someone to make reports  
That tell me how my money's spent  
To book my stays and draw my blinds  
So I can't see what's really there  
And all I need's a great big congratulations

I'll keep your dreams  
You pay attention for me  
As strange as it seems  
I'd rather dissolve than have you ignore me  
The ground may be moving fast  
But I tied my boots to a broken mast

The difference is clear  
You throw it in your cauldron  
Rust and veneer dusk and dawn  
Steinways and Baldwins  
You start with a simple stock of all the waste  
And salt to taste

But damn my luck and damn these  
friends  
That keep on combing back their smiles  
I save my grace with half-assed guilt  
And lay down the quilt upon the lawn  
Spread my arms and soak up congratulatio