

# Bob Seger, Revisionism Street

I saw them standing on a corner  
Bathed in ordinary light  
They turned away and started walkin'  
And faded off into the night  
Some years ago they were in fashion  
Tonight they couldn't get a seat  
They've got themselves a brand new history  
From Revisionism Street  
Written on Revisionism Street

The years of sacrifice and struggle  
The arc of stardom's natural course  
The inevitable decline  
The wolves waiting at the door  
&quot;Let's dig up something really nasty&quot;  
&quot;Let's get some clay around their feet&quot;  
&quot;No ones memory is sacred 'round here  
On Revisionism Street&quot;

&quot;We'll never be in the arena&quot;  
&quot;Hey, we'll never have to compete&quot;  
&quot;We'll never write a classic novel&quot;  
&quot;And we'll never have to be discreet!&quot;

Alfred Hitchcock, Isaac Newton  
Elvis Presley, Captain Bligh  
They're heroic or pathetic  
Depending on which book you buy  
Charles Dickens, Jackie Gleason  
Burn 'em all, turn up the heat  
If there's no truth, use innuendo  
this is Revisionism Street

&quot;Let's find ourselves some old acquaintance&quot;  
&quot;Let's see what they have to say&quot;  
&quot;Some disgruntled ex-employee&quot;  
&quot;Presto! Payday!&quot;

A tree falls in the forest  
A million copies go to print  
Some parasitic little feeder  
Sits back and makes a mint  
Somewhere a baby's softly sleeping  
It's innocence complete  
Unaware they're workin' late tonight  
On Revisionism Street