

Every Time I Die, Off Broadway

This isn't at all unpleasant. I'm enchanted by the lavish ballet,
And I'll whistle the tune all the way to the gallows that I heard at the cabaret.
At the sheriff's signal, the orchestra moves the floor.
Don't it make you feel wonderful?
Body twisting strictly ballroom. Criminally elegant, ideal postured Viennese waltzer.
I'm dressed to kill. I'm weightless and well rehearsed.
In my godless opera my character is canonized.
Uphand me. This is a musical and nothing goes wrong.
Can't keep the classics out of the head of the masochists. Strike up the band.
It's 245 beats for a measure or 5 beats per 6 steps on alternating feet.
The show must go on. Never mind the teeth and fingernails, the show must go on.
I don't feel at all like I thought I would, but I could probably go on like this forever.
Tonight, we dance, for tomorrow they release the dogs. 1,2,3. Keep it up.
1,2,3. Savor it.
(Where is my head? Where is my heart?) Everything vanishes.