

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!