

# NEW \*\*\* The Silver Stoa

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The Silver Stoa Jonathan King 2006 Jonjo Music Ltd. You may not believe me, But they call him the Silver Stoa. With his slick white hair and his slippery tongue Heâ€™s more of a snake than a goat. And you may not believe them, But he claims to think itâ€™s true; Though it could be a lie to cover his tracks In case they decide to sue CHORUSâ€™! And Oo Heâ€™s gonna screw you; Ooâ€™! Stickinâ€™ it to you; Heâ€™s gonna do what it pays him to do Until his life is through.

They may not believe him, In his tabloid position of strength, But they can buy his stories Conveniently, at arms length. And you may not believe him When he helps the police and press To convict all the innocent victims With headlines of pain and distress. Chorus And Oo Heâ€™s gonna screw you; Ooâ€™! Stickinâ€™ it to you; Heâ€™s gonna do what it pays him to do Until his life is through.

See his fingers Pink with blood and tears, Planting rumours; Catering to your fears. Horrid fictions, Few of them are true, But heâ€™s doing nicely. Heâ€™s far richer than you.

You may not believe him, As he sucks on Satanâ€™s bile, But the evil he disseminates Is absolutely vile. And you may not believe him, And the poison that heâ€™s spread, But everyone heâ€™s ever cared for Has ended up crippled or dead. Chorus And Oo Heâ€™s gonna screw you; Ooâ€™! Stickinâ€™ it to you; Heâ€™s gonna do what it pays him to do Until his life is through. GONNA DO WHAT IT PAYS HIM TO DO UNTIL HIS LIFE IS THROUGH.

The Silver Stoa is about a nauseating, evil, vile public relations person. Any resemblance to any person alive, dead or morally expired is a mere coincidence (though some seem certain it refers to them). Check out the lyrics. A good clue as to whether a "real" PR person fits the description is whether or not he, she or it makes any contributions to charity.

Not private, discreet donations but public, high profile, "mention it whenever possible" sums. Someone who does that CANNOT be The Silver Stoa, surely?

They are FAR too generous and decent, surely?

Only the genuinely kind would feel they could shout about their charity.

Another clue... look back into the mists of time, in the 60's, when young would-be PR people did their training by fixing hookers or under age trade for visiting stars from America and other places.

One of these days one of those abused children, now elderly men or women, will earn a fortune selling their story to a tabloid.

That's when The Silver Stoa will have to retire to a bolthole in Spain or somewhere.