Rambling On

Procol Harum

Our local picture house was showing a Batman movie
You see this guy fly up in the sky, thought to myself, 'Why shouldn't I?'
So I bought a pair of wings, went up upon a wall
I was about to jump into the air when a guy from the street called
He said, 'Hey wait a minute! Don't you realise the danger?
What do you think you are, some kind of angel?'
I considered for a minute, realised he spoke the truth.
For the barbells on my eyelids only emphasised my youth
and the sawdust in my plimsolls means the same to him as me
But that's neither here nor further, so I spoke considerately
'Now if you understand just what I'm trying to say,
whatever you do, don't grin, you'll give the game away!'

By now a crowd had gathered and it seemed that all was lost
In the anger of the moment I had diced with death and lost
It seemed to me the time was right so I burst into song
In the anger of the moment the crowd began to sing along
I could not see a way out of this predicament
Just then a breeze came through the trees and up in the air I went
I must have flown a mile, or maybe it was eight
Thought to myself pretty soon I'd hit the Golden Gates
Just then a passing bird for no reason I could see
took a peck at my wings and that was the end of me
I went down, hit the ground faster than the speed of sound
Luckily I broke no bones only tore my underclothes

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