Studio Musician

Jeffrey Lesser

I am a studio musician
We've never met
But you know me well
I am the English horn
Who plays the poignant counter line
Upon the song you heard
While making love in some hotel
I am a part of you
I've never tried for fame
You'll never know my name
I am the strings that enter softly
Or three guitars
That glitter gold
I am the thousand trumpet lines
That were an afterthought
Intended as a way
To get a dying record sold
I never ride the road
I never play around
I play what they set down
I'm a working musician
Living from week to week
I'm the voice through which empty men try to speak
A studio musician
Blowin' the chance I seek
And when the woodwind cushion rises
I start to dream
On a low brass bed
But I awake to horns
The drummer calls to me
We're up to letter D
I'm a man of the moment
Pop is my stock and trade
Singles, jingles, and demos
Conveniently made
A studio musician
Whose music will die unplayed
A studio musician
Whose music could have died unplayed

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