

Showtime

Iceage

The seats have been bought
Overcoats been taken off
Read the reviews, they were off the charts
The anticipation is practically steaming in the room
I hear the set design is state of the art

A bright young singer is the lead of the show
He is as handsome as he's talented
He's got that certain kind of je ne sais quoi
A potential superstar

Women and men, ladies and gents
Upper crust and working folks
Blockbusters, dishwashers
Lady killers and floor moppers
Take to your seats the show starts in ten

An elder lady clears her throat, then turns to her spouse
Says she's not quite sure what all this fuss is about
Dear, the cast has virtually been showered in Tonys
Lawrence Olivier Awards and Obies

Line the ladies up in sequin bathing suits of fine design
Let's marvel as they dance, revel in the glance
You've never seen more dashing a show
Bathed in coordinated lighting, the evening's singer announces
his entré
In the roaring applause, a pistol he draws
And blows his brains all over the stage
Hence it's showtime
Wretched pantomime
Is this some sort of sick joke
Played on well-paying folks
What a selfish swine
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And from his head on the boards arose
A cloud of hazy grey smoke
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