

Pass That Stage

Van Dyke Parks

We don't hesitate to try and create
And then perpetuate fictitious impressions
Courteous words like thank you, I'm sorry
Please, and would you forgive me
Which we once knew
Have now become a forgotten thing
Of the past

But convict and condemn in our minds
Our bosom pals, without a trial
But this wickedness, crookedness
Stupid and malicious guile is out of style
Can't people construct and try to engage
In something to alleviate this present shortage
Control the urge to damage
And as the people be less savage

In this day and age
Remember we pass that stage

We share disrespect and then we object
When people reject us and call us low class
Saturday night infidelity's a damn joke
We're cussing, we're whoring
We're smoking dope
Sunday morning we're holier than the pope

When we criticize we tend to dramatize
Thereby exercising ignorance and folly
Why can't we forget about the pride and scrimmage
Ignore the old talk and gossip in the village
Cease the damn wastage
And as the people be less savage

In this day and age
Remember we pass that stage