

Monsieur R. Monde

Procol Harum

The bell on my door rang this morning
From the kitchen I called, "Who's that there?"
Through the letter box came a grappling hook
Which grappled me right out of my chair
Stretched out on the floor, I lay helpless
Of my limbs I had lost all command
When into my ear instilling fear
Said a voice, "I am Monsieur R. Monde"
Monsieur R. Monde, you are not
That's an incredible thing to say
For I personally attended his funeral
Which was twelve months to this very day
A rat flew down from the ceiling
Alighted upon my right ear
Said, "If Monsieur R. Monde is safe under the sod
Then why are you shaking with fear?"
"My name is not Scrooge", I said faintly
"And from ghosts I've nothing to fear
But if you are R. Monde returned from the dead
Then what are you wanting here?"
From nowhere I heard a mad cackle
From nowhere a voice to me cried
"Stop calling me, Monsieur R. Monde, you fool
My name's Jekyll and you're Mr. Hyde"

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