

Shakespear and God

Tom Mody

Yesterday I watched a friend reach a pinnacle
A convergence of life redeemed when love leads the way
As the pages turn should our ending be an obvious cliché
Should the prince get the bride, should the sunset lead the rider away

Tomorrow I'll step in to my own reflection
And see the same old things in me I wish wouldn't stare back
Am I the author's old fool, the jester, the scrooge, the minstrel
Or does the author in me get to delicately pen one last final act

[chorus]
Shakespear and God have a laugh at my dilemma
Shakespear and God have a bet on how it all ends
Even though it would be better to write it their way

Today I think I'll dream away and paint my story without words
If I bend but don't break, absorb all I can take
I'll never be so rigid I can't bow to the absurd

But what's more absurd than my statue
To which every bird can take aim (to be so vein)
And what's more contrite than my portrait in light
So sorry there no words to explain

[chorus]
Shakespear and God have a laugh at my dilemma
Shakespear and God have a bet on how it all ends
Shakespear and God have a race to write my best chapter
Shakespear and God raise a toast to every man's play
But I prefer to be remembered Michelangelo's way

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