

Stravinsky's Only Hit

Sparks

Stravinsky's only hit
He toned it down a bit
He didn't write the words, that was my job
He hated minor thirds
Thought them too absurd
I recommended them to make the girls sob

Adulation, how he loved it
All that action, Igor was digging it and
Party, party, rum and women
Party, party, a long way from Rite O' Spring

Stravinsky's only smash
He didn't need the cash
Gave it all away, he was selfless
NAACP, many charities
Royalties to help all the homeless

Still more action, careful Igor
All that action, don't overdo it, pal, and
Party, party, take it easy
Party, party, 2 girls and now he's on the

Dance floor, Igor, he could move like a pro
Dance floor, Igor, how Stravinsky could go
Slightly tipsy, but it gave him some charm
Slipped and fell but, didn't see any harm

Stravinsky's only hit
He toned it down a bit
He didn't write the words that was my job
A chorus and a verse
He seemed to be adverse
I recommended them to make the hearts throb

Grammy winner as expected
Now Stravinsky shuns all the party people
Second thoughts and deep misgivings
Reputation, how can you blame him as the

Bitterness crept in
Got the best of him
Felt he had let down

Art-impassioned folk
Laid off all the coke
Wasn't quite as fun

Stravinsky's only hit
Hasn't aged a bit
Seems as timely now, as you'll hear now

La ha ha, sing so
La ha ha, sing so
La ha ha, sing so
La ha ha, sing so

On his resume
With his great ballets
Firebird et al
They don't list his hit
Guess it doesn't fit
Heard it at the mall

I don't see it as an object of shame
Brave of Igor to have entered the game
All he misses is a midnight massage
Platinum record, probably in his garage

La ha ha, sing so
La ha ha, sing so
La ha ha, sing so
La ha ha, sing so