

Decomposing Composers

Monty Python

Beethoven's gone, but his music lives on,
And Mozart don't go shopping no more.
You'll never meet Liszt or Brahms again,
And Elgar doesn't answer the door.
Schubert and Chopin used to chuckle and laugh,
Whilst composing a long symphony,
But one hundred and fifty years later,
There's very little of them left to see. They're decomposing composers.
There's nothing much anyone can do.
You can still hear Beethoven,
But Beethoven cannot hear you. Handel and Haydn and Rachmaninov
Enjoyed a nice drink with their meal,
But nowadays, no one will serve them,
And their gravy is left to congeal. Verdi and Wagner delighted the crowds
With their highly original sound.
The pianos they played are still working,
But they're both six feet underground. They're decomposing composers.
There's less of them every year.
You can say what you like to Debussy,
But there's not much of him left to hear. Claude Achille Debussy, Died, 1918. Christophe Willebald Gluck, Died,
1787. Carl Maria von Weber, Not at all well, 1825. Died, 1826. Giacomo Meyerbeer, Still alive, 1863. Not still
alive, 1864. Modeste Mussorgsky, 1880, going to parties. No fun anymore, 1881. Johan Nepomuk Hummel,
Chatting away nineteen to the dozen with his mates down the pub every evening, 1836. 1837, nothing.

Songwriters

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