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## Guido's Song

Reference number PT0442

### *GUIDO*

I would like to be here, I would like to be there,  
I would like to everywhere at once,  
I know that's a contradiction in terms,  
and it's a problem, especially when  
my body's clearing forty as my mind is nearing ten.

I can hardly stay up, and I can't get to sleep,  
and I don't want to wake tomorrow morning  
at the bottom of some heap,  
but why take it so seriously?  
After all, there's nothing at stake here-only me.

I want to be young, and I want to be old.  
I would like to be wise before my time,  
and yet, be foolish and brash and bold.  
I would like the universe to get down on it's knees  
and say "Guido, whatever you please,  
it's okay even if it's impossible, we'll arrange it..."  
That's all that I want.

I am lusting for more. Should I settle for less?  
I ask you, what's a good thing for,  
if not for taking it to excess?  
One limitation I dearly regret:  
there's only one of me I've ever met.

I would like to have another me to travel along with myself.  
I would even like to be able to sing a duet with myself.

I would like to be here (sing along with myself in a song)  
to be there (walking down a lane now, ev'rywhere)  
ev'rywhere (ev'rywhere, that's a contradiction in terms)  
I want to be here (with a counter) here (melody in the)  
here (top of the morning to you, Guido)  
Guido (Guido)  
Guido (Guido)  
Guido  
(Me) Me (Me).

I want to be Proust or the Marquis De Sade,  
I would like to be Christ, Mohammed, Buddha,  
but not have to believe in God,  
and you know I mean it with all of my heart.  
it's the end if something important doesn't start...

I want to be young, but I have to be old.  
What I want is a tale of sound and fury  
that some idiot went and told,  
I would like the universe to get down on it's knees  
and say "Guido, whatever you please, it's okay.  
even if it's ridiculous, we'll arrange it..."  
**SO ARRANGE IT!**

That's all that I want!