

Various, Other Pleasures

So, ya wanna be a hero kid?
Well, whoop-de-do!
I have been around the block before
With blockheads just like you
Each and ev'ryone a disappointment
Pain for which there ain't no ointment
So much fo excuses
Though a kid of Zeus' is
Asking me to jump into the fray
My answer is two words--
O.K.
You win
Oh gods
Oy vay!
I'd given up hope that someone would come along
A fellow who'd ring the bell for once--
Not the gong
The kind who win trophies
Won't settle for low fees
At least semi-pro fees
But no--I get the green horn
I've been out to pasture
pal, my ambition gone
Content to spend lazy days and to graze
my lawn
But you need an advisor
A satyr, but wiser
A good merchandiser
And ohh!
There goes my ulcer!
I'm down to one last hope
And I hope it's you
Though, kid, you're not exactly
A dream come true
I've trained enough turkeys
Who never came through
You're my one last hope
So you'll have to do
Demigods have faced the odds
And ended up a mockery
Don't believe the stories
That you read on all the crockery
To be a true hero, kid, is
a dying art
Like painting a masterpiece,
it's a work of heart
It takes more than sinew
Come down to what's in you
You have to continue
To grow
Now that's more like it!
I'm down to one last shot
And my last high note
Before that blasted
Underworld
Gets my goat
My dreams are on you, kid
Go make them come true
Climb that uphill slope
Keep pushing that envelope
You're my one last hope
And, kid, it's up to you