

The Actor

Donovan

The actor, the actor, the actor.

I lived a life and cast myself a role
I played a part of my own devising
I played it well, too well for healthy soul
Believing in my fantasizing.

When all around me cheered and chanted
I took the accolade
I sold the lonely loser's wisdom
Of clay and wattle made
Of clay and wattle made.

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My character he loved the crowded nights
The easy pleasures of the rise to fame
The hardest acting still was yet to come
As high he rise, as far he fall again.

When all around me cheered and chanted
I played the masquerade
The teeny girls, they screamed and panted
Too many bows he made
Too many bows he made.

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After a while the show came off the road
Settling down for the very first time
Man in the mirror with his make-up off
Gone from his lip, the sad magical rhyme.

No more around him cheered and chanted
He shun the big parade
Now he sounding weird and slanted
A slave of his trade
A slave of his trade.

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Phoenix he rises from the cleansing flame
Shedding the skin of past pretending
Fully awakened, he cast off his frown
Happily naked, uncontending.

And all around him cheering, chanting
A wiser fool is he
The teeny kids in new wave ranting
Slum heroes to be.

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