

My Message To The People

Coyne, Kevin

Oh we're high, out on a highway
Driving, rushing down a sweaty road
Past those suburban drinking bars
Searching for, searching for my white and celluloid star

And my message to the people
Is don't tie me to your steeple
Don't put me in the stocks in your market square

Hey, hey you nameless dropper
Of nameless names
Don't you know I'ma going to get the fame?
Going to get the flame

A day penciled in for me
I'll get the glee, I'll arrive at me
Can't you see I'm going to be there?
Oh yeah when the chimes ring out

And my message to the people
Don't tie me to your sacred steeple
Don't you put me in the stocks in your market square

So, it's hey razzle-dazzle
I'm about to dazzle
I'm about to frazzle somewhere
And when you say "Who? Who is he?"

You know it's gonna be me
'Cause my face is there
For all of you to see, every day
Upside inside out every way

And when they say, "Ooh la la"
At the party on the hill, I'll still get a thrill
Even though that castle's tumbling down
I won't wear a frown 'cause I waited so long

And my message to the people
Is don't you tie me to your steeple
Don't you put me in your stocks in your market square

Oh, razzmatazz
Yes, pick up that glass
Oh, the funky livin' life
The life, the strife of jazz

So watch out people
Here I'm coming, here I'm running
My gold leaden boots on my feet
Well, I'm in your stairway, your airway to the stars

So, I don't mind though
You pretend to be blind
Maybe tomorrow
You will alleviate my sorrow

Eh eh, watch me now
As into the tangle I go

And my message to the people
Is I love you all you people
And I'll find my own stocks
And I'm digging my own market square

Hey, dance on your mother's grave
Hey, you know I'm a media, I'm a media slave
Your Beatle cuttin', sure fottin' savin' rave

And my message to the people
Is that people will be people
That people will be people, just the same