

Man Behind the Curtain

Lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 2002

Music: Steve Savitzky, "World Inside the Crystal"

Behind the flashy demo presented at the show
Is a room with special hardware, where we will not let you go.
Like a ball of magic crystal, an illusion comes on through
To the box out on the show floor, faking things it cannot do.

You can only see the video we feed into the screen,
Not the man behind the curtain, whom no prying eye has seen.

For the cable is a gateway to a world where trick'ry rules,
Where the only law is "sell it," playback clips the only tools,
Where we play with minds and wallets, and deception is the game.
For our demos have the power to become the things we name.

Now you who do not know this trick, its dangers or its joys,
You buy the things we show there, and you use them as your toys.
You trust us with your fortunes and load them on your drives.
From the chaos and corruption not a single bit survives.

Call us cheaters, call us phonies, with derision or contempt;
But it let us show some features that we wouldn't dare attempt.
Though your face is touched with anger, there is nothing we will say;
You will only hear the echo of a chuckle far away.