Audition

42nd Street

The actors milling helplessly
The script is blowing out to sea
But what the hell
We didn't even pass an auditionThe lines you'll have to improvise
The words are written in the eyes
Of politicians who despise their fathersAnd so the play necessitates
That all you boys participate
In fierce competition
To eliminate each otherAnd groupies on their way to war
Get to write the next film score
But the rock and roll star knows
His glory is really nothingMen of religion on the make
Pledge an oath they undertake
To make you wise
For God's own sake and none otherWhile ladies get their bedding done
To win themselves a bouncing son
But bad girls do it for the fun of just beingAnd me, I'm here to sing along
And I'm not concerned with righting wrongs
Just asking questions that
Belong without an answerBut God is laughing up His sleeve
As He pours Himself another cup of tea
And He waves goodbye
To you and me, at least for now

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