

# Trumpet, Trumpet, Toot! Toot!

## Sunset Rubdown

We gotta memorize our lines, and Brother Thespian we'll  
be fine

You gotta refine your breath and beats with a  
graduation pen—use mine.

Stage left, enter Maggie looking hurried, she has a  
parcel in her arms

Were you the leopard, or the virgin, or the child in  
the grown man's beard all out of place and hanging off  
his face by the time the audience cheers?

And you were feeling pretty cocky on the day you became  
an actor.

I know the thing I shouldn't say, so I'll leave it at  
this: I hope you get what you're after.

And if when you're out you see the hundredth house fall  
from the sky

Another stick-flat thing in the ground.

Say a heartfelt prayer for your safe arrival

I'd like to think the actors never banded.

I'd like to throw this trumpet down and go empty-  
handed.

Part of the virgin has been taken,

So let me throw this trumpet down and go empty handed,  
oh.

If you're the virgin, then I'm the stand-in.

And I'd like to think the actors never banded

And I'd like to throw this trumpet down and go empty-  
handed.

And I'd like to think the actors never abandon

And I'd like to throw this trumpet down and go empty-  
handed.