



Are You Ready?
Nantucket
Therapy
A Bigger Glass of Empty
Me and Walter Mitty
The Elephant in the Room
My Fellow Americans
The Land of Misfit Toys
Do You Believe In Me

Are You Ready?

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Opportunity came knocking
And it rummaged through my mailbox
And it peered into my windows
And it wandered round my yard
And it rooted in my rubbish
And photographed the neighbors
And wrote down all the license plates that
passed on the boulevard

Opportunity came knocking
And it sprawled out on the driveway
And trod on the azaleas
And poked into the shed
And it camped out on my doorstep
And when I came back from the market
It picked me up by my beltloops
And this is what it said

Are you ready?
Of course I'm not ready
I've got a haircut at 11 and the PTA at 3
Are you ready?
I told you I'm not ready
But I'm as ready as I'll ever be

Destiny came calling
And it curled up on my sofa
And it teased my Abyssinian
And it sipped up all my tea
And the steam obscured its glasses
And its cabled fuschia sweater
And it said, "Why spend time with this
pussy
When you can spend your time with me?"

Destiny came calling
And it slipped into my bathrobe
And it tiptoed down the hallway
And climbed into my bed
And I found it peering coyly
As I came back in from flossing
And as I covered up my privates
This is what it said

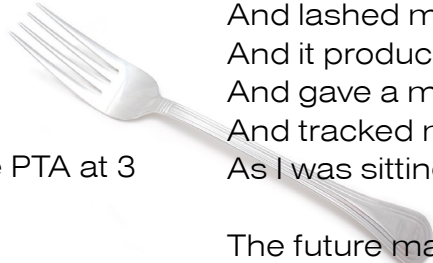
Are you ready?
Well, of course I'm not ready
I've got a bald spot and a hangnail and a
really balky knee
Are you ready?
Well, I told you I'm not ready
But I'm as ready as I'll ever be

And the promises that flower
When I'm dripping in the shower
The ones that want to change my life
It's my name that they're singing
When the telephone stops ringing
But when they start their serenade
They find they've usually reached my wife

The future made its entrance
With a marching band, and showgirls,
And it grabbed a roll of duct tape
And lashed me to my chair
And it produced a laser pointer
And gave a multimedia presentation
And tracked mud across the carpet
As I was sitting there

The future made its entrance
With fake fog and flashpots
And it pushed aside the paper,
The one I hadn't read,
And it threw its arms wide open
And took a drag on its cigar
And as it exhaled up my nostrils
You know what it said

Are you ready?
Well, of course I'm not ready
If you'd asked when I was twenty, well, but
now I'm forty-three
Are you ready?
Well, I told you I'm not ready
But if you gimme time to pack
And leave a note, and grab a snack
And put the garbage out in back
I'll be as ready as I'll ever be



Nantucket

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The pebbles on the path
Grind into the bicycle tires
The spies of fur and feather
See our wheels don't turn together
Sometimes they don't turn at all
Gears jammed against a stone wall

I remember the reeds on the beach
And DJ framed by the waves on the ocean
Peering into the afternoon gloom
The sagging mattress in the bedroom
Playing our fastest song for the twentieth
time
And feeding the telephone my last dime

We'll always have Nantucket
The bitterest of memories
And all those miles and miles won't
Wash it out of me
The whistling wind was the only sound
On the shore where we ran aground

The fog boiled away this morning
But I still can't see you clear
We go out walking
Sometimes it feels like we're talking
They say you should learn from adversity
But I don't much care for what it's taught
me

We'll always have Nantucket
The bitterest of memories
And all those miles and miles won't
Wash it out of me
The whistling wind was the only sound
On the shore

Here you come down the gangplank
Like a sea squall rumbling through
You tell me you already regret this, well,
I regret it too

We'll always have Nantucket

The bitterest of memories
And all those miles and miles won't
Wash it out of me
The whistling wind was the only sound
On the shore where we ran aground



Therapy

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Let's start at the beginning, you say you
didn't like your childhood

You never saw your mama and your daddy
kiss

Now you're humping some poor coed and
you can't get an erection

And I owe thirty thousand dollars to the BU
School of Social Work for this

Yes I'm listening, yes I'm listening
Yes I care what you have to say
And your feelings are so important
So important in every way
But I'm sorry, that's all the time we have
today

You talk about your women, and how they
fail to see your genius
And how you're feared and envied and
pitied and reviled
And if it weren't for your growth or for my
Hippocratic oath
I'd tell you that your problem is that you
weren't spanked enough as a child

Yes I'm listening, yes I'm listening
Yes I care what you have to say
And your feelings are so important
So important in every way
But I'm sorry, that's all the time we have
today

And you're great at taking credit, and
you're great at passing blame
You've got a poor sense of proportion and
a poorer sense of shame
You could soak a ton of tissues, have a
dozen fake epiphanies
And the result would be the same

And after a while I get that glazed look in
my eyes
And I nod a bit too often, and it tends to

hypnotize

And in this poor economy, the talking
cure's a luxury

And I'm kind of hoping you're feeling the
need to economize

Well, you can lead a horse to water, and
you can tickle him with hay

And you can offer him a sugar cube and
he'll just stare at you and neigh

So you give your affirmation and get the
hell out of the way

Yes I'm listening, yes I'm listening
Yes I care what you have to say
And your feelings are so important
So important in every way
But I'm sorry, that's all the time we have
(3x)

Today



A Bigger Glass of Empty

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The people with a bigger glass of empty
Dog my days
They're so much more deserving of my
pity
In oh, so many ways
I've had my ounce of misery and pain
Spit a Dixie cup of luck counterclockwise
down the drain
I'd give anything to cry over this two-bit
tragedy
But there are people with a bigger glass of
empty
Than me

The people with a bigger glass of empty
Wail in languages I'll never learn
On CNN
They chatter at device that they'll never
own
And then they're brought to you by Pepsi
And then they're gone again
And close to home, away from star
reporters
They mow my lawn and wash my car and
beg for dimes and quarters
I'd give anything to cry over this two-bit
tragedy
But there are people with a bigger glass of
empty
Than me

I'm trite and stale and boring
I can almost hear me snoring
I know just what this movie has in store
The thunderclouds are clearing
And I'm sad but persevering
Stop me if you've seen this one before

The people with a bigger glass of empty
Say it's not a competition
Someday they'd love to join me here

They look forward to the weekends they
might fret about
The bruises to the family car
Or a stalled career
But I've got woes I'm too ashamed to
mention
Too small to keep me at the center of my
own attention
I'd give anything to cry over this two-bit
tragedy
But there are people with a bigger glass of
empty
Than me



Me and Walter Mitty

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Me and Walter Mitty
Traded notes on the veranda
From the jungles of Uganda
To the alleyways of Rome
And we reached a quick agreement
That in spite of trouble brewing
Though good deeds still needed doing
It felt good to be back home

The world weighed on our shoulders
As we sipped our tea and honey
Not adventure, fame or money
Could distract us from our goal
While others spin their story
Of revenge and gain and glory
We will dream the dreams of courage
That can make this poor world whole

Chase the pirates on the ocean
As the hurricane roars past
Give the password to your contact
Taste your blood and breathe your last
Free the patriotic prisoners
From the despot's catacomb
Lead the refugees to safety
Save the world and hurry home

Me and Walter Mitty
Watched the sun set on the river
Heard the chirping crickets shiver
And the rattling of roulette
But we couldn't help reflecting
On the world and all its dangers
And the untold desperate strangers
That we hadn't rescued yet

Me and Walter Mitty
Tucked our pistols in our pockets
Rode the Orient Express
And snatched the maidens from the tracks
But it's a million miles to Moscow
As the last cabana closes
And we stroll back, sniffing roses

And trying to relax

(chorus)

Me and Walter Mitty
Downed our final dry martinis
Raced our custom Lamborghinis
To our leader's hidden lair
We were briefed and dressed for duty
In our comfy plaid pajamas
We curled up with dime-store dramas
In our favorite easy chair

Me and Walter Mitty
Read our secret coded orders
We'll be off to war-torn borders
And adventures yet unknown
We'll be dreaming dreams of justice
Slaying dragons, saving planets
In this world with too few heroes
You just have to be your own



The Elephant in the Room

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He kind of blocks the door, when I get up to
let you in

He says he's merely clumsy, but I'm
suspecting discipline

He grazes in my parlor, beneath a wrinkled
cloud of doom

He's the sturdiest of baggage, he's the
elephant in the room

I offer you a beverage, and you gratefully
make your choice

But above his heavy breathing I can barely
hear your voice

We talk about the weather loud and firm
But he cannot take a hint, my patient
packyderm

He doesn't seem to mind that he doesn't
have a name

I can't bear to meet his eyes, but he stays
here all the same

We hunt for other topics as he lumbers in
the gloom

I won't say anything if you won't about the
elephant in the room

He says he'd work for peanuts, but that's
more than I would pay

But I'd buy him all of Africa if he'd only go
away

He's a constant through each psychosocial
fad

He's the parrot on my shoulder, the dog I
never had

And when he's feeling mischievous, he
plays a little game

He stands up on his tiptoes but we ignore
him all the same

We hunt for other topics as he dances in
the gloom

I won't say anything if you won't about the
elephant in the room

He's been stared at and avoided
He's been whispered at and shunned
But it's never changed his sunny
disposition

He's endured the coldest shoulder
As he's watched us growing older
But he only seems more focused on his
mission

And then one fateful day you brought an
uninvited guest

She was large and grey and wrinkled and
she had something on her chest

She was looking for another ear to bend
And there amid the shadows, she made a
brand new friend

They bellow and they chortle as they egg
each other on

They're so vaguely badly mannered and so
vaguely put upon

We could endure those painful quarrels
about who's ignoring whom

Or we could scoff at all this fussing
Why, it's barely worth discussion

We know absolutely nussing
About the elephants in the room



My Fellow Americans

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My fellow Americans

Today I will answer the door in my bathrobe

And the Fedex man will not seek my guidance on the emerging crisis

in Mesopotamia

And when I walk my BVDs down to the laundry room, I will not be

greeted by the frantic cheers of thousands

Convinced that the fate of the free world

hangs on my choice of fabric softener

Can't find my name in the paper

Can't find my face on TV

Count my cornflakes and squint into the noonday sun

Contemplating my freedom since the bastards won

I kissed my last baby

Shook my last hand

Ate my last helping of rubber chicken

I know I pledged to guard your interests

like a drunkard guards

the floor

But you're not my problem anymore

My fellow Americans

The next time someone tells you that your vote doesn't make any

difference, just remind them that if another 130,000 of you had come

out to vote for me in Ohio, I'd be the president at this very

moment

But maybe not all 130,000 of you would have voted for me, maybe half

of you would have voted for the other guy,

or maybe all of you would

have voted for the other guy

Oh, screw voter turnout

I just should have bought another couple

hundred television ads

I had my name in the paper

I had my face on TV

Now my administration's ended before it's even begun

Contemplating my freedom since the bastards won

I kissed my last baby

Shook my last hand

Ate my last helping of rubber chicken

I know I pledged to guard your interests

like a drunkard guards

the floor

But you're not my problem anymore

My fellow Americans

If I were the president at this very moment

I'd be obligated to inform

you that at 3 AM Eastern Time, the Grand

Sphagnum of Watchamahoozistan

invaded his neighbor to the south, thereby threatening America's

strategic supply of talc

And debates would ensue about whether

to tap the Strategic Talc

Reserve, and Fox News Channel would air

a report on an epidemic of

diaper rash, and my opponents would

accuse me of pandering, to, well,

somebody

Don't need my name in the paper

Don't want my face on TV

Put my feet up in my armchair when my day is done

Contemplating my freedom since the bastards won

I kissed my last baby

Shook my last hand

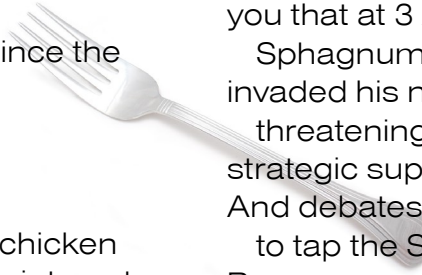
Ate my last helping of rubber chicken

I know I pledged to guard your interests

like a drunkard guards

the floor

But you're not my problem anymore



The Land of Misfit Toys

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Gumby's got a score to settle
Pokey's packing heat
They're hanging on the corner
Heading for a rumble down on Sesame Street
They're walking past the Matchbox cars
Sitting up on blocks
They used to cruise the boulevard in the early summer breeze
Till the Smurfs stripped the tires and the batteries

It's a cry for help
A plea for those lost and simple joys
The pot of gold beckons to the factory seconds
In the land of misfit toys

Teen slut Barbie
She's got a Ken in every neighborhood
She's got a dad she don't know
But she hopes it's GI Joe
And all the boys who lift her skirt tell her
"What do you expect,
You've got bosoms out to here and you're anatomically correct"
She'd blow this burg if she just knew where to go

It's a cry for help
A plea for those lost and simple joys
The pot of gold beckons to the factory seconds
In the land of misfit toys

Billy's lost some stuffing, Tommy's missing a screw
Ginny's lost the sevens from a deck of fifty-two
The Lite Brite's been blinking things that are really rather rude

And Tickle Me Elmo's got a bad, bad, bad, bad attitude

"Tickle this, you little bastard"

Winnie the Pooh's
Having an Eeyore kind of day
He can't get his fix of that heady mix
Of honey and cheap rosé
And his chances keep slipping through his paws
Like a Slinky down the stairs
And the shiny commercials don't mean a thing
When you take away the price tags and the packaging

It's a cry for help
A plea for those lost and simple joys
The pot of gold beckons to the factory seconds
In the land of misfit toys



Do You Believe In Me

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I was born in the paper
A fourteen year old crack whore with a
 baby on my hip
And another on the way
The latest symbol of suburban paranoia
 and urban decay
But they say she torched her reputation
And I was a figment of her imagination
And if you think it's hard to hear you're
 counterfeit
You don't know the half of it

Do you believe
Do you believe in me
Do you believe in me

I was born in a briefing
An ungrateful welfare queen
Cruising in her Cadillac with her ill-gotten
 gains
Stealing food from the mouths of the
 hardworking farmers on the American
 plains
But I was bad, bad information
Just a partisan misrepresentation
And if you think it's hard to hear you're
 bullshit
You don't know the half of it

Do you believe
Do you believe in me
Do you believe in me

And each day I learn things that amaze me
 still
Like how cigarettes won't kill you, but
 marijuana will
And the way the stars control our destiny
And those aliens from Roswell and their
 obsession with gynecology

It's noon on a Sunday
And Elvis and I have a brunch date with the

second gunman from the Kennedy
assassination

And afterward we're all going to the
 ballgame with the guys who discovered
 cold fusion
And the sun is high, and I'm feeling clever
Cuz I've got this hunch we're gonna live
 forever
And if you think a lie don't know when to
 quit
You don't know the half of it

Do you believe
Do you believe in me
Do you believe
Do you believe in me
Do you believe
Do you believe in me
Do you believe in me

Didja read that story in the paper about the
 woman who put her
baby in the microwave? What the hell is
 this world coming to?

