

This little ditty is dedicated to the many musicians who have given me so much material over the last 25 years by turning down my music because it is too easy, too hard, too long, too brief, too classical, too popular, too modern, too old-fashioned, too secular, too religious, too fast, too slow, too serious, too humorous, they're busy playing something else, or in short, ***because I won't give them money.***

So abundantly inspired, I just had to celebrate such universal acclaim. While doing some physics in Ann Arbor in the summer of 2003, I sat myself down and wrote this work for two pianos, TBariB chorus and Baritone soloist. I'm planning on orchestrating it when time allows.

*Lyrics for “***What I Hear After Submitting A Score***”*

Well-versed in matters Physical,
Your attitude is Mystical.
We cannot play without some Pay--
That, or your left Testicle.

With claims to be Devotional,
Your morals are Contortional.
We cannot play without some Pay--
And also Tips, proportional.

In Theory you're a dumb-dumb;
A Doctorate you have none.
We cannot sing without that thing
Called Money, in a lump sum.

Your Music has no Power;
Your face is set to glower.
You've been to jail,
You're going to fail—
You really need a shower!

You sometimes write for Trumpet;

You'd rather have a Strumpet.
We have your Score,
Now pay some more
Or we shall surely dump it.

You want a pity party;
Your counterpoint is sorry;
You wear a frown,
You're zipper's down--
Where is your Check? It's tardy!

No funding is your excuse;
Your Music can find no use.
It's as we feared,
You're just too weird—
Your Score is in the Refuse!