Milton

General Midi

Now, I'll tell ya a tale that'll bust yer heart
That only a few people knew, ta start
It all took place when our concert tour was booked at the SeaTac Hilton?
I'll guarantee ev'ry word's the Gospel truth
Got witnesses ta prove it, too,
'Cause we all toured with a fella by the name a' MiltonNow Milton was o-fficial tour director,
Electrical piano-playin' plug connector
An' the slave-drivin'-est travel conductor
That we ever seen in our lives
He'd say "Whaddya mean, ya need more rest?
"The world don't care whether ya look yer best!
"Simply show up promptly at six A.M. with your instruments ...and your wives!"[Choir; in sorta of "Bringing In The Sheaves" way]
Shall we gather at the airport?He'd always arrive in the nick a' time
A good five minutes ahead a' flight time
A-lookin' like he'd been drug through a needle's eye
He'd stand there, stoned and about ta choke
On his Egg McMuffin an' his giant Coke
An' then he'd throw all the tickets on the counter and say
"Check the bags and let's fly!"
"Well, whaddya mean, this is too much weight?
"We only got forty-six pieces a' freight!
"And if it don't go, who's gonna explain it to our fan club in Tacoma?"We'd all get embarassed an' head for the plane
While Milton stood there, bein' profane
But somehow he always managed ta get on board ...in sort of a coma[Choir]
When the drinks were served up yonder...Well, we deplaned at th' other end
All the trouble seemed to commence again
Though Milton had ordered three station wagons, a pickup truck and a limo
And though he'd phoned ahead to that Number Two
Cussin' an' fussin' an' turnin' blue
We'd always end up with two Datsoons and a PintoNow Milton took all a' that stuff in stride
Laid on the floor, an' kicked an' cried
But we always looked up to him for hope and salvation
But we'd sink to the bottom a' trav'lers hell
When he'd check us in a remote motel
And he'd grab the clerk by his shirt an' tie an' say
"Whaddya mean,

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