

## The State of Music

Jay Brannan

Coulda been a lawyer, a fireman  
Engineer in cairo, ambassador to japan  
Instead I'm stretched here, fire pit underneath  
Steel strings bound my body, this metal grill to my teeth

In 20 seconds, can you scream something for us,  
And in 6 seconds arrive at the chorus?  
Cue smoke, flash lights, enter the fountain of youth  
You can sell us anything but the truth

I am confused about "give peace a chance"  
How much was music, how much makeup and dance?  
Peace is a product someone plants in your head  
Welcome to the state of music, population: spoon-fed

I entered the minefield, armed with something simple I wrote  
But one of the three songs on radio exploded down my throat  
A little bit queasy from the shrapnel I ate  
Would it be too much to ask for a little soul on my plate?

What an adorable artistic dream,  
Now everybody taste the machine  
Industry's changed, it's not our fault  
Can I pass you the sensory assault?

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Thank you dolores for inspiring me  
Thank you to lisa for your pure melody  
In awe of joni and the words she commands  
Breathtaking fingerwork from both ani's hands  
Tracy for run- run- run- run- running and hope  
The irish goddess whose voice rivaled the pope  
So how the hell to fill the asics on me?  
If I don't know who I am, everyone will tell me

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