

# THE WHOLE STORY

*Steven Mayoff*

When Hitler crossed the Rubicon  
I was there with bells on  
standing right by the Fuhrer's side.  
And on that bright and sunny day  
when Columbus flew the Enola Gay  
I went along for the ride.  
I saddled up with Calamity Jane  
across the sands of El Alamein  
trying to track down the Desert Fox.  
And on the Plains of Abraham  
I led the charge against Saddam,  
picking off SCUDs with our flintlocks.

It's true sometimes I get confused  
when it comes to facts and figures,  
but you can never be too sure  
whose fingers are on which triggers.  
All of us are prisoners of war  
in the Halls of Shame and Glory,  
playing out our roles  
while trying to fill in the holes  
of the whole story.

Richard the Hun and Attila the Lionhearted  
scratch their heads and wonder how it all started  
and how long will it last before we're gone?  
But for now raise the flag, hoist up a brandy  
and in the words of the great Mahatma Gandhi—  
"Bring it on, motherfucker, motherfucker, bring it on!"

Galileo chewed on his lip  
when he showed me the microchip  
that he had been making in his spare time.  
And Torquemada made it his mission  
to instate Prohibition  
in his great and gallant crusade against crime.  
When Archimedes sat in his tub  
dreaming of the Polaris sub  
I was the one that he called first.  
And I'm still alive to tell  
how Nero fiddled as Saigon fell,

I don't know if I'm lucky or cursed.

Each name and face and date and place  
all start to look familiar.

You can see the patterns as they collide  
just like a game of billiards.

All of us are condemned to keep score  
in this endless purgatory,  
playing out our roles  
while trying to fill in the holes  
of the whole story.

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