

Graduation

Sometimes it feels as though we've come to expect external validation for everything we do, and that we're required to rate every service we receive.

I know you just got out of diapers and I'm very glad for you
But there's just one Graduation and it's waiting there for you

They've got gowns and caps and heavenly threads
And angels pat you on the head, sayin. . .
Good job with that underrated, existential life you led!

You've done pre-school, K through 8 and you are ready now for 9
But if you're looking for your medal, well, you've got to wait in line

I know your GPA's right up there and your SATs high-scored
But that framed diploma's hanging proud on that bright shining door

Now you're working at a bakery; you're employee of the week
But you won't get no extra dough until the Big Boss speaks

Oh, you're ready to retire, now, your mates all think you rocked
But that bonus it will have to wait until the cherubs knock

Standing at the pearly gates, you've lived through years of peace and strife
On a scale of one to ten, they ask, how would you rate your life?

Well, your life has been just fine, thanks; what about all those rewards?
They say, just be happy you've arrived; relax and climb aboard!

Now that you've had some time to shovel clouds and quaff your wine
They say "it's time to rate our service, so please stay on the line"

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This song appears on the album, *Ride in the Light*

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