

Indoor Games

King Crimson

Indoor fireworks amuse your kitchen staff
Dusting plastic garlic plants they snigger in the drought
When you ride through the parlor
Wearing nothing but your armor playing indoor games
One string puppet shows amuse your sycophantic friends
Who cheer your rancid recipes in fear they might offend
Whilst you loaf on your sofa sporting falsies and a toga
Playing indoor games, indoor games
Your mean teetotum spins arouse your seventh wife
Who pats her sixty little skins and re-insures your life
Whilst you sulk in your sauna 'cause you lost your jigsaw corner
Playing indoor games, indoor games
Each afternoon you train baboons to sing
Or swim in purple perspex water wings
Come Saturday jump hopper, Chelsea brigade
High bender-trender it's all indoor games
No ball bagatelle incites your children to conspire
They slide across your frying pan and fertilize your fire
Still you and Jones go madder
Broken bones-broken ladder, hey ho, yeah

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