

# 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