

# My Message To The People

Coyne, Kevin

Oh we're high, out on a highway  
Driving, rushing down a sweaty road  
Past those suburban drinking bars  
Searching for, searching for my white and celluloid star

And my message to the people  
Is don't tie me to your steeple  
Don't put me in the stocks in your market square

Hey, hey you nameless dropper  
Of nameless names  
Don't you know I'ma going to get the fame?  
Going to get the flame

A day penciled in for me  
I'll get the glee, I'll arrive at me  
Can't you see I'm going to be there?  
Oh yeah when the chimes ring out

And my message to the people  
Don't tie me to your sacred steeple  
Don't you put me in the stocks in your market square

So, it's hey razzle-dazzle  
I'm about to dazzle  
I'm about to frazzle somewhere  
And when you say "Who? Who is he?"

You know it's gonna be me  
'Cause my face is there  
For all of you to see, every day  
Upside inside out every way

And when they say, "Ooh la la"  
At the party on the hill, I'll still get a thrill  
Even though that castle's tumbling down  
I won't wear a frown 'cause I waited so long

And my message to the people  
Is don't you tie me to your steeple  
Don't you put me in your stocks in your market square

Oh, razzmatazz  
Yes, pick up that glass  
Oh, the funky livin' life  
The life, the strife of jazz

So watch out people  
Here I'm coming, here I'm running  
My gold leaden boots on my feet  
Well, I'm in your stairway, your airway to the stars

So, I don't mind though  
You pretend to be blind  
Maybe tomorrow  
You will alleviate my sorrow

Eh eh, watch me now  
As into the tangle I go

And my message to the people  
Is I love you all you people  
And I'll find my own stocks  
And I'm digging my own market square

Hey, dance on your mother's grave  
Hey, you know I'm a media, I'm a media slave  
Your Beatle cuttin', sure fottin' savin' rave

And my message to the people  
Is that people will be people  
That people will be people, just the same