

Day One, Waiting For A Break

Said he was an actor
Bit of a photographer
But made his living out of laughter
Which made him a comedian
Waiting for his million
That was soon coming
But for now he was bumming

He looked in the mirror
Looking back at an era
And finished up his brushstroke
And laughing at a private joke
He saw the self-hate
In his self-portrait
That would one day hang in the tate
Next to a rembrandt
But still couldn't pay the rent-man

He said he was a musician
Who had this ambition
For everyone to listen
To his natural rhythm
But for now he was chilling
Just saying this :

It's a matter of time
Before I get mine
You could call it fate
I'm just waiting for my break
I'm just waiting for my break

He said he was a model
But the only trouble
Was he didn't like the idea
Of getting photographed in swimwear
But he might try it next year

He's starting up a business
Before next christmas
'Cause he worked better on his own
With a mobile phone
But still waiting for the bank loan

He said he was a worker
That suffered from inertia
A real soul searcher
That had no religion
But still went to confession

He says he is a free spirit
Though he doesn't appear it
Living in a bedsit
With no fire exit
Waiting for a giro cheque
That's soon coming
But for now he's bumming
Just saying this :

It's a matter of time
Before I get mine
You could call it fate
I'm just waiting for my break
I'm just waiting for my break
Let me tell you this story

Over the drink you brought me
You see

I'm an actor
Bit of a photographer
But make my living out of laughter
Which makes me a comedian
Waiting for my million
That's soon coming