

27 Questions

black midi

When lost in wild rain there is nothing you can do
When lost in city rain there is something you can do
Take refuge wherever is marked "Admission Free"
As we did one night, back in late '43
I'd never seen the man on the poster before
But my friend said he was a big star before the war

The boy by the door, louder than a bomb
All the way down the street, you heard his song
"Roll up, roll up, tonight is the night
Freddie Frost gives his last will live on stage
Roll up, roll up for the show of a lifetime
Doors open a quarter to eight"

Sat in upholstery that was once brilliant
We picked its loose stuffing and looked around
There were duchesses and dukes, and beggars and pimps
All sat side-by-side to watch his last grasp at life
The grand centrepiece was a gold-green sarcophagus
Flanked either side by oil-painted pictures of the man
First of all, a film to explain his life-long dream
Afterwards, music started and a young girl ran on with operatic screams

Two hours went by and his sixty-five daughters
Who told, through opera, of his life's importance
They sang of his exploits all over the Earth
His likes and dislikes, his undoubtable worth
And after a last crescendo where they all cried as one
They hurried quickly off, but the music played on
From within the sarcophagus rose a spot-lit weathered hand
Mr. Frost emerged, and to the racing beat he danced
With the vital energy of a newborn chimp
He spun and he spun and he spun and he spun and spun
Hopelessly wrinkled and by no means thin
He soon became dizzy, regained his composure
And started to sing

"Thank you for listening
I won't be here too long
Just twenty-seven questions to finish this song
Does there exist a marriage that can survive castration?
A future where a man can go a year without hydration?
Is grass ever greener?
Is the will really free?
Is it only black you see when you join the deceased?
Will I forever be a mediocrity?
A hideous glut with trembling knees?
In death will I see the girls of daydreams?
Intangibly dressed, invisibly seamed?
Will the sun burn out?
Will my corpse grow a beard?
Will my house be kept?
And my sperm be reared?
My last shot at the big time, posthumous paste
Will I find a home, or go to waste?
In Heaven do the morals of Earth still stand?
Or can I bridge the gap twixt beast and man?

Is there such a thing as a universal truth?
Any lost secret to eternal youth?
Do nuns fornicate?
And do scientists pray?
Is a sin committed every moment of every day?
That's not quite twenty-seven
But my chest feels awful tight
So thank you for listening
Good night, good night, good night!"

Freddie Frost blew up to the size of a hot air balloon
Red as all hellfire and loud as Satan's siren
And he wheezed and moaned in pain as he rose
But we all just laughed at the sad, old oaf
And laughed all the way home