

A Rock Career

He'd lubricate the vocal chords before he began to sing
His teachers had all told him that was a good thing
So before a gig, he'd have a beer or two
And a couple more before the gig was halfway through.

It also helped him play on his electric guitar
He was on his way to become a star
To him, it sounded good, wrong notes there were none
But if you listened carefully, I think that there were some.

He'd practice in the morning, not too early though
With what he'd drunk the night before, he was a wee bit slow
So hair of dog was common, and good for vocal chords
Even if he struggled to remember all the words.

The words, of course, he wrote himself, for songs he would perform
They weren't really poetry, more like a free form
The subjects were obscure, not real clear at all
And lots of vulgar phrases, from his pen did fall.

But a hit he had, I don't know how, it seemed quite trite to me
Just three chords, not many more words, repeated endlessly
A song of love, I think it was, I think that because
He droned, on and on, about sexual intercourse.

Of course he didn't use that term, but one that rhymes with duck
The melody was painful, like a record stuck
Round and round, the words would forever go
Till at last the end arrived, stopping the putrid flow.

This lifestyle of his it couldn't last, you know the old line
Live hard, die young, there would come a time
When at age thirty, looking like sixty seven
He left the stage, going where, certainly not to heaven.

Kevin Davis
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