

Mr. Smooth

Michael Franks

In every city whether it be large or small
His tired playlist drones
But some of us remember how much choice there was
Before he took the throne

He's Mr. Smooth - His Hipness, the Great
For Mr. Smooth's verdict we must wait
So Mr. Smooth, when our turn comes round
Dear Mr. Smooth, we only hope it won't be "thumbs down"

His power and reputation he earned cleverly:
Play fifteen-second tracks
Then just tape the electrodes to the average Joe
To see how he reacts

The rest of us mere mortals on the treadmill trace
Out work-a-day gulag
And strive for the tome until the day he falls from grace
And rivals fold the flag of Mr. Smooth

WE bow to Mr. Smooth
Kowtow to Mr. Smooth
We're stuck with Mr. Smooth
Don't mess with Mr. Smooth!