

# **The Marquees Need More Than a Stream**

## **By Daniel Varona**

Invading my mind, my life, my hopes for this fight

Whenever I go is built in my soul

Make no mistake, it's just a game and I'm taking first place

A quarter for a dime if you treat me right

The Hall of Fame just knew who to pay

Nothing's foretold, I write it as I go

The neon signs are begging for a name

The marquees need more than just a stream

Titans and magnates are biding their time

No room for the weak, no room for the strong

No room for the big, no room for the small

It's not cutthroat, It's not for benevolent souls

It's the end all be all, the limelight for your soul