

A Sermon

Rebecca St. James

When you reach number ten and think the struggle ends
But it ain't the end it's only a trend
You have to unbend 'cause it's only a trend
Don't lose all your friends don't make heroes end
When you reach number eight it ain't no pearly gate
'Cause it won't satiate your growing appetite
You can ply your trade and push your crusade
Emancipate or indoctrinate, but the traps are all laid for and honest crusade
Your old values will fade as you
struggle to make the grade
As you struggle to make the grade
As you struggle to make the grade
You struggle to make the grade, you needn't bother
When you hit number four you're almost through the door
But there's a whole lot more you just can't ignore
The telephone's sure, you know the score
But don't let this uproar dissipate your encore
It's written in the news how you paid your dues
But you've no excuse for the people you abuse
When you reach number one you can beat your drum
Sack your roadies in Birmingham
When your record is platinum, you can stick it to the bath
To the wall like you've always planned
It's written in the news how you paid your dues
There's no excuse for the people you abuse
When you reach number ten
People you abuse, no excuse
For the people you abuse
You got no excuse
For the people you abuse

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