

Leo's Toltoy

TISM

Please let me introduce myself, I'm a man of wealth and taste-
But just like that first line, my ideas all come from another place.

I'm gonna tell you a story, the main character? - well, it's me ,

And it all starts way back when I was in grade three.

I had the block's biggest marble collection; no, that's a lie -
My neighbor Johnny had swapped three Jumbos for my one cat's eye,

Then he told me that Jumbos were no longer the rage;

Which shows I was a fashion victim even back at that age.

Anyway, I remember, it was the second week of term two,

And just like normal I brought my marble bag to school;

But imagine the shock and horror! for, behind my back,

Everyone else in the playground had brought along click-clacks!

How was it? By some mysterious mutual chemistry

They all knew click-clacks were in! No one ever told me!

How was it that, in the space of one otherwise normal night,

everyone came to school the next day, not a marble bag in sight
!

And now I'm in a rock band, and everything's the same;

Just when I'm honing my line in tortured artistic pain

You find out that tortured poetry ain't no longer the thing -

Now everyone's playing Cajun - Zydeco - whatever you call that thing.

I go off and buy the records, learn how to cook Jumbulya -

Then everyone's dropping Ecstasy; the dance clubs are on fire -

I start talking about Louisiana, everyone tells me to stop:

Just like the coming of click-clacks comes something called Hip-Hop.

Shakespearean plays are the quintessential expression of human tragedy -

Can't understand them myself, but that's what my friends tell me -

Anyway, the only genuine thought I've ever been able to expound
Is that the world ain't a stage, it's a primary school playground,

And that some people are like the kids who knew when to stop

Playing games like Ker-Plunk, and get into Battling Tops;

Then there's people like me, who always seem to find

That after we've bought our baseball jackets, we've been left behind.

I've come to understand that it's just like musical chairs,

When it's groovy to say "groovy" and O.K. to wear flares:

So the final piece of advice I give is that you should all beware,

'Cos when you're in the jungle, watch it: it's a playground out there.