



MUSIC TO THE RESCUE

WHEN you can't be cheerful in a world that's too bizarre
PLUS you're way too cynical to wish upon a star
OR you feel rejected and completely disconnected,
Not to mention unprotected, you can always play guitar

OR if not guitar and you're too blue to give a hoot
PLUS there is a chipmunk storing chestnuts in your boot
WHEN you're spirit's flagging and your dog's tail isn't wagging
And your disposition's dragging, you can always play the flute

OR if not the flute and your demeanor's Windex blue
PLUS you feel you'll never find the oomph to pull you thru
WHEN the world's in trouble and your housing taxes double
And your dreams have turned to rubble, you can always play kazoo

OR if not kazoo and all the walls are closing in
PLUS you don't know where you're bound or even where you've been
WHEN the furnace crumbles and your sweetie trips and tumbles
And your stomach rolls and rumbles, you can still play violin

OR if not the fiddle and you're going round the bend
PLUS you feel the thundercloud commencing to descend
WHEN your cats are sickly and humanity seems prickly
You should not forget too quickly, that the banjo is your friend

OR if not the banjo and your friends don't get along
PLUS you try diplomacy but always get it wrong
WHEN you feel deflated 'cause you're overmedicated
And the pills are overrated, you can always sing a song

OR if you can't sing and both your legs are growing numb
PLUS you hit a hammer on the hangnail of your thumb
WHEN you feel you're losing all the choices of your choosing
And your therapist is snoozing, you can always beat a drum

OR if not a drum and you are feeling all forlorn
PLUS your soul is tattered and your ethics old and torn
WHEN you're at the junction of compulsion and compunction
If your Chevy still can function, you can always blow the horn