

# Dress Rehearsal Rag

Judy Collins

Got up sometime in the afternoon  
And you didn't feel like much  
You said to yourself, "Where are you, golden boy  
Where is your famous golden touch?"

I thought you knew where  
All the elephants lie down  
I thought you were the crown prince  
Of all the wheels in Ivory town

Look at your body now  
Where there's nothing much to say  
And a bitter voice in the mirror says  
"Hey prince, you need a shave"

Now if you can manage to get  
Your trembling fingers to behave  
Why don't you try unwrapping  
A stainless steel razor blade?

That's right, it's come to this  
It's come to this  
And wasn't it a long way down?  
And wasn't it a strange way down?

There's no hot water  
And the cold is running thin  
Well, what do you expect  
From the kind of places you've been living in?

Don't drink from that cup  
It's all caked and cracked along the rim  
That's not the electric light, my friend  
That is your vision that is dim

Cover up your face with soap, there  
Now, you're Santa Claus  
And you've got an A for anyone  
Who will give you his applause

I thought you were a racing man  
Ah, but you couldn't take the pace  
That's a funeral in the mirror  
And it's stopping at your face

That's right, it's come to this  
It's come to this  
And wasn't it a long way down?  
And wasn't it a strange way down?

Once there was a path  
And a girl with chestnut hair  
And you spent the summers  
Picking all the berries that grew there

There were times she was a woman  
There were times she was a child

As you held her in the shadows  
Where the raspberries grow wild

And you climbed the highest mountains  
And you sang about the view  
And everywhere you went  
Love went along with you

That's a hard one to remember  
It makes you clench your fist  
And the veins stand out like highways  
All along your wrist

And yes, it's come to this  
It's come to this  
And wasn't it a long way down?  
Wasn't it a strange way down?

You can still find a job  
Go out and talk to a friend  
On the back of every magazine  
There are coupons you can send

Why don't you join the Rosicrucians?  
They will give you back your hope  
You can find your love in diagrams  
In a plain, brown envelope

But you've used up all your coupons  
Except the one that seems  
To be tattooed on your arm  
Along with several thousand dreams

Now Santa Claus comes forward  
That's a razor in his mitt  
And he puts on his dark glasses  
And he shows you where to hit

And then the cameras pan  
The stand in stuntman's  
Dress rehearsal rag