

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
"Let's dig up something really nasty"
"Let's get some clay around their feet"
"No ones memory is sacred 'round here
On Revisionism Street"

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

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

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

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