

Mr. Speaker Gets The Word

Madness

Humble thyself humble thyself
And ye shall be exalted
Lars porsena of crucium
By the nine Gods he sworeHumble thyself and ye shall be exalted
You have all the members of the body
Use them wisely that the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no moreBy the nine Gods he swore it
And named the trysting day
Bade his messengers ride forth
East and West and South and NorthTo summon his array you
Have all the members of the body
Use them wisely into the
Valley of death ode the six hundredWriggles from his captor's arms
Mr. Speaker gets the word
Running now from the alarms
Speak his mind free as a birdFree now to roam around
Stand up straight when he quotes
Spread the word that he has found
Books of verse and scribbled notesMr. Speaker gets the word
To tell the secrets he has heard
Speaks so fast his words are slurred
Mr. Speaker gets the wordStands up straight outside my door
I bring you now the words I've learned
Whom it may concern senor
Tell my friends I have returnedMr. Speaker gets the word
To tell the secrets he has heard
Speaks so fast his words are slurred
Mr. Speaker gets the wordExcitement rages through his brain
Stirred and stirred throughout the years
Not enough time to explain
Eyes of madness eyes of fearMaking space from Conley Hatch Lane
Just some poetry my friend
Scuttles pass my window frame
Vanishes right round the bendMr. Speaker gets the word
To tell the secrets he has heard
Speaks so fast his words are slurred
Mr. Speaker gets the word

Songwriters

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