

With a smart-ass glare, you sink in your chair,
And announce you've decided to cut off your hair.
The casting director shuts down the projector,
And throws up his arms in the air.
Now you watch for your cue that you've once again missed,
And deliver the most unconvincible kiss.
The leading role curses, fumbles his verses and says,
"I can't work like this."
There's no way out
I just can't win
I feel like Wallace Hartley
When the water came rushing in
So you step to the mic and swallow your cool,
And spit out your words like a gun-wielding fool.
Drunk with the power, the fluorescent shower,
Of yellow and green and blue.
You sharpen your teeth and stick where you stand,
And you bite off the fingers of my helping hand.
I know you're lying, so don't bother trying
To bury your head in the sand.
There's no way out
I just can't win
I feel like Wallace Hartley
When the water came rushing in
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Couldn't put you back together again.
Did the ink stain your skin, the papers don't like.
You crawl in a corner to curl up and die.
There's no way out
I just can't win
I feel like Wallace Hartley
When the water came rushing in
Note: History buffs and Danny fans will note that Wallace Hartley
Was the leader of the band that went down playing while the
Titanic sunk.