

## Memo from Turner

Dramarama

Didn't I see you down in San Antone  
On a hot and dusty night?  
We were eating eggs in Sammy's  
When the black man there drew his knife  
Aw! You drowned that Jew in Rampton  
As he washed his sleeveless shirt  
You know, that Spanish speaking gentlemen  
The one that we all called "Kurt"

Come now, gentlemen  
I know there's some mistake  
How forgetful I'm becoming  
Now! You fixed your business straight

I remember you in Hemlock Road  
Back In nineteen fifty-six  
You're a faggy little leather boy with  
A smaller piece of stick  
You're a lashing  
Smashing hunk of man  
Your sweat shines  
Sweet and strong  
Your organ's working perfectly  
But there's a part  
That's not screwed on

Weren't you at the Coke convention  
Back in nineteen sixty-five  
You're the misbred  
Grey executive  
I've seen heavily advertised  
You're the great grey man  
Whose daughter licks  
Policemen's buttons clean  
You're the man who squats behind  
The man who works the soft machine

Come now, gentlemen  
Your love is all I crave  
You'll still be in the circus  
When I'm laughing  
Laughing in my grave

When the old men do the fighting  
And the young men all look on  
And the young girls eat  
Their mothers' meat  
From tubes of plasticon  
Be wary please my gentle friends  
Of all the skins you breed  
They have a tasty habit  
They eat the hands that bleed

So remember who you say you are  
And keep your noses clean  
Boys will be boys and play  
With toys so be strong

With your beast  
Oh! Rosie dear  
Doncha think it's queer  
So stop me if you please  
The baby's dead  
My lady said  
You gentlemen  
Why you all work for me!