

Mythical Kings And Iguanas

Dory Previn

I have flown to star-stained heights
On bend and battered wings
In search of mythical kings
Mythical kings Sure that everything of worth
Is in the sky and not the earth
And I never learned to make my way
Down, down, down where the iguanas play I have ridden comet tails
In search of magic rings to conjure
Mythical kings
Mythical kings Singing scraps of angel-song
High is right and low is wrong
And I never taught myself to give
Down, down, down where the iguanas live Astral walks I try to take
I sit and throw I ching aesthetic bards
And tarot cards are the cords to which I cling
Don't break my strings (I wish you would)
Or I will fall
(I wish I could, I wish I could
I wish I could) Curse the mind that mounts the clouds
In search of mythical kings
And only mystical things
Mystical things Cry for the soul that will not face
The body as an equal place
And I never learned to touch for real
Or feel the things, iguanas feel
Down, down, down Where they play
Teach me, teach me
Teach me, reach me

Songwriters

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