

No Paradise

(R. Hoare)

All around the ego like a one man show
Digging all the answers to the questions they don't know
Five hours later the band's still at the bar
Facing off and drinking, now who's the superstar?

Talking to the owner, his blues do unfold
Playing snakes and ladders with the one's
He's bought and sold
None of them had noticed out back and down the hall
Something smelled real funny
It was written on the toilet wall

No Paradise? . . . Create it!
No Paradise? . . . Create it!

All the night long sessions with the hand-chosen few
Their image iron-clad, no one to answer to
Pseudo sounding Birdshit and lots of other trash
Oozing inspiration or was it just the hash?

There are those who light the fire
And those who fan the flame
The only thing that's constant is how you get the fame
Some they sit so pretty and others stand too tall
Then there are the ones
Coming up from down the hall
Guess what's been written on the toilet wall?

No Paradise? . . . Create it!
No Paradise? . . . Create it!

Where it is or where it's at, is useless in the end
Hard to believe what they write, the stuff that they defend
All the while it's been written, not a word was ever read
Back to were it started, it's ended in their heads
And on the toilet wall . . .

No Paradise? . . . Create it!
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