

Audition

Nahtaivel

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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