Mr. E.M. Forster, Sir

Chuck Coleman

Mr. E.M. Forster, Sir
Pardon me for being rude
I think you know why I'm writing
May I ask a question or two?

First of all, I'd like to know
Why the publishing was stalled?
No one bothered Benny Britten
Or made you afraid at all

I find it strange
They say you wrote for social change
But tell me what good would it do
To show it to a friend or two
So they'd say to you

I'll be your Peter Pears
If that's what you want me to be
I'll be your Peter Pears, baby

I see you're being reticent
So we'll move on to question two
Clive concerns me most of all
Explain the things you made him do

You tried to cover up by saying
He was of a wilder
But all he did was read some book
And suddenly he's Oscar Wilde?

You're not that dense
Honestly, does that make sense?
I know it would be easier
If everyone we wanted to
Just spoke the words

I'll be your Bosie Douglas
If that's what you want me to be
I'll be your Bosie Douglas, baby

You were the first to use your pen
To build a world that you would rather live in
Rather live in

But don't I do the same damn thing
Sitting here alone, sadly singing
Singing

To a dead man
To a dead man

Mr. E.M. Forster, Sir
I won't bother you again
Sorry for my outburst, but
You see, I am American

Thus I tend to suffer from
Silly, childish tantrums
I'm an anachronistic, idealistic
You just wanted to get some

But even if
You couldn't really give a shit
About changing the people's minds
At least you found a married man
To speak that line

I'll be your Alec Scudder
I think that's what you want me to be
I'll be your Alec Scudder, baby

Lyrics Submitted by Kai

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