Orpheus in the Underworld

Rick Springfield

Down on New York's Wall Street
They still sell the American dream
Where morals flow like oxygen
From an iron lung machine
Business men hold meetings
Pretend that they're part of the great scheme
They laugh at fate
Courting death like they
Were all James Dean
Me, I'm hanging out here
With my freak flag unfurled
Drinkin' wine with
Orpheus in the Underworld

The modern robber barons
Still reign from their snake pit
While you elect another president
Just a different hypocrite
Colt Brothers, Goldman Sachs all run
The world as they see fit
As they turn the planet into dust
And your children's lives to shit
But the kings desiring peace
Rid themselves of jewels they've hurled
into the fires of
Orpheus in the Underworld

There was a primetime magazine
Ran the cover "Is God Dead?"
No one knew the answer
At least nobody said
I waited for the virgin queen
to say "Come on back to bed"
But God in all his wisdom
Busted through a maiden head
The apostles visit now and then
But I can't get their hands uncurled
from the spikes hammered in by

Orpheus in the Underworld

We all admire the killers
The depraved and the profane
They all have something you don't have
They're all good for the gain
But I see the frightened priest is in
a fetal state again
He wants absolution
from all that's done and been
Jesse James was here last night
His guns both brightly pearled
As he knelt in prayer to
Orpheus in the Underworld

God gave the ten commandments
Though he knew you'd break them all
What kind of father sets his children
Up to take a fall?
I take it to a higher court
But you can't fight City Hall
I spent some lost years wailing
Against the wailing wall
Now I sail a boat on the river Styx
Its sails are tightly furled
and deliver souls to
Orpheus in the Underworld

Naked girls and eunuchs
Have tagged DaVinci's wall
The one that said "Stand Up for Love,
Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n Roll"
I wish I knew just what they drew
But I switched on cruise control
And I'm in bed with Mr. Ed
We're high on Demerol
As the dancers dance and spin
Their dresses raised and twirled
Showing off for
Orpheus in the Underworld

The last Jewish man in Pakistan
He wants the world at peace
A Christian in Jerusalem
Prays for bombs to cease

Abraham in Birmingham
is still scared of the police
And I'm here with Sid Arthur
Burning my last masterpiece
Looking for my lover
Her hair is softly curled
The wife of my friend
Orpheus in the Underworld

Yeah, I did love Jesus
But the good times didn't last
He didn't recognize me
As I nailed him to the mast
Then my hand slipped down Mary's gown
And rested on her ass
I'd give my soul for one field goal
And one good Hail Mary pass
But God's a twisted, iron fisted anger
They've all hurled
at both me and
Orpheus in the Underworld

You think so highly of yourself
And your friends are all peacocks
If you saw yourself the way I do
You'd see the paradox
These games of chess
You play to press
Are the ships upon the rocks
When the game is done
The king and pawn
go in the same wood box
And I'll be there with your electric chair
The wood all deeply burled
When it's your turn with
Orpheus in the Underworld

My right hand has one good hard hold
on the cock God gave to me
The future ain't exactly
What I thought it used to be
And distant drums say
No life comes with a lifetime guarantee
Vacation trips to the Underworld
Sold live on QVC

I see this place is like the face
of a lonely pretty girl
As time runs out for
Orpheus in the Underworld

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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