

Blameless

Latin Quarter

I recall when you came to the rainbow ball-room
Where the soldiers used to drill
And you sang scat, swing and a Christmas song
In the shadow of a strip-steel mill
Well tonight I caught the retrospective
I had very little choice
Did the booze put the padding under your skin
For the winter of your voice?

Born to be re-born
Named to be re-named
Directed but directionless
The blameless to be blamed

Did they make you sleep in the truck your were born in?
Who put the grease in the paint?
Could you breathe in the band and the sequins?
Was there somewhere to fall when you'd faint?
And how many times did your beans make five?

Was the star only tacked to the door?
What's this long, long lane that has no turn?
We're not in Kansas anymore

Blameless like the corn that doesn't sway
By the back-lit, back-drop, back-lot. broad highway
Blameless and then somewhere in the storm
The principal boy couldn't change her uniform

We're going to roll you round and round in the re-runs
And study the chemistry
Re-play the grey Ed Sullivan's
He always looked like Nixon to me
Over your shoulder went more than one care
That could have been your song
Over and over and over and out
You never figured where you went wrong