

# The Rock

## The City of Prague Philharmonic Orchestra

The rock is gonna fall on us, he woke with a start  
And he ran to his mother, the fear dark in his heart  
And he told her of the vision that he was sure he'd seen  
She said, "Go back to sleep son, you're having a bad dream!" (Silly child)  
Everybody knows the rock leans over the town

(Silly child)

Everybody knows that it won't tumble to the ground

(Silly child)

Remember Chicken Little said the sky was falling down

(Silly child)

Well nothing ever came of that, the world still whirls around "The rock is gonna fall on us", he stood and told the  
class

The professor put his chalk down and peered out through his glasses

But he went on and said, "I've seen it, high up on the hill

If it doesn't fall this year then very soon it will!" (Crazy boy)

Everybody knows the rock leans over the town

(Crazy boy)

Everybody knows that it won't tumble to the ground

(Crazy boy)

We've more important studies than your fantasies and fears

(Crazy boy)

You know that rock's been perched up there for

A hundred thousand years "The rock is gonna fall on us", he told the magistrates

"I believe that we can stop it but the time is getting late

You see I've done all the research, my plans are all complete"

He was showing them contingencies

When they showed him to the street (Just a madman)

Everybody knows the rock leans over the town

(Just a madman)

Everybody knows that it won't tumble to the ground

(Just a madman)

Everybody knows of those who say the end is near

(Just a madman)

Everybody knows that life goes on as usual 'round here He went up on the mountain beside the giant stone

They knew he was insane so they left him all alone

He'd given up enlisting help for there was no one else

He spent his days devising ways to stop the rock himself One night while he was working building braces on the  
ledge

The ground began to rumble, the rock trembled on the edge "The rock is gonna fall on us! Run or you'll all be

crushed!"

And indeed the rock was moving, crumbling all to dust

He ran under it with one last hope that he could add a prop

And as he disappeared the rock came to a stopThe people ran into the street but by then all was still

The rock seemed where it always was or where it always will be

When someone asked where he had gone

They said, "Oh he was daft, who cares about that crazy fool"

And then they'd start to laughBut high up on the mountain

When the wind is hitting it

If you're watching very closely

The rock slips a little bit

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