

## 10. SHOWTIME

Nighthawks and hucksters, pool-sharks and goons,  
there's rioting in Heaven, the Devil's calling all the tunes.  
Honey, won't you drown me in your heart's deep lagoons?  
The sky is threatening rain.  
I'll never forget those forget-me-not eyes.  
Let's rent a nice little place in Babylon with a nice little car in the drive.

Let's get it on like petrol and a flame,  
tell me all your kinks and I'll do the same,  
let's live our lives all over again, but this time in excelsis.  
Won't you guide me to your sweet, sweet spot?  
A place to plant my flag?  
I'll lead us on to paradise if you'll just point the way  
with a bucketful of hustle and a smile.

Let the markets spike and dip, bring on the hoopla and the hype  
I'll be the flophouse pharaoh, you my beautiful Zen princess.

I'll buy you a black montera hat and a thousand pound dress,  
we'll tear up the town, change every no to a yes,  
I'll hunt down diamonds in dung-heaps, never mind the mess,  
no more swirling round life's plughole.  
Let's be like two kids up a lane declaring undying love.  
We'll step over the corpses, keep on keeping the faith,  
I'll subscribe to your site if you have one.

We'll send our shadows out walking so we can stay in bed,  
"In your diary write about me like Dante did Beatrice," you said.  
We'll dance the tango in all the places where angels fear to tread,  
I'll grow a pompadour like Elvis.  
There'll be good days galore when we get our go on the swings ....  
Every night shall be showtime with us topping the bill  
and a queue outside snaking round the block.

.

Written and composed by Lyndon Morgans

Published by Montparnasse Music/BMG (2024)