

CONTEMPLATIONS ON A BAD RIDE
Ron Lynch Chalice

Dim ray-beams of light fall to the floor
they drop from small panel-openings in the sky-ceiling
super-loud vibrations come from drums and guitars
the sound reverberates throughout the universe
why, baby, why is this my thing?

Swirling figures jerk like robots under the strobe
and from behind dark glasses, dialated pupils stare
outward from the stage, to the glare of the projectors
the building is total - environment - consuming all
why, baby, why is this my thing

Long sleeves cover tracks not an hour old
as two slender hands reach to clasp the microphone
a bass string breaks, can anything else happen
please fix it as fast as you can
why, baby, why is this my thing?

The string is fixed, the song goes on
the building starts to sway and rock
vibrations of the dancers communicate with the musicians
the volume builds to a shattering climax
why, baby, why is this my thing

as the climax comes, tension builds, nothing can go wrong
a scream into the microphone, a line about a shot
the song ends, the stage is cleared, the band is angry
from the back a tall black man cries "great, more, more"
dig it good, baby, this is my thing

Copyright Ron Lynch Chalice 1968, 1986, 2004 All Rights Reserved.