Congratulations

Mgmt

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 tell 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've 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 congratulations

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