

## Memo to the Woman who Sang Nelly's "E-I" at Karaoke the Other Night:

Two words of advice. Dry. Run.

Sure you started out with a bang – the song kicked in, and you rocked it – yeah, I say ‘rocked it’ now. Damn karaoke bar. But, because you didn’t do the dry-run, now you’re horrified to find that the entire last minute of the song, which in karaoke time is like five hours, manically repeats, ‘*andale, andale, mami, e-i, e-i, uh-oh*’ approximately three thousand seven hundred and ninety times. Over and over. Forever.

I started feeling really bad for her when she tried to drum up more interest in her performance by starting to bounce around, occasionally grabbing her crotch. People in the audience started talking to each other a little bit louder. Maybe it *was* time for that bathroom break. All she could do was watch helplessly as droves of patrons headed up to the bar for another drink ‘*e-i, e-i ohhhing*’ her way into oblivion.

It’s not as though I have another song choice for this poor woman. Even in my most elaborate fantasies where the audience begs me to treat them to a song and the cries swell to an uproarious ‘Liza! Liza! Liza!’ I, too, am at a loss for just the right song. I thought maybe I could try *Whatta Man* by Salt ‘n’ Pepa – but then I would really have to commit. Fully. I would have to stand in front of a large group of people and proudly intone, “You so crazy, I want to have your baby.” No...next. Then I thought, “Go for a crowd pleaser”. Maybe choose *It’s Raining Men* by the Weathergirls. But, because I did a dry run, I discovered – that song is hard. Those women were exceptionally talented singers. And I’m just...not

So what compels us to want to get up before God and everybody when we’re just...not? One could argue that it’s an alcohol fueled practice – but I disagree. It’s our chance to be a ‘star’. Drunk or not. Dry run or not.

And, a final note, to the guy who lovingly sang *Tiny Dancer* to that chick over in the corner: Hope you got laid, brother, because that was six minutes and seventeen seconds of pure hell for the rest of us.