

MR. BROOKS

Once he played in a famous band,
But decided to leave that life
For a steady high school teaching gig
And nights home with his wife.

I'd never heard him play his horn
Until we gave a show.
Mr. Brooks agreed to play
For reasons I'll never know.

We heard a hint of glory past
When he began to blow.
But things got ugly pretty fast.
His lack of practice showed.

When you've played abysmally
And given a terrible show,
Do what Mr. Brooks did then:
He bowed low like a pro.