RUSTLE UP SOME WORK

The status quo, yet another fine day, Peace and quiet would be our goal, Never one moment of rest some say, The fate of parents, there's no parole.

The kids are at school, a godsend, Time for showbiz, must earn a living, On you the little ones all do depend, Raise them to adulthood caregiving.

Actors act, singers sing, a hard job, Rustle up some work with your agent, You must rise above the artistic mob, Live with the rejection, tearful lament.

Actor now on a roll, getting that part, Agents and managers seem happy, Out the door to the studio you depart, Learn your lines, attitude, be scrappy.

Singer recording yet another song, The next album, must get it all done, On schedule, you can't take too long, Pick up the children, now on the run.

Written by Robert Haviland

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