

This Vicious Cabaret

David J

They say that there's a broken light for every heart on Broadway.

They say that life's a game, then they take the board away.

They give you masks and costumes and an outline of the story

Then leave you all to improvise their vicious cabaret...

In no-longer-pretty cities there are fingers in kitties.

There are warrants, forms, and chitties and a jackboot on the stair.

Sex and death and human grime, in monochrome for one thin dime,

But at least the trains all run on time but they don't go anywhere.

Facing their Responsibilities either on their backs or on their knees

There are ladies who just simply freeze and dare not turn away

And the widows that refuse to cry will be dressed in garter and bow-tie

And be taught to kick their legs up high in this vicious cabaret.

At last! The 1998 Show!

The ballet on the burning stage.

The documentary see

Upon the fractured screen

The dreadful poem scrawled upon the crumpled page...

There's a policeman with an honest soul that has seen whose head is on the pole

And he grunts and fills his briar bowl with a feeling of unease.

But he briskly frisks the torn remains for a fingerprint or crimson stains

And endeavours to ignore the chins that he walks in to his knees.

while his master in the dark nearby inspects the hands, with a brutal eye,

That have never brushed a lover's thigh but have

squeezed a nation's throat.

But he hungers in his secret dreams for the harsh embrace of cruel machines

But his lover is not what she seems and she will not leave a note.

At last! The 1998 Show!

The Situation Tragedy

Grand Opera slick with soap

Cliffhangers with no hope

The water-colour in the flooded gallery...

There's a girl who'll push but not shove and is

desperate for her father's love
She believes the hand beneath the glove maybe one she
needs to hold.
Though she doubts her hosts moralities she decides she
is more at ease
In the Land Of Doing What You Please than outside in
the cold.
But the backdrop's peel and the sets give way and the
cast gets eaten by the play
There's a murderer at the Matinee, there are dead men
in the aisles
And the patrons and actors too are uncertain if the
show is through
And with side-long looks await their cue but the frozen
mask just smiles.

At last! The 1998 Show!
The torch-song no one ever sings
The curfew chorus line
The comedy divine
The bulging eyes of puppets strangled by their strings

There's thrills and chills and girls galore, sing-songs
and surprises
There's something hear for everyone, (reserve your seat
today)
There's mischief and malarkies but no queers or yids or
darkies
Within this bastard's carnival, this vicious cabaret.